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THE UNITED STATES AND PAN-GERMANISM

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

THE *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to analyze the present international situation. I shall do so with absolute frankness. It has always been my conviction that, first and last, the greatest service is done by telling the truth.

Since 1898 I have worked tirelessly to tear the veil from the Pan-German scheme, which my investigations in all parts of the world have enabled me to unearth. In spite of the positive and abundant proofs of its existence which I have been publishing for nineteen years, I was unable to persuade the responsible authorities in France, Russia, or England, that a formidable peril was swiftly and more swiftly drawing near. Paris and London were steeped in blind pacifist delusions. As for Petrograd, the sinister Teutonic influences which, until only yesterday, were at work on the highest personages, prevented the great Russian people from knowing the real nature of Germany's projects.

If the Europeans most directly interested in knowing the truth were, until the very outbreak of hostilities, completely hoodwinked as to the true intentions of William II, it is only natural that Americans should take some time to realize the staggering facts concerning the fantastic and odious plan of world-domination so toilsomely built up by the government at Berlin. In

peace times, too, the affairs of old Europe, especially the intricate tangle of Austro-Hungarian and Balkan politics, had no practical interest for so vast and remote a nation as the United States. This was particularly true of her Western citizens. To-day, however, Americans as well as French, British, Russians, and Italians, are faced with the obligation of mastering the problems of Central European affairs; for, without exaggeration, it is on the proper solution of these problems that the independent existence of the United States depends.

As events have justified the views I have held for a score of years, I trust my American readers will hold this fact in my favor. If I should seem to run counter to the ideas they now hold, they should realize that I do so deliberately, in order to save priceless time and better serve their own legitimate interests.

I

The present situation in Europe is due to two factors: first, the almost complete fulfillment by the Germans of a plan which they had long been preparing with the utmost care; second, the repeated mistakes of the Allies in their carrying on of the war — mistakes which alone have permitted the

Germans to consummate their plan almost without opposition.

The Pan-Germanist programme of 1911 called for the establishment of Prussian hegemony over a territory of nearly 4,015,000 square kilometres — in other words, besides actual conquest in the East and West, it meant the indirect, yet effective seizure of Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, and Turkey. At the beginning of 1917 — before the capture of Bagdad by the English and the strategic retreat of the German troops in the West — the programme had been realized to the extent of 3,600,000 square kilometres — that is, in nine-tenths of its entirety.

The basic explanation of this achievement lies partly in the fact that, if the Germans are outlaws they are very intelligent outlaws, perfectly trained for the task of seizing the booty on which they have set their hearts; partly in the fact that the leaders of the Allies, intelligent and animated by the best intentions though they are, have been quite unenlightened as to the multiple realities of the European tangle, a thoroughgoing knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for the conduct of the terrible war in progress.

The proof of this ignorance lies in the recognized truth that the heads of the European states now in league against Germany were, without exception, taken by surprise when war broke out. Posterity will look on this fact with amazement. The governments of the Allies were no better prepared to direct the war intellectually than were their generals to carry it on materially. Now, the intellectual prosecution of this war presents unprecedented difficulties: it calls uncompromisingly for a detailed knowledge, not only of matters military and naval, but of geographic, ethnographic, economic, and political questions which, by reason of the scale of the present conflict, react profoundly

on all military operations of general scope. As a result of this interpenetration of all the various problems, the world-conflict is not, as many people still believe, a purely military struggle, in which the mere machinery of war plays a decisive rôle. In spite of appearances, mind — that is, the intellectual element — dominates the material element which, though indispensable, can attain full effectiveness only when it is employed in furtherance of a definite plan of action, backed by clear thinking; and such a plan can never be formulated unless the ethnographic, psychological, economic, and geographic factors capable of affecting every great movement of a general strategic nature are calculated as carefully as the purely military factors. By reason of the potency of these many factors — invisible, but very real and powerful — it may be said: 'This war is not a mere war of armaments — it is a war of political science.'

It is because the strategists of Berlin have long recognized this conception of modern warfare; it is because they have at their fingers' ends a documentation of political science, slowly accumulated and of unquestionable worth, that they are in a position to meet endless problems as they present themselves, and to achieve successes against the Allies which, on the surface, appear incomprehensible.

As for the leaders of the Allies, it seems as if many of them are not alive to the element of political science in the war, even at the present moment. The reason is simple. Those same men who ignored the realities of Pan-Germanism before the war are, naturally enough, unable to grasp the politico-scientific, geographic, economic, ethnographic, and psychological realities of all Europe now that the conflict has burst on us. In the realm of the intellectual there can be no improvisation.

To master the politico-scientific elements necessary for the prosecution of this war, there is need of minds trained by the unremitting application of fifteen or twenty years. Among the leaders of the Entente no man is to be found who has bent his will to such intellectual effort; and the pressing problems brought forth by each day give no time for minute, deliberate study by the men who have succeeded to the seats of power since war began.

II

The capital mistakes in the prosecution of the war committed by the Entente proceed directly from the defective equipment of its leaders which I have just pointed out. They explain the difference in the results obtained by the two groups of belligerents, although the courage and self-sacrifice of the Allies' soldiers are as great as those of the Germans. They explain, too, why the three hundred millions of the Allies — this takes no account of their colonial resources or of the support drawn from transoceanic neutrals — have not yet succeeded in defeating Germany, which entered the war with a population of sixty-eight millions and one ally, Austria-Hungary, of whose thirty million people three quarters were directly antagonistic to Berlin.

These capital mistakes made by the Allies are as follows. They believed that a friendly agreement with Bulgaria was possible, although that country was treaty-bound to Berlin and Constantinople long before the war. They cherished illusions concerning King Constantine, who, above all else, was brother-in-law of the Kaiser. They organized the Dardanelles expedition, which should never have been attempted. Even if this operation had been judged technically feasible, its futility would have been apparent if the Allies

had realized — and it was their arch-error not to realize — that the strategic key to the whole European war was the Danube. The mere occupation by the Allies of the territory stretching from Montenegro through Serbia to Roumania, would have resolved all the essential problems of the conflict. Cut off from the Central Empires, Bulgaria and Turkey, whose arsenals were depleted by the Balkan disturbances of 1912-1913, would have found it impossible to make a strong stand against the Allies. Turkey, who had been imprudent enough to defy them, would have been obliged to open the Straits within a very short time, for sheer lack of munitions to defend them. This opening of the Straits would have been effected by a strong pressure by the Allies on the south of Hungary. Moreover, by the same action the Central Empires would have been barred from reinforcements and supplies from the Orient. Germany, finding herself cut off on land in the South as she was blockaded by sea in the North, would have been obliged to come to terms.

Unhappily, the general staffs of the Allies in the West were not prepared to grasp the politico-scientific character of the war, especially the cardinal importance of the economic factor. This ignorance remained unenlightened until Roumania was crushed in 1916. As a result, for twenty-seven months the Balkans were looked on by the leaders in the West as being of only secondary military importance. During these twenty-seven months the Allies were obsessed by the idea that they would vanquish Germany on the Western front by a war of attrition. This conviction delayed the Salonika-Belgrade expedition, and when it was finally undertaken, it was on too small a scale to insure success. Such a grave error would never have been committed by the Allied strategists if they had fully

realized that the principal objective of the Pan-German scheme, for the attainment of which Germany was primarily fighting, was the seizure of the Orient. This point of view, however, was for a long time ignored, in spite of the tireless efforts made by a few to demonstrate its vital importance.

The Austro-Germans, profiting by this basic mistake of the civil and military chiefs of the Entente, were able in October–November, 1915, to join hands with Bulgaria and Turkey over the corpse of Serbia. From that time on, the General Staff at Berlin has been profiting by this situation, improving it and consolidating it by seizing half of Roumania toward the close of 1916. The direct result of the mistakes of the Allies, coupled with the methodical procedure of Berlin, has been the realization of nine tenths of Pan-Germany.

This Pan-Germany is composed of two elements. First, the great occupied territories taken by Germany from Belgium, France, Russia, Serbia, and Roumania. Second, the practical seizure effected by her at the expense of her own allies: Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey; for, as a matter of fact, the Quadruple Alliance is nothing but a great illusion carefully fostered by the Kaiser for the purpose of concealing the true situation from the neutrals — particularly the United States. If one wishes to see things as they are, one must realize that Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey are *not* the Allies — that is, the equals — of Germany. These three states are practically the vassals of Berlin, in whose sight they scarcely count for more than Saxony or Bavaria. The principal proof of this state of affairs lies in the fact that the Kaiser wields an uncontested supremacy from Hamburg to the British front at Bagdad.

Since the beginning of hostilities there has been a formidable extension

of Prussian militarism. At first, it held in its grasp only the sixty-eight million people of the German Empire. By April, 1915, it had extended and organized its influence among the thirty millions of Austro-Hungarians, who until that time had taken orders from their own independent military chiefs. After October–November, 1915, — the date of Serbia's downfall, — the Prussian system reached out to Bulgaria and Turkey. By taking account of these extensions and adding together the populations of the territories occupied by Germany, together with those of her infatuated allies, one finds that to-day — April, 1917 — Prussian militarism no longer controls sixty-eight million souls, as in the beginning of the war, but about one hundred and seventy-six million European and Ottoman subjects.

This is the brutal, overwhelming fact which Americans must face if they wish to learn the sole solution of the war which will assure to them, as well as to the rest of the world, a durable peace.

The following figures will show how the three groups of the population of Pan-Germany are divided at the beginning of 1917:—

1. THE MASTERS		
Germans		73,000,000
2. THE VASSALS		
Magyars	10,000,000	} 21,000,000
Bulgars	5,000,000	
Turks	6,000,000	
3. THE SLAVES		
French	(about) 3,000,000	} 82,000,000
Belgians	7,500,000	
Alsatians, Lorrainers	1,500,000	
Danes	200,000	
Poles, Lithuanians,	22,000,000	
Ruthenians	5,500,000	
Czechs	8,500,000	
Jugo-Slavs	11,000,000	
Roumanians	8,000,000	
Italians	800,000	
Armenians	2,000,000	
Levantines	2,000,000	
Ottoman Greeks	2,000,000	
Arabs	8,000,000	
Total		176,000,000

To sum up, seventy-three million Germans rule over twenty-one million vassals and eighty-two million slaves,

— Latin, Slavic, Semitic, belonging to thirteen different nationalities, — who are bearing the most cruel and unjustifiable yoke that the world has ever known.

It is undeniable, moreover, that each extension of Prussian militarism over a new territory has enabled Germany to prolong the struggle by obtaining new supplies of food, new reinforcements to press into her service and territory to exploit, new civil populations, whose labor is made use of even in works of a military nature. As a result, the technical problem now confronting the Allies in Europe is, through the mistakes of their former leaders, infinitely more complicated than at the outbreak of hostilities.

To-day Berlin, by means of Prussian terrorism methodically and pitilessly employed, disposes of the military and economic resources of one hundred and seventy-six million people, occupying a strategic position in the centre of Europe which is all to her profit. It is this very state of things, founded on the slavery of eighty-two millions of human beings, which is intolerable.

III

Many times, and rightly, the Allies have declared that it was not their object to exterminate the German people and bring about their political extinction. On the other hand, it is just and essential to proclaim that Pan-Germany must be destroyed. On this depends the liberty, not only of Europe, but of the whole world. This is the point of view which, in the crisis of to-day, should prevail with Americans, for the following reasons. Suppose that Pan-Germany were able to maintain itself in its present position. It cannot be denied that its territory contains considerable latent military and economic resources, as well as strategic positions

of world-significance, like the Dardanelles. If these resources were freely exploited and developed to their highest pitch by the relentless organizing spirit of Berlin, Prussianized Pan-Germany, dividing Europe in two, would dominate the Continent, uncontestedly and indefinitely, by means of her crushing strength. France, Russia, England, Italy, ceasing to exist as great powers, could only submit to Germany's will. And Berlin, mistress of Europe, would soon realize, not merely the Hamburg-Bagdad and Antwerp-Bagdad railways, but the Brest-Bagdad line as well; for Brest has long been coveted secretly by the Pan-Germanists, who would make of it the great military and commercial transatlantic port of Prussianized Europe.

Moreover, if Germany achieved the ruin of the Allies, it is entirely probable that the General Staff of William II would launch a formidable expedition against the United States without delay, in order to allow her no time to organize herself against the Prussian tyranny hypothetically dominating Europe. Even if Berlin felt it necessary to defer this step, Americans would none the less be forced to prepare for the inevitable struggle and to serve an apprenticeship to militarism which would be odious to them. If Americans, then, see things as they really are, and perceive the dangers to which they are pledging their future, they will be convinced that they, quite as much as Europeans, have a vital interest in the annihilation of Pan-Germanism. In a word, it is clear that any peril accruing to the United States from Europe can arise only from so formidable a power as Pan-Germany, and not from a Germany kept within her legitimate frontiers, and forced to behave herself, by the balance of other powers.

We must also realize that the moral

considerations at stake are a matter of the liveliest interest to the United States. Can republican America allow the feudal spirit which kindled the torch of this war to triumph over the world? This spirit is made up of the following elements: the feudalism of the Prussian Junkers, chief prop and stay of the Hohenzollerns; the feudalism of the great Austrian land-owners; the feudalism of the Magyar grandees, whose caste-spirit is precisely the same as that of the Prussian lordlings; and the Turkish feudalism of Enver Bey and his friends. In other words, this four-ply feudal spirit which is the basis of Pan-Germany is in radical and absolute opposition to the democratic spirit of the modern world. Granting for a moment that Germany were victorious, Russia, after a frightful reign of anarchy, would be forced to submit once more to the yoke of autocracy. As for the peoples of Western Europe, reduced to worse than slavery, they could only renounce their dearest ideals — the ideals for which they have shed their blood for centuries.

The present war, then, is manifestly a struggle *à outrance* between democracy and feudalism. To Americans as well as to Europeans falls the task, not only of preserving their corporeal independence, but of saving our common civilization. This can be accomplished only by the destruction of Pan-Germanism.

It is plain that Berlin, failing so far to crush the Allies completely, is bending every effort to maintaining Pan-Germany in its present position, so that, after peace is declared, it may crystallize and swiftly develop its full power. When, in December, 1916, President Wilson requested the belligerents to make known the causes for which they were fighting, the government of Berlin issued no definite statement. The reason for this attitude is

plain. If Berlin still hopes to enforce her outrageous pretensions by her immense military power, she cannot possibly put down her terms in black and white, in a document subject to general perusal, without instantly calling down on her head the blazing reprobation of the civilized world.

The Allies, on the contrary, replied to Mr. Wilson's question easily and with precision.

The universal attention drawn to this reply has entailed advantages and disadvantages. By the very nature of things, the Allies definitely announced that the smaller nationalities in Turkey, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans must be set free, thus implying a radical opposition to the Hamburg-Persian Gulf idea. This has enabled Berlin, for one thing, to bind her accomplices at Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople more closely, if possible, to her cause, and also to galvanize for a still longer period the forces of the German people, who are resolved to endure the bitterest suffering in order to assure for themselves, after peace comes, the immense advantages accruing from the *fait accompli* of Pan-Germanism.

By way of compensation for this, the publicity given the reply of the Allies has accomplished two excellent ends. First of all, it has permitted every one to see that the common purpose of the Allies is to solve the Central European problem, which, as a matter of fact, is not only of European, but of universal interest, since such a solution puts a quietus on German dreams of world-domination. This publicity, too, has made it possible to compare the principles invoked by the Allies in their peace-terms with those of President Wilson, proclaimed in his message to the Senate on January 22, 1917, and to establish the fact that these principles are identical.

IV

The reason for this harmonious point of view lies in the adoption of the principle of nationality by the Allies and by President Wilson as the fundamental basis for the reconstruction of the Europe of to-morrow. Because of this point in common, it is evident that the war measures of the Allies and the pacific endeavors of Mr. Wilson have in view the same general geographic solutions of the problem of organizing Europe on the lines of a durable peace. This is a fact of the utmost importance, as I tried to show with the aid of maps in an article in *L'Illustration*, of February 27, 1917. Allies and Americans, then, may join hands and press resolutely ahead, — especially since the Russian revolution has come to pass, — for, with a common ideal, their general practical solutions for meeting this formidable crisis cannot but be identical.

At the time this paper is published, it is probable that the United States will be officially at war with the Empire of William II. But when will they act, in what manner, and with how much vigor? These are decisions of the utmost significance, for on the moment chosen by America for taking action, and on the greater or less intensity of her prosecution of the war, will depend whether the end of the slaughter now in progress is to come swiftly, or whether it is to be indefinitely prolonged, thus increasing the uncertainty which still exists as to the outcome of the struggle.

In order to understand fully the seriousness of the situation, one must distinguish clearly between the moral position of the Allies and the strategic positions of the two groups of belligerents. The moral position of the Allies is excellent. After Washington and Peking broke with Berlin, and espe-

cially after the magnificent revolution in Russia, which, up to the present moment, has avoided all pitfalls — after Bagdad fell and a fraction of the invaded French territory was won back, the spirit of the Allies was all that could be desired. But even while recognizing the excellence of this moral strength and its potentialities of success, we must first of all consider the general strategic situation. The events of this war have plainly shown that, unfortunately, brute force in the service of the lowest passions can prevail over the holiest rights, the purest aspirations. Since August, 1914, incontestable rights have been violated, and noble nations martyred.

Let us face the cruel truth and say: the Allies may yet be completely vanquished if certain developments come about, or if new strategic mistakes are added to those portentous ones which nearly lost them the fight, in spite of the righteousness of their cause and their immense, if badly employed, latent resources. If we wish, then, really to understand the crisis of to-day and the mighty peril which still menaces the world's liberty, we must not shrink from meeting the realities of the military situation. We must be ready to face the most serious developments which can be conceived. Such an attitude implies, not pessimism, but that readiness for the worst which lies at the root of military wisdom.

Let us now accept the following facts. The troops of France are beginning to be exhausted. The iniquitous administration of the Czar has seriously compromised the provisioning of the Russian army with food and munitions. In that vast country, it is possible that idealistic extremists may guide the revolution toward pacifism or anarchy. The swarming agents of Germany are working there without respite. If their efforts succeed, the

strength of Russia will swiftly dissolve. This would practically insure a German victory, for, with the Russian armies demoralized, all the forces of Pan-Germany could be flung against the Franco-British front. Moreover, if, from the moral standpoint, the Berlin government is universally to be despised, the same cannot be said about her general technical military ability, whose elements are as follows.

Berlin is incontestably mistress of Pan-Germany — that is, she has absolute disposal of vast resources in men and in the manifold products of a great territory with a population of one hundred and seventy-six millions. The Kaiser's Great General Staff, whose intellectual resourcefulness cannot be questioned, is quick to make the most of every lesson taught by the war. The annual levies of men from the various territories of Pan-Germany certainly outnumber the losses sustained each year by her troops. It is therefore, in my opinion, a grave error to assume, as the Allies have done, that the Germans can be beaten by mere attrition of their forces. By organizing under one uniform system the soldiery furnished by the many different countries of Pan-Germany, Prussian militarism has unquestionably given its troops a cohesion and a unity which was unknown to the vassal-allies of Germany before the war. This state of affairs has undoubtedly added to the military effectiveness of the vast armies which take their orders from Berlin.

The German military authorities most advantageously employed the respites given them by the strategic errors of the Allies. Never have the broad lines of trenches, the far-flung battle frontiers, been more powerfully guarded than now. Never have the Germans had more abundant stores of munitions. Never has the network of railways covering the length and

breadth of Pan-Germany been so complete. Never has the Great General Staff, making full use of its central position, been better able to concentrate on any front with lightning speed. For these reasons, it is my opinion that we may safely say that never before has the Berlin government, from a military point of view, been so strong. The various statistics which justify such a conclusion are, I think, to be relied on. Even supposing them to be exaggerated, it is much better to run the risk of overestimating the enemy's strength than to underestimate it. Many of the Allies' mistakes sprang from neglect of this axiom.

V

Let us now attempt to forecast the German military plans for 1917. For some weeks persistent reports have been telling of their tremendous preparations for hurling an offensive against the Russian front. As for the Franco-British front in the West, it was stated that the General Staff at Berlin would be glad to hold things stationary on that side until, after winning the victory on which they count in the East, they are free to devote their attentions to the occidental theatre. This project, of course, cannot be confirmed; but the voluntary shortening of the western line by the Germans would lend color to its probability. Moreover, such a plan would coincide perfectly with the present interests of Berlin, with the habitual methods of the Kaiser's General Staff, with the broad Pan-Germanist scheme, and with the personal preferences of Marshal von Hindenburg. It is also natural that the Germans should avail themselves of the sinister and undeniable effects of the Russian imperial administration on the army and civil population of the country before the

new government at Petrograd has time to repair the all-too-abundant harm that has been wrought.

We must cherish no illusions. As long as it can dispose of the vast resources of Pan-Germany, which, to my thinking, are still taken too lightly by the Allies; while the results of the Russian revolution are still uncertain; while the reorganization of the Muscovite armies still remains uncompleted, the government at Berlin, in spite of its serious problems connected with the food-supply, is still convinced that it can win a decisive military victory by dealing one by one with its adversaries. And so we should foresee that the German General Staff will meet its problems in succession.

It seems probable, then, that it will follow the basic principles of warfare and concentrate all the forces at its disposal against the weakest front. This, without question, is the Roumano-Russian line. Its great extent, together with the formidable development of the German railway system (infinitely superior to that of the Russians), makes it easier to introduce the element of surprise, which is of capital importance for swift, decisive victory. The Russians, too, are certainly less well provided with munitions of war than the Franco-British troops; and the Germans have succeeded in further weakening them by means of the terrible explosions recently engineered by their spies at Archangel. As a result of the execrable administration of the former government, the food situation in Russia is most critical, while the revolutionists are not yet sure of the reorganization of the military forces. The Germans, therefore, have an unquestionable interest in profiting without delay by this state of affairs.

A vigorous offensive on the Eastern front is also in harmony with the Pan-Germanist plan, which for twenty-five

years has looked forward to the seizure by Germany of Riga, Little Russia, and Odessa. And a German success in the south of Russia would be big with economic, naval, military, and moral consequences of world-import. The Germans would become masters of the rich and boundless wheat-lands of Little Russia which, from the midst of their food problems, they watch with greedy eyes. The capture of Odessa and the complete conquest of the Black Sea, by means of transports (sent in large numbers down the Danube, thus permitting surprise attacks at vital points), would end in the loss of the Crimea and, probably, the fall of the Caucasus into the hands of the Turco-Germans. The British, then, could no longer hold out at Bagdad. Freed by such successes from all immediate fear of Russia, the Germans could then turn in enormous strength against the Balkan front of the Allies. Under these hypothetical conditions, one may assume that the Allied army north of Salonika, demoralized by the Russian reverses, would be taken prisoners or driven into the sea.

These various operations in the East vigorously taken in hand, as the General Staff at Berlin knows so well how to do, would require four or five months for their execution. This interval of time, combined with the depressing moral effect brought about by the supposed German victories, would act, as it were, as an automatic preparation for the final Teutonic offensive on the Western front. It must be remembered that during these four or five months the submarine warfare, pursued more and more ruthlessly, would considerably impede neutral navigation and decimate the tonnage of the Franco-British merchant marine. The food problems and the war expenditure of the Allies would be enormously increased. Even if their pressure has

forced the Kaiser to evacuate a considerable portion of France and Belgium, the importance of this retreat would be only relative, for it would be temporary. Following our hypothesis, then, if Russia were beaten, the army of Salonika driven into the sea, and the food crisis in the West intensified, the moral depression and discouragement among the soldiers and civilians of France would be most profound. Under the given material and psychological conditions, the concentration of all the Pan-German forces on the Western front would probably permit them to break through. This would spell ruin for France and for England as well, and assure that decisive German victory which would mean the mastery of Europe.

If this theoretical German plan is to be accomplished in 1917, however, the general technical situation in Europe must remain much as it stands at present. No new power capable of making itself felt on the battle-field must come to the support of the Allies. It is necessary, then, that the scheme be carried out in 1917, before the Russian revolution, which is essentially favorable to the Allies, has time to repair the damage done by the former régime, and before the United States, realizing that it is to their vital interest to take part directly and without delay in the war on the continent, are ready to do so effectively.

The tactics of Berlin, after being forced to a diplomatic rupture with Washington, consist in doing everything to avoid actual blows with the United States, while keeping up a vigorous submarine campaign, and in making frantic efforts to effect a miscarriage of American military preparation — especially as regards sending reinforcements to Europe. In pursuance of this scheme, Berlin instructed Vienna to send Washington a dilatory answer

concerning submarine warfare, in order to avoid a diplomatic break and thus gain time. This procedure was specifically intended to make America believe that Austria-Hungary can act independently of Germany. And so, by virtue of this delusion, William II veils the existence of that Pan-Germany whose reality, for the sake of his plans, must not be revealed until the latest possible moment.

VI

If the programme for 1917, which we have good reason to attribute to the Germans, were substantially carried out (and, after all, this is not impossible), in six to eight months the United States would find themselves face to face with a Germany controlling the resources, not only of the present-day Pan-Germany, but of all Europe. And, Americans, do not think your turn would be long in coming. Do not take it for granted that the German people, worn out by the endless horrors of war, would cry to their masters, 'Peace at any price!' The German people, as I know them, filled with enthusiasm by a victory that would be without parallel in the history of the world, maddened by incalculable plunder, would follow the lead of their Emperor more blindly than ever. The pride and ambition of the Kaiser and his General Staff are so prodigious that, unless all signs fail, they would give the United States no chance to organize against a Prussianized Europe. In eight or ten months, after new advances had been made to Japan, who would be isolated by the defeat of her Allies in Europe, and with the aid of the German-Mexicans and German-Americans whose mission, as every one knows, is to paralyze by every possible means the military organization of the United States, it would be possible to look for ruthless

action against America by the Pan-Germanized forces of Europe.

The prediction of such extraordinary eventualities will no doubt seem fantastic and improbable to many of my American readers. I beg them, nevertheless, to consider them seriously. As a matter of fact, if we consider what has been achieved by the Germans since August, 1914, the events which I have forecast are much less amazing than those indicated by me in 1901, when, in my book *L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche au Seuil du XXe Siècle*, I unmasked the Pan-German plot, which was then looked on as a mere phantasmagoria — although as a matter of fact it was so real that it now stands almost completely fulfilled.

You Americans, then, should learn your lesson from the past. Your own best interest lays on you the obligation to face facts which may at present seem improbable, and to prepare yourselves without losing a day for meeting the gravest perils. As the situation now stands, a delay in making a decision may involve disastrous results. For instance, the three weeks of parleying indulged in by the Allies before deciding to send troops to Serbia were of the utmost significance. Those three lost weeks simply prevented the Allies from achieving victory, and resulted in an unthinkable prolongation of the war.

The surest, the most economical way for Americans to avoid excessive risks is to prepare at once for the severest kind of struggle, on the hypothesis that the Allies may sustain grave reverses. Everything favors concerted action by the United States and the Allies. Their material and moral interests are identical, and, in doing away with autocracy, Russia removed the well-justified distrust felt in the United States for the land of the Czars. As we have seen, a German victory over Russia, involving the fall of Salonika and, later, the

breaking of the Western front, would be unquestionably the most dangerous eventuality imaginable for the future security of the United States. American interest, therefore, demands not only that support should be given France and Great Britain, but that the United States should hasten to help the Russians, who will probably be called on first to meet the onslaught.

On reflection, perhaps, Americans may even find it worth while to give further thought to an idea which, a few months ago, would have seemed preposterous to them. Since President Wilson cherishes the ideal of the brotherhood of nations, — a noble conception, but one which can be realized only after Prussian militarism is ground in the dust, after the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns have gone the way of the Romanoffs, — why should not this world-crisis provide an opportunity for intimate coöperation between the United States and Japan?

Even if Americans were to admit the necessity of so doing, it will be long before they are in the position to throw into the European conflict those reinforcements which, by exercising a decisive influence, would hasten the end of the mad slaughter. At the present moment Japan alone, outside of Europe, has at her disposal a trained army capable of taking the field at once. Everything considered, President Wilson might well decide that the interests of humanity called for the intervention of Japan in Europe. If he succeeded in convincing Tokyo of this, he would stand out as the great, decisive figure of the war. From the technical point of view, it is certain that victory for the Allies calls for a simultaneous concentric attack on all the fronts of Pan-Germany. For that reason, Japanese troops on the Russian line, at Bagdad, Alexandretta, and Salonika, would furnish the Eastern positions of the Allies

with the supplementary strength that they need to achieve decisive results and so hasten the end of the whole war.

By way of conclusion, let me again urge my point that the line of action morally and materially most profitable to the United States is that which, by achieving the total destruction of Pan-Germany and Prussian militarism, will terminate the horrible carnage once for all. This is the moral pointed by the past. If the Allies had undertaken the Salonika-Belgrade expedition in the beginning of 1915, the war would have ended a year ago. If you, Americans,

had cast your lot with us a year ago, it would be ending about now. If you act to-day, with all your energies, and especially if you compass the Japanese intervention, you will save the lives of millions of men who, without your military and diplomatic support, will surely be sacrificed.

The real problem for America is clearly to discern Pan-Germany lurking beneath the Quadruple Alliance of the Central Powers, and to decide to strike this Pan-Germany quick and hard. This is the one and only way to foil the odious Prussian militarism which threatens the liberty of the world.

A FATHER TO HIS GRADUATE GIRL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR you, my daughter in cap and gown, the reflections that greeted your graduation in white muslin only four years ago will have to be revised. All the wisdom of the ages could be drawn upon for admonition, as the ministrations of the Miss Minervas culminated on that June morning, and you made your curtsy to the world that was. You cast about for a year, inspecting the show to which you had gained admission; and then, as you remember, having stronger aspirations for knowledge than for social exercises, you went to college. Here you are, again inspecting the planet you were born into, and looking, I suppose, for a suitable place to take hold of its activities.

But bless me! what a distracted tragedy of a planet! All the people in it running about like ants in an ant-hill

that the ploughshare has cut through; every tradition upset; every habit of life threatened with disturbance! Here you come, bringing a new education to a new heaven and a new earth! Take your parent by the hand, my dear, and lead him forth into the unknown. This is no world of his. Yours it may be; yours it must be, as much as any one's; yours to make and shape, and share its destinies. I see not much further into it than that it must have work for such as you; and as always heretofore you have done the task that you attempted, I have the more faith to find you equal to whatever tasks are coming.

Of what you have learned in these three scholastic years now crowned with A.B. I have only vague and general knowledge, but I know that you have partaken faithfully of the repast

that was set before you, and that, if there is anything good for girls in a college education, you must have got it. I can get assurance from expert educators that you have been taught nothing by the right method, and little or nothing that you should have learned, and that you face life again not really much to the good for all your recent endeavors. But that I shall not believe. Between ideal education and what you have obtained, no doubt a great gulf stretches; but at least you have got your share of what has been offered to your generation, and I own that I look upon your bachelor of arts degree as a life-belt strapped around you as you stand on the deck of a ship that navigates a zone of danger. If it is any good for a girl to have practiced a little to live her own life, to choose her own companions, to form her own opinions and test them for herself, surely this is the time and this the state of the world for that good to become apparent.

I notice that this distinction seems to rule between the girls who come out of boarding-schools and you beginning Bachelors: that they look forward to a little play-time period, and that most of you look for 'a job.' The difference does not go so deep as appears, for both of you are after training, with a view to future employment, and are likely in the end to come to similar activities. For women are women, and will be to the end; and the work they do, in the long run and with due exceptions, will be women's work. The boarding-school misses are quite as apt to pick up valuable lessons in applied energy in their play-time, as you will be in the employment that you hope to find.

At least, I suppose that you hope to find it. All the graduating college girls, having had a training and learned something, — at least, they hope so, — want to try it out on real work and find out what it is good for. Certainly this

is their year if there ever was one. The young men graduates of colleges in '61 found the Civil War ready made for them, and most of them, deferring all other occupations, went into it. Here's a war ready for you, and one that promises to have a job waiting for every woman that is ready for it. It may be a job that women have been used to do; it may be something quite novel and untried. If the latter, so much the better for you whose training is believed to have made you a little readier than your sisters to try out experiments. A little more than other girls, the girls who have been to college are used to variety of association. They are apt, not only to know more girls than their boarding-school sisters, but more kinds of girls. In some of the big girls' colleges in the great cities there is obtainable an experience of human fellowship something like that which imaginative persons see as one of the precious possibilities of universal military service. If the dog-tent sheltering two young citizens from widely different social layers is an instrument of democracy, so is the classroom bench of a big girls' college in a great city.

Three years ago we thought that employments for women had been marvelously amplified, and so they had. The girls had flocked into offices; they were typewriters and stenographers, lawyers, doctors, editors, cashiers and bookkeepers; they did most of the work of the great department stores; they were deep in social service, and had almost monopolized the great profession of teaching. But since the war began, and men by the million have been called into it, armies of women almost equally large have been poured into the places these men left vacant. In Europe before the war women contended for employment; but since the war began, almost all employments, except actual military service, have

contended for the women. Women censor the mails; women make the munitions; women, even in England, tend the cattle and till the land. Only by this vast, wholesale coöperation of the women of the nations with the men of the nations has the war been kept going. Whenever there was work to be done and lack of men to do it, women have been enlisted.

And that, my daughter with your sheepskin in your hand, is the world into which you have graduated. It is a world in crisis; a world struggling toward a salvation only to be won by bitter effort; a world to which these states have suddenly been joined again after four generations of separation. Physically we Americans are far distant from the war and its agonies, but spiritually, mentally, nationally, it has become our affair and we are joined to it. It is our concern now that it shall come outright and do its appointed work of destruction and renovation. Our great estate and all our powers are committed to that vast duty. No one of us is exempt from contributing what we have and what we are to that endeavor.

The deep impressions which affect our lives are apt to come suddenly, to be matters of weeks or months of very active thought, rather than of years of slow experience. Like enough you, my daughter, and your coevals, will have your ideas about many important matters shaped by the thoughts that are born of this crisis in human affairs. No one who is really alive will escape those thoughts. They will concern the relations of nations and of all the people who compose them. One of the great lessons that the war is teaching is the power and duty of coöperation; that no one may live for self alone, but each for all and all for each. Wherever you take hold to help in these affairs, you will work with some one in a common cause; you will work, not for yourself alone,

but for your country; not for your country alone, but for France, for England, for Belgium, for Serbia, for Russia, for Poland, for Italy, for Japan, for China, for all the world, to save it from the ruin of misapplied knowledge and selfish counsels. Nothing like this vast coöperation was ever known before. It used to be said that the United States had learned to think in the terms of a continent, and that Europe had got to learn that lesson. But now people must think in terms of all the continents. Nothing less than the whole world is in the pangs of readjustment; of hardly less than the whole world will you be a citizen when this work is finished.

But as you will remain distinctively a citizen of the United States, so, whatever you find to do, you will remain distinctively a woman. No extension of opportunity or novelty of occupation is going to swerve you from that inexorable condition. The work that you are to do in the world is to be woman's work. It may be driving an aeroplane or a motor-car, or making munitions, or keeping cows or chickens, or raising cabbages, or folding bandages, or nursing, or teaching, or knitting socks, or organizing enterprises, but if you do it, you make woman's work of it, for you are more important and less changeable than any occupation, and you will dominate the work, and not the work you.

If the work does not suit you as a woman, you will drop it presently, because it is more important in the long run that you should be a woman and do a woman's work than that any specified job should continue to be done. In an emergency, to be sure, the specific job may be all-important because the continuance of women's true work depends on it. But that is a temporary matter, to be cured at the first chance, so that the world may not cease to be worth living in, or run out of people.

I observe, and you will notice, that notwithstanding the great incursion of women, of late years, into one or another department of business, they are not of much account as fortune-builders. Some of them earn or make a good deal of money, but they seldom get rich by their own exertions, and nearly all the rich women have inherited their fortunes from men. Moreover, the women who are most successful as money-makers are not, as a rule, the most successful as women. The women seem to be a consecrated sex, too valuable to be employed in mere money-getting. Vast numbers of them earn a living — sometimes a good one — and have to; but few of them get rich. It is common for a young man to start out deliberately to accumulate a fortune. It is very uncommon for a young woman to do so. She is much more likely to accumulate a young man.

Will you please take note of that, my daughter? In spite of your cap and gown, you are still a consecrated vessel, designed rather to confer benefits upon the world, than to exact an excessive recompense for living in it. If you are to have much money you must get it indirectly. Your life is too valuable to be sacrificed to getting rich. I believe you will feel that to be true, no matter what you undertake; feel that you cannot afford to give up being a woman and fulfilling a woman's destiny, for the sake of winning the common rewards that are open to men. For you know man's great reward is woman. She is the crown of his endeavors and often the goal of them, but not of yours.

One of the consolations of these extraordinary times, so terrible and so afflicting in many aspects, is that they are bringing us closer to the French, the people in our modern world who seem to know best how to live, and who, we suspect, have come the nearest to solving the problem of the woman's place

in life. Of course they are not a perfect model for us, and of course there are things that they may learn of us as well as we of them; but the Frenchwoman's place in life, as we hear of it, seems the nearest right that any people has worked out. It is a place of power and honor, a place in which the woman is valued to the full as a woman, and in which she coöperates intimately and effectively with the man. Probably we idealize the Frenchwoman's position somewhat, but as we see her, she is not only the decoration of life, but ideally the helpmate of the man; helping with her head and with her hands, with her companionship, her love, her thrift, her skill, her labor. We hear of her potency in business affairs; of her share, at least equal, and apt to be superior, in the management of farm and shop and household. We have learned all over again these last three years what wonderful stuff there is in the French, and wish there was more of it in the world. Never was mankind so much disposed to go to school to France, nor ever had this French tradition of woman's power and place and work a better chance to influence mankind. Perhaps it will help to temper in this land and generation the propensity to make a battle cry of 'Women for women,' with a prospect that it will yield in its turn to the slogan, 'Every woman for herself!'

Not with any such motto, my daughter, will civilization go any gait but backwards. The women of France have won great honor by great service, but their work has been woman's work. They have kept their hands on the details — the things that make the difference between profit and loss in trade or agriculture, and between paths of pleasantness and bad going in our daily walk. They are wise in the technique of living — not for themselves alone, but for France, her men and her children.

If France is pleasant and Frenchmen love it, it is Frenchwomen who have made it so. If life is pleasant to French men and they love it, it is French women who have made it so. If French men love France more than life, it is because in a conquered France French life could not flourish, or French women train it and make it worth living to French men. It is a great office to make life pleasant; to make it worth living. So far as it is done, it is done chiefly by women, but not by women whose motto is 'Women for women,' or 'Every woman for herself.'

It is the fault of people who are good at details that they are prone to make details overshadow life. Perhaps the Frenchwomen have room among their virtues for that fault. It is one, my daughter, that your college education should help to keep you out of. I don't suppose that college has made you proficient in the details of life, but at least it should have qualified you to see the forest in spite of the trees. You ought in the end — and long before the end — to see life broader and truer for having been to college; and because of those three years of reading and listening and thinking, should be able to bestow your mind upon the details of life with less risk of their absorbing you.

But the best thing to save the spirit from being swamped by details is reli-

gion, which keeps the imagination alive and constantly reminds the hands and the brain what their activities are about. Most of the Frenchwomen are religious, and that helps immensely to humanize them and keep them pleasant in spite of their strong bent toward thrift. Perhaps after the war France will offer the world a new-style Christian church, a church of France — Catholic as France is Catholic, free as France is free. Something like that is coming to all the world, and coming, sooner or later, out of the great dissolution of obstacles to human unity that is the great fruit and consequence of the war.

The wonderful war! The wonderful war! Praise God that we are in it, and practicing to beat the Devil along with our brethren! Be confident, my child, in the destiny of mankind! Here you come with that innocent sheepskin into a world loaded with new debts, mourning its innumerable dead, grieved at the havoc done to it, filled with orphans and widows and still struggling toward a goal obscured by smoke. But it is a world of promise beyond all the promise of a thousand years, in which whoever is strong in the faith may hope everything that saints foresaw or martyrs died to bring. Be glad it is your year. 'A.B. 1917' is distinction in itself. Accept it, my daughter, and make it good!

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF PACIFISM

BY HENRY JONES FORD

I

MUCH of the bitterness between pacifists and militarists would be allayed if each side would fairly consider the other's point of view. Pacifists in general accord more respect to the motives of their opponents than is shown to their motives, and they have some ground for their complaints that they are being persecuted. That is not to say that all of their complaints are well founded. Their contention that the right of free speech has been violated by the action of university authorities in debarring meetings on university premises will not bear examination. The proper function of a university is to foster learning, and in the discharge of that function it ordinarily allows facilities for the expression of respectable opinion on any important subject. Because this is customary, the idea has been advanced that it is the *duty* of a university to provide facilities for the expression of opinion; and that, if it refuses to do so, it is unfaithful to its ideals and is violating freedom of speech. That duty exists, but it is not unqualified. The ordinary practice rests upon considerations that may be superseded by more weighty considerations such as are now present; and the pacifists do not thereby lose a right, but only a privilege which it is within the proper discretion of universities to withdraw. Freedom of speech implies simply the right to speak on one's own premises at one's own charge; and no matter what custom may have allowed,

the right cannot involve any claim upon the property of others.

But while the claim that freedom of speech is being violated is unfounded, and is indeed contradicted by notorious facts showing that the pacifists are able to obtain ample facilities of their own providing, yet there does appear to be ground for complaints that they are being subjected to persecution. There seem to have been cases in which persons have been disturbed in their ordinary employments, — their qualifications for which are conceded, — simply on the ground of their opinions. This does constitute persecution, and it should be condemned and opposed in the interest of social justice. Moreover, the claim must be conceded that the pacifists are displaying heroic virtues in maintaining unpopular opinions, exposing themselves to serious risks. It will be admitted by most publicists that freedom of speech itself may rightfully be suppressed at a time when all individual privilege must be stringently subordinated to the primary law of national self-preservation. But whatever the needs of the hour may be, and whatever may be the measures sanctioned by public necessity, it is always the duty of reasonable people to keep their heads, to know what they are doing and why they are doing it. Pacifism is an element that may have to be put under forcible restraint, but none the less it is entitled to more consideration than it has been receiving.

Pacifism produces an irritation in opponents that is peculiar and seems to

call for special explanation. The cause probably lies in the fact that pacifism rests wholly upon deduction from a dogmatic principle. It does not pretend to be derived from existing views of national duty. What militarists regard as the plain and obvious teachings of experience do not move pacifists, because their ideals are independent of such considerations and stand upon a higher plane. It is this that gives their contention its peculiarly irritating quality, and that tends to substitute passion for argument in dealing with them. Nevertheless the case is not really withdrawn from reasonable consideration, and such treatment of it will promote fair dealing.

The original source of modern pacifism was the doctrine of non-resistance urged on scriptural grounds. This is a matter I do not feel competent to discuss, so I shall not notice it further than to mention that by most moralists and theologians the texts relied upon are held to apply to the relations of the individual members of society, and do not determine the rights and duties of communities. A concise but complete discussion of this branch of the subject may be found in a little work entitled *A Primer of Peace and War*, edited by Charles Plater, S.J. It is a Catholic manual, issued with an official imprimatur, but the views are those held also by most Protestant theologians, and a bibliography is appended that covers the ramifications of the subject.

This particular source, although strong in the respect felt for its maintainers, is not the main fountain-head of modern pacifism. A very powerful impetus was given the movement by Herbert Spencer's individualistic philosophy. Although he admitted that militarism had played a great part in the past in developing human faculty, he contended that all the service it could render to human progress had al-

ready been performed, and that now the most urgent need was the suppression of militarism, so that hereafter the survival of the fittest should be the result of competition and struggle under purely intellectual conditions. He held that the desire for individual advancement, or, as he once put it, the tendency of people to climb upon one another's shoulders, could thus be made a factor of evolutionary value; but the essential condition was the elimination of physical force. The contest must become one of wits, not of violence.

It is a striking instance of the way in which thought may swerve the world in its orbit, that these views of a neurasthenic invalid, leading a retired life in a London boarding-house, had great international consequences. They had effects both in Japan and in India, producing a type such as Kipling portrayed in the character of the Babu in *Kim*. They inspired the great endowment of the peace cause made by Mr. Carnegie, as his writings and speeches testify. At the same time, it appears from Nietzsche's own admissions that they provoked the reaction formulated in his philosophy of violence. He adopted Spencer's major premise of progress through survival of the fittest individuals, but differed with him on the minor premise of the argument. Where Spencer advocated suppression of physical force as a factor, Nietzsche advocated its enlargement, on the ground that elimination of force would give the world to the cunning rather than to the strong, whereas strength in all its forms was the true standard of biological value. Hence, by a minor correction in the philosophy of individualism, he arrived at his famous aphorism that 'a good war hallows any cause.'

The Spencerian philosophy as a source of pacifist sentiment has had its day, and is now on the decline. Mr. Carnegie is now probably lonesome in

his adherence to it, but his munificence has made it a permanent factor which in its practical operation has become detached from its original source, and now pursues methods that are opportunist rather than strictly pacifist. Spencerian pacifists of the original type are a dwindling group of agitators. Far more influential in these times is a source of pacifist sentiment to which he was opposed with as much bitterness as can enter the mind of a philosopher. That source is Socialism, seeking to reconstruct the family and the state, on strictly secular principles, in the interest of economic independence and individual freedom. From this point of view no waste of life, no exploitation of the masses, is so complete a loss, so lacking in rational purpose, as the carrying on of war, which is akin to cannibalism in that it makes humanity prey upon humanity. Hence it is argued that the first and most important thing to do for human salvation is to stop war — at any cost, by any means.

One must be grossly prejudiced not to be willing to admit that these ideals are appealing with great force to men and women of courage, intelligence, refinement, and devotion; that they are already having a distinct effect in modifying social standards; and that they are being pursued with heroic constancy. Whether or not the movement shall turn out to be regenerative, or whether it is a sloughing process that is the natural outcome of secular principles and will eventually eradicate them from philosophy and religion, is a matter that need not now be considered. What is now to the point in this discussion is that pacifism owes most of its present vigor and activity to this source.

This leaves the case somewhat open for argument. It means that effective pacifism does not take its stand upon a traditional dogma, but upon rational

grounds which admit of analysis. Events have had and are still having a marked effect upon this class of pacifists. It is notorious that most of them have concluded that after all there is something in patriotism, and in every belligerent country they are fighting for ideals that as Socialists they had officially repudiated. A split between the opportunist and the inexorable elements has taken place and is progressing with such effect that out-and-out pacifists are being reduced to a comparatively small group; but they are staunch and earnest. They cannot be put down by decrying their patriotism. They contend that they are exhibiting what is better than patriotism — devotion to the cause of humanity; and that the display of true heroism is really on their side and not on the side of those who fall in with the prevailing current of opinion. They claim to be animated by ideals which, if adhered to, will accomplish more for peace and justice in all circumstances than by war in any circumstances; and they hold that this is not generally recognized solely because those ideals have never been actually tried.

The militarists generally allow that the ideals of pacifism have not been tried, but they contend that this is simply because pacifism is wholly absurd and impracticable. Here both sides are in error. It happens that pacifism has been thoroughly tried, not once, but often; not for a limited period, but for ages. And if we examine the case, keeping in mind the maxim of Thucydides that history is philosophy teaching by example, fallacies and misconceptions may be removed that are now indulged both by pacifists and militarists. It will then appear that the antithesis between militarism and industrialism which Herbert Spencer described was affected by an error of statement that vitiated his conclusions, and that this

will account for the failure of actual political tendencies to conform to his theoretical anticipations which perplexed him a great deal, as is admitted in his *Autobiography*. It will account for the mistaken advice he gave to Japan to be a hermit nation — advice which, had it been adopted, would have caused Japan to be now a Russian dependency along with Korea. It will also account for the errors of calculation that caused international Socialism to assume its pacifist attitude, and will show that militarism has been an instrument of good to human society, while pacifism has been and is a deep source of evil. And, finally, it will account for the difficulties that have so far defeated all efforts to substitute international arbitration for war, and will show that they are removable, because the truth will then become manifest that when pacifism has been suppressed war can be suppressed.

II

These may appear to be paradoxical and indeed fantastic statements. No attempt has been made to tone them down, because it is not the intention of this article to slip into the minds of readers opinions whose character and purport are not fully disclosed. The intention is to secure attention for a very serious case, to bring into view tremendous realities; to exhibit the significance of the present situation, which is graver than can be imagined by those whose thoughts grind such grist as is supplied by current controversies between militarists and pacifists. Exhibition of the case does not call for the use of any recondite matter. The material for sound judgment is easily accessible to educated minds. All that is required is to get the right point of view and then to use one's reason.

One may readily obtain the logical structure of the case by turning to the

famous chapters seventeen and eighteen of Spencer's *Political Institutions*, which inspired Mr. Carnegie to give twelve million dollars in five per cent bonds to endow peace movements. No one can now read those chapters without perceiving that the antithesis of militarism and industrialism they present is not in accord with notorious facts showing beyond dispute that high industrial efficiency is an essential concomitant of high military efficiency. The premises of Spencer's argument need to be corrected by substituting predaciousness for militarism. Then the argument becomes square with the facts which he himself lays down in his *Principles of Biology* as to the relation between the organism and its environment — the dependence of the parasite on the existence of its host, of the plant on soil in which to grow, of the ruminant on the presence of pasture, of the carnivora on the supply of animals on which to prey. Considered from this standpoint, pacifism stands forth in its proper character as the essential concomitant of predaciousness, which could not live without it. But when Spencer's argument is corrected in its terms according to his own data, the conclusions will then be correspondingly rectified, and it will then appear that the acknowledgments he felt constrained to make of the salutary influence of militarism in the past must be extended to the present and continued to the future.

The service of pacifism to predaciousness, inferable from biological principles, is confirmed by the direct evidence of history. Archæological research has shown that agriculture as an art owed its origin to pacifist peoples. Our own Pueblo Indians — peaceful, settled communities, avoiding contact with rapacious neighbors and secret-ing themselves from attack by the natural embargoes of inaccessible refuges

— preserve the characteristics of the primitive type. But the most favored seats of primitive agriculture were the alluvial soils deposited by great rivers and periodically renewed by their flow. Hence the bottom courses of human culture were laid in great river valleys such as the Nile in Egypt, the Tigris and the Euphrates in Asia Minor, the Ganges in India, and the Yellow River in China. But such localities lie so open to attack that they can be protected only through organization and discipline, and these characteristics appear to have been imparted by conquests which arranged the population in layers of exploited masses and classes of functionaries on the principle 'Spend me and defend me.' The rule of the Manchu dynasty in China preserved down to our own times a pattern of social organization such as our Egyptologists and Assyriologists observe in their studies, and in which they find the origin of some fundamental apparatus of western civilization.

These most ancient forms of empire were eventually confronted by forces beyond the capacity of their type. Huge as they were, they were in the plight of the dinosauria when the predatory mammalia appeared on the scene. When the predatory type of the state made its full appearance in history its native habitat was the plains of central Asia. A great theologian, Cardinal Newman, has clearly explained the source of the efficiency that gave the mastery of the world to this type until its supremacy was overthrown by the development of militarism. He observed, —

'The discipline of a pastoral station, from the nature of the case, is not very different from that of a camp. There can be no community without order. and a community in motion demands a special kind of organization. Provision must be made for the separation, the

protection, and the sustenance of men, women, and children, horses, flocks, and cattle. To march without straggling, to halt without confusion, to make good their ground, to reconnoitre neighborhoods, to ascertain the character and capabilities of places in the distance, and to determine their future route, is to be versed in some of the most important duties of the military art. Such pastoral tribes are already an army in the field.'

Such was the basis of a predaciousness that periodically overran the world from China to France, and from time to time established vast but transient empires. Gibbon gives an impressive account of its conquests east and west. A still more complete and systematic account is given in Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on the History of the Turks*. No war between the peoples of Western Europe — not even the horrible war going on now — approaches in bloodshed and devastation the attacks of nomad predaciousness upon agricultural pacifism. There are regions of the world to-day, once populous and wealthy, that have never recovered from the pillage and massacre which accompanied invasion. Pacifism nourished this predaciousness over a thousand years. Attila in the fifth century, Genghis Khan in the thirteenth, and Timur in the fourteenth, pillaged and massacred the pacifist peoples from the Pacific almost to the Atlantic, here and there erecting pyramids of heads as trophies of valor, now and then celebrating gorgeous festivities in testimony of their grandeur. Amazing accounts are given of the profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones that embellished their rude magnificence. This predaciousness lasted until pressure of necessity developed militarism as a counteracting force. Even the latest battle of the Marne was not so important in its consequences to Western

Europe as that battle at Châlons on the Marne in which Attila received such a severe repulse that he retreated from France.

The concise explanation of the supremacy in the world which Europe has obtained in the last five centuries is that it is a terminal region in which militarism had to be developed as the condition of existence. The Celtic and Teutonic tribes, pressed to the west by waves of ethnic invasion from the inexhaustible Asiatic sources, could go no farther and had to stand their ground. The church, in converting the barbarians, at the same time traced the cultural lines on which the civilized state has developed, and gave sanction to the militarism of which the modern state is distinctly the product. The spread of that militarism has subjugated predaciousness in its original seats, and now Bokhara, formerly a centre of nomadic empire, is a cotton-raising province of Russia. Not until militarism became too strong for predaciousness did the nomadic tribes settle down and accept industrialism as the economic basis of their state. A similar conversion through the agency of militarism has taken place among the Algerines, who once used to prey upon American commerce; and the same process is now going on among the Moros of the southern Philippines under American rule.

III

If pacifists contend that such facts are too remote to be pertinent to modern conditions, let it be considered that our own national history gives an instance of a test of pacifism under singularly favorable circumstances. The Indian tribes in colonial Pennsylvania had been so broken and humbled by wars with other tribes that they were ready for peace on any terms. In sub-

mitting to their conquerors, the Iroquois tribes of Western New York, they even accepted the humiliation of declaring themselves to be, not warriors, but squaws, and putting on the dress of squaws. The pacifists controlled the provincial government and treated the Indians on pacifist principles. That the effect was not really to promote industrialism but to foster predaciousness appears from the admissions of historians who defend the pacifist policy. Thomas F. Gordon, whose history appeared in 1829, praised that policy, but he had to admit that it acted as an incentive to aggressions by the Indians. He observed that 'their hostility has been rewarded rather than chastised by Pennsylvania; every treaty of peace was accompanied by rich presents, and their detention of prisoners was overlooked upon slight apologies, though obviously done to afford opportunities for new treaties and additional gifts.'

The detention referred to might, in the case of women, imply facts that do not bear mention. A Moravian missionary carried off in one of these raids had a fate that was infinitely worse than if she had been killed and scalped like her male colleagues at the raided station. The pacifists who controlled the provincial assembly were so devoted to their principles that they could not be moved by any appeal. Their mild composure was not seriously disturbed, even when a load of scalped and mangled bodies was brought to the State-House door as an exhibit in aid of the popular demand for protection. Rather than abandon pacifism, they finally surrendered control of the government, when it was made clear that their authority would be abolished by the British government if it was not properly employed.

A comparison of the policy of the United States toward the Indians with Canadian policy points the same lesson.

In the one case pacifism was practiced until the consequences became intolerable, and there followed a vindictive campaign to terrorize the Indians. In the other case the situation was dealt with by militarism, which, operating steadily and continuously, has exerted a preventive influence. The Indians have been protected against fraud and injustice; they have been restrained from rapine. Hence Canada has been almost exempt from the Indian wars that have afflicted the United States. Sitting Bull's tribe, in fighting which General Custer lost his life, lived quietly and peaceably after they had taken refuge in Canada.

It must be admitted that history is much clearer on the point that pacifism fosters predaciousness than it is on the point that militarism promotes industrialism; but the results of the present war are bringing that fact into popular knowledge. It has long been clear to specialists in economics and political science. Predaciousness and militarism both employ force, but in the one case the utilization destroys and exhausts, while in the other it fosters and develops. The beginnings of national finance, of political economy, of conservation and development of national resources, of administrative efficiency and improvement in the art of government, are all traceable to militarism. The logical connection may be and is often denied, and in many cases the connection is visible only to experts. But any one who will consider the facts given by Professor W. B. Munro of Harvard in his standard work on *The Government of European Cities* must be impressed with the evidence showing that the municipal systems of Continental Europe are a military product. Professor Munro is not seeking to maintain the point; it comes out incidentally in the fulfillment of his purpose of explaining the rise and

growth of the institutions described; but it appears that the French municipal system, which has spread all over the world and is now found in places as remote as South America and Japan, was originally instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte in organizing the national resources on militarist principles. The German municipal system dates from the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg in their reorganization of national resources for national defense. When it is considered that every European mayor is a cog in the machinery of military equipment and mobilization, it is evident that municipal efficiency is essential to the security of the nation. Efficiency of organization created for any purpose is available for every purpose. The rich and abundant civic bloom characteristic of European municipal institutions, which every traveler notes and admires, has militarism for its stalk and its root.

That the development of any function of an organism reacts upon every particle of its structure is a well-known principle. It is now so abundantly illustrated by the systematization and regimentation of society going on from stress of military necessity that it is patent to every observer. Socialists are pointing to such results as evidence of the validity of the principles for which they are contending, and they predict, with good reason, that the world will not again return to the conditions of economic conflict, class exploitation, and selfish profiteering of the past. Hence many of them — probably the great majority — are revising their opinions and are discarding pacifism, at any rate during the present emergency. We simply pursue to their logical conclusion principles thus gaining acceptance, when we recognize that the complete suppression of pacifism and the complete institution of militarism would bring within bounds of

practicability the adjudication of international disagreements by international tribunals.

This prospect, however, is not to be attributed to favorable sentiment, but to the growth of favorable conditions. If it should be supposed that this would mean simply respect for the sovereignty of every existing state and the elimination of force as a factor, the situation will be misconceived. What seems likely to happen is this: that just as in the business world competing interests that cannot be exterminated will seek reciprocal adjustment, so too in the political world the full organization and development of national militarism will promote adjustment of interests by the leading nations, the process expressing itself in juridical forms. The actual fact of the case, however it may be disguised, is that the international courts will rest upon a basis of syndicated empire. States so imperfectly organized as to be unable to fulfill respectably their international obligations will not be secluded from the consequences of their misconduct; but instead of the punitive expedition of the past there will be adjudication by international tribunals applied by processes maintained by international force. Those who have eyes to see may see that conditions of guardianship, clientage, or receivership have already been established by international allowance, and all that remains to be done is to systematize, regulate, and clothe in juridical forms the processes already introduced. Thus the complete suppression of pacifism, which present conditions are exacting, will reduce the function of militarism to judicial activities.

The argument has thus far been con-

ducted as an interpretation of data which evolutionary and socialistic pacifists recognize as pertinent, whether or not they admit the validity of the interpretation. Most of them are now quite plainly moving in that direction. But it must be admitted that on one point the argument is defective. Even granting, as many of them are now doing, that at present militarism is acting as an agent of social reconstruction tending to the fulfillment of their secular ideals, there remains this objection: How can this compensate those whose lives are used up and spent in the process? But is this the special problem of militarism? Where is the gain of those who fall in the class struggle whose existence is asserted by Socialism, and upon whose destruction of human life it habitually enlarges? Is it a sufficient compensation for the martyrdom of man that through it social justice will be eventually established? On secular premises no satisfactory answer is to be had unless one is found in the mere perpetuation of influence such as George Eliot described in her 'Choir Invisible,'—

the choir . . .
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better for their presence.

A barren consolation this, one may think. But what if not one drop of personality, not one particle of true individuality, is really lost when it disappears from view, but retains its existence fully and completely, actually and not merely figuratively? On this point, too, the world war is bringing enlargement of thought, and it is having a profound effect upon the institutions which give expression to the religious instinct and systematize its activities.

WHY ARE YOU NOT A PACIFIST?

BY CHARLES E. PARK

THAT question is quite frequently put to me. At first, I was unable to give an answer — any more of an answer than merely, 'I don't know, but I'm not.' As a matter of fact, my reasons were purely intuitive at first. Gradually they have become somewhat articulate. Would it be worth while, I wonder, to put them down on paper? If they manage to awaken in other minds a better articulation of reasoning, either for or against pacifism, they might serve some good purpose.

Pacifism arises from a variety of motives, some worthy and others unworthy. The only man who will deny that, is the man whose own pacifism is of so ardent a quality that he will find little patience for its analysis in others. Like the Kentucky colonel who affirmed that there was no such thing as bad whiskey, he will declare at once that there is no such thing as unworthy pacifism. The mere fact that it is pacifism lifts it in his eyes above the reach of the analytical critic.

I crave this man's patience, which I know is a bold thing to do, if I refuse to grant that point. It seems to me there are several kinds of pacifism, some good and some bad. I desire to confine my attention to what I consider the good. The other kinds are beneath the notice of any self-respecting man.

When you examine its motives, pacifism is seen to connote, variously in various men, cowardice, selfishness, laziness, sentimentalism, expediency, or spiritual inertia. I have no quarrel

with these forms of pacifism. They are symptomatic of various phases of 'human nature,' and are, I suppose, to be viewed as dispassionately as one contemplates red hair, warts, and crooked noses. I repeat, it is not to such pacifists that these remarks are addressed.

With another class, however, and, as I hopefully believe, with the largest class of all, pacifism connotes a very pure and a very lofty idealism. To such people pacifism is a religion, an interpretation of Christianity, a genuine spiritual passion. These are the people I myself have in mind when I say 'pacifist.' They have my utmost respect. True, they sometimes, more often than not, tax my temper; but then, I doubtless tax theirs, so we are quits. Putting tempers aside, strictly aside, I would like to bear my humble testimony to the question they raise, 'Why are you not a pacifist?'

I want to do this because such a question, coming from persons of such nobility of motive and purity of heart, seems to me to demand my most serious consideration. The very loftiness of their position puts me, I confess, upon the defensive, and lays upon me the burden of proof. I would like to do it in this way, too, because never as yet have I had the good fortune to encounter a true pacifist in verbal argument who will let me finish a single sentence of my *apologia* without breaking in upon me with some quick denial or some eager interruption. And that is bad for my pacifism, however it may affect their own.

Perhaps I can come at it best by raising the question, 'Why are they pacifists?' They are pacifists, first, because they consider it wrong to take human life; and second, because they dread the reactive effect upon themselves of opposing aggression by violent physical methods.

They hold that human life is a very sacred and a very mysterious thing. It is something they cannot explain, a heavenly property, to be given, and also taken away, solely at the discretion of Heaven. To say that there comes a moment, when, in their judgment, a human being has forfeited his right to live, and to say when that moment arrives, is to assume an awful responsibility — a responsibility too awful in fact to be assumed. They prefer to distrust their own judgment, and to give every human being, even the most ruthless, the benefit of the doubt. For a man to follow the dictates of his own faulty judgment, warped as it so often is by passion, prejudice, and ignorance, and arbitrarily to fix that moment of forfeiture, is to be guilty of a self-assurance at the hardihood and insolence of which they stand aghast. Of course there is the possibility that the human verdict may be right; but there is also the possibility that it may be wrong. Rather than incur that risk of deciding wrongly, in a matter involving so sacred a thing as human life, they themselves prefer to suffer abuse, persecution, ruin, and death.

What have I to say to this first point — the sanctity that attaches to human life? I note their reverence, their humility, their self-distrust, their passionate loyalty to a moral ideal — qualities which cannot be over-admired. Are they right, and ought I to join them? I think not; and for this reason: while I can admit that human life is a very mysterious and a very sacred thing, I cannot admit that it is the most sacred

thing in the world. The core and essence of holiness is the thought of God. My thought of God takes the form of a Unity of Purpose: that is to say, I think of God as a self-conscious, intelligent, benevolent power, at work in this world toward the fulfillment of a purpose. The Will of God, the Divine Purpose, is therefore the holiest thing conceivable. And loyalty to that Divine Purpose is the highest moral duty. The Divine Purpose is intrusted to human hands, and is the factor in relation to which a human life must be judged holy or unholy. The amount of sanctity that attaches to a human life is to be measured by the degree to which that life is consecrated to the Divine Purpose. There is nothing on earth holier, more precious, than the human life utterly consecrated to the Divine Purpose — the Christ. On the other hand, there is nothing on earth so worthless as the human life which knows no consecration at all to the Divine Purpose; and there is nothing on earth so unholy, so detestable, as the human life that is given over to an active hostility to the Divine Purpose.

When therefore my pacifist friend asks me to agree to the sanctity that attaches to a human life, I reply, 'Yes — provided. The sanctity of human life is a contingent property. It becomes real when, and continues real so long as, that life is informed by loyalty to the Divine Purpose. Its degree is to be measured by the degree of that loyalty. But it disappears as soon as that loyalty to the Divine Purpose disappears.'

Of course the question at once arises, but who is to be the judge of this loyalty to the Divine Purpose? How can you presume to say what the Divine Purpose is? And unless you can say what it is, how can you dare to affirm that a fellow-creature is or is not loyal to it?

Aye, there's the rub. It all comes back to the question of the reliability of the human judgment. For after all, it is the human judgment that must attempt to define the Divine Purpose, and that must, through that definition, impute worth or worthlessness to human life. The Pacifist affirms that human judgment is too fallible to assume the stupendous responsibility of framing such a definition. I venture to reply that, if that is the case, then we are all at sea, and the sooner we give up the game of living, the better. I do not for a moment argue the infallibility of the human judgment. All I have to say is, that human judgment, such as it is, with all its narrowness, pride, passion, and bigotry, is still the best guide we possess. It gives us *some* headway, at least, some steerageway. And while that steerageway may be, and probably is, in a direction that only approximates the direction of true growth, it is still infinitely better than no steerageway at all. Dirigibility is a condition of fundamental importance for a civilization, as for a ship. And dirigibility depends on some sort of progress.

Therefore I approach this matter of defining the Divine Purpose, like Paul, 'with a certain boldness.' I miss the clear word of revelation, but I suspect that my pacifist friend has no more revelation than I. My human judgment, divesting itself so far as possible of all distracting obstacles, functioning at its best, corrected by the judgment of the great majority of my fellow creatures, and supported by the continuity of history, ventures to define the Divine Purpose, for the present, as the intention to establish in this world certain great principles of living — principles which shall have universal acceptance, and under whose guardianship human living may enjoy a better opportunity for the ultimate attainment of its perfection. These

principles are, let us say, Honor, Justice, Service, Good-will.

Not for a moment do I claim that the establishment of these principles in universal acceptance is the sum and substance of the Divine Purpose. It is simply one step in the unfolding of that Purpose, and 'one step enough for me.' Nor do I claim, dogmatically, that it is a step in the right direction. It is only in a direction as near right as my best vision can discover. There is nothing left for me to do but accept this definition, and proceed at once to align with it my conception of duty, and my valuation of human life.

Thus, to coöperate with the Divine Purpose in establishing upon earth the principles of Honor, Justice, Service, and Good-will, becomes the highest duty. And the degree of consecration to that Purpose which any life presents becomes the measure of its worth, and of its right to continue. If, therefore, pacifism means a supreme reverence for human life, and a lofty devotion to the ideal of preserving human life at all hazards, I cannot be a pacifist. For at best I can feel but a conditional reverence for human life. I cannot make it a fetich. It derives its sanctity from its relation to something holier than itself. To preserve it at the expense of that something holier, — that Honor, Justice, Service, Good-will, which are the proper objects of its loyalty and self-expenditure, — is to preserve the instrument at the expense of the music which the instrument is designed to produce.

I frankly confess that my ideal is not the preservation of human life, but the preservation of a certain type of human life; and the establishment of those principles under which this type of human life can best survive seems to me more important than the preservation of human life itself. When the pacifist urges upon me his ideal instead,

which, as he claims, takes precedence of mine, — blankets mine by 'taking the weather-gauge,' so to speak, — I can reply only that in my judgment the wind sits not in that quarter. He is asking me to be recreant to my duty as I see it.

This brings me to the second point. My friend is a pacifist because he dreads the brutalizing consequences upon himself of resisting aggression by violent physical methods. He claims that you cannot establish the principle of good-will among men by methods that are in themselves the opposite of good-will. He asserts that the agent sinks inevitably to the level of the methods he employs, and that if a principle of good-will cannot establish itself through the cogency of its own enchantment, but must be enthroned by the aid of coercion, it automatically ceases to be good-will, and becomes nothing but coercion masquerading in a false guise. The only way to bring pacifism into universal vogue is to practice it universally, beginning with himself. Therefore he is a pacifist, and he earnestly desires every one else to follow his example.

His position here is so sound and so high, that, I confess, I feel myself more than ever on the defensive. I gladly agree with him, making but one reservation. And in making that one reservation I realize that I am exposing myself to the charge of sentimentalism. I claim the right to draw a sharp line between the quality of my outward actions and the quality of my inner frame of mind, my mood, my motive. Physical violence does not inevitably connote spiritual violence. Stern, repressive, coercive measures of the hands may spring from inner fountains of un-

alloyed good-will. I might ask my friend to read the story of how Abraham Lincoln whipped Jack Armstrong — thoroughly, but without the least trace of malice. Kipling says something not only true, but almost prophetic, in his poem, 'The American': —

His hands are black with blood; his heart
Leaps as a babe's at little things.

My contention is that good-will has its seat primarily in the heart; and that so long as it is enthroned securely in the heart, it is possible, and safe, and sometimes practically necessary, to protect it as a principle by means of outward coercion. I realize fully the danger of such a method, the difficulty of handling this pitch without getting defiled. I realize that almost every war that has been begun from lofty motives, and undertaken for the support of sacred principles, has tended to deteriorate into a mere welter of passions and retaliations. But at this point my sentimentalism gets the better of me. I believe in human nature. I insist that it is possible to do dirty work in a clean spirit, and to maintain the operation upon a clean level.

And right here I see the promise and the romance of our American life, its stern duty, and its possible idealism. What higher value can we attach to our traditions of national good-humor, to our many examples of the generous warrior, to our many instances of dispassionate warfare, than to find in them instructions and illustrations of the better way to protect our institutions and to confuse our foes? That is, by meeting their aggressiveness by a valiant defense, and at the same time by undermining the malice in their hearts by an unsullied good-will in our own.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1917

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

It is Good Friday, April 6, 1917. Flags are flying all up and down the streets; they are streaming from every big building, and fluttering on automobiles. The President's great war message to Congress is being scattered by aviators inside the German lines. The newspapers blare out the headlines, 'Britain Proud of America's Decision' — 'Wilson's War Speech Stabilizes Russia' — 'Italy Profoundly Impressed' — 'Poincaré Cables Wilson.' Our President has spoken for us. Our solemn and glorious hour has come. We are at war with Germany.

And now what are *you* going to do about it? What response is each individual American going to make at this tremendous time to the need of his country — to the need of the world?

Before this paper can be printed the first flare of war will be over, 'the tumult and the shouting' will have died. We shall be getting into our stride, shall be finding ourselves; and, perhaps, a few quieter moments may come in which to look into deeper things.

These are perhaps the most momentous times, the most pregnant and far-reaching, that have been vouchsafed to humanity since the coming of Christ. It is possible, indeed, that *now* is actually the accepted time of the Lord. Other periods have presented the picture of isolated countries, one after another, being thrust into the crucible; but now every morning the newspapers spread before our eyes the awful spectacle of a whole world in a vast fiery furnace. The times are mad with

change. Tidal waves of it are sweeping in on every shore of humanity, and no one may say what is approaching on silent feet out of the dark of the future into the white light of the present. But terrible as the times are, and more terrible as they may become, surely no one can fail to be proud to have had granted to him or to her the inestimable privilege of life at this momentous hour. These are no times to breed the 'idle singers of an empty day.' They are so wide, so vast, so fraught with astounding possibilities, that while, on the one hand, awful dangers lurk within them, still, on the other, no ideal for the general benefit of mankind is too high to hope now for its possible fruition. No American may dare to live lightly in the present; for whether our country rides the waves of change successfully, or is swamped by them, is going to depend not upon this person or upon that, or upon some high official in Washington, but upon you, upon the backbone of the whole nation, upon the dedication and highmindedness of every individual within its borders.

It would seem as if Fate had gathered up the visions, the hopes, the highest dreams and most passionate ideals, out of all the past years, and now for their possible fulfillment was holding them out with overflowing hands to the people of this age. It may be — who knows to the contrary — that each of us alive to-day has been especially invited into life at this extraordinary moment, with some grave responsibility, some definite and solemn part to play

— no matter how small — in the great world-drama. And we, moving in the spot-light of the present, may well be awed and consecrated by the feeling that the eyes of all the noble dead who poured themselves out lavishly in the past for the furtherance of great ideals are watching now from behind the scenes to see how we take our parts in these great issues, in these magnificent opportunities; to see if we belong to, or fail of, that

One great society alone on earth,
The noble living and the noble dead.

And we of America, men and women and children, we, who strangely enough have gone to war on Good Friday, are we going to disappoint our own noble dead? Our President has spoken a great word for us; shall we fail now of its loftiest interpretation? Shall we not rather deepen the channels of the spirit, and, consecrating ourselves for a higher service, take our place worthily among the nations, for the honor of the past, for the salvation of the present, and for the hope and lifting up of the unborn future?

The picture of the times is as shifting as a kaleidoscope; 'history in these days,' as some one has lately phrased it, 'comes on in seven-league boots.' No man may predict from one day to another, what fresh aspect of the situation will be spewed up in the great maelstrom. Whether we are in for a long and terrible struggle, or are headed instead toward a sudden peace, no one knows; but whichever it is to be, America, along with all the rest of the world, is going to need now all the highest faculties, all the loftiest qualities of the spirit of which human nature is capable. Because the times are so big, so pressed down and running over with far-reaching opportunities for the coming of a new and better era, our country must rise now to her full strength,

not alone for herself, but, please God, for the rest of mankind as well.

The other nations which have been fighting so heroically on the side of justice and humanity are feeling at last the awful strain and weariness of the breathless conflict. They have said themselves that they will welcome, not only America's material assistance, but also the fresh inspiration which she may afford to the ideals of the whole. Untouched as yet by the world-disaster, our country swings now into the ranks, lusty and strong and fresh, high-hearted and enthusiastic, and in so doing she may have offered to her such opportunities for altruistic service as perhaps no country in all the history of mankind before has ever had offered to it. If she can purify herself now, if she can bring herself to higher spiritual levels, if, in short, out of the stress of these solemn moments she can experience a re-birth, — as other nations have been born again, — then indeed she may be enabled to play some great, some unselfish part, to render some deep service for the whole of humanity, such as may be written in the annals of our history for the lifting up and the ennobling of the sons of men for all time. Out of the blood and tears and destruction of the old world, a new world is being born, and America may be permitted to assist at that birth. But she will be so permitted only if the hearts of us individual Americans — every one of us in the nation — can ardently be set upon the highest and noblest desires.

What services may be permitted to us no one can foresee as yet, but there are many and glorious possibilities before us. Our vigorous entry into the war at this juncture may serve to hasten peace, and may help as well to free the German people themselves. Moreover, we have the opportunity of leading the rest of the nations into some world-federation for a permanent peace. Per-

haps, also, we in America may generate a sufficiently altruistic sentiment to feel anxious to *give*, not lend, some vast sum for the succor and rehabilitation of our stricken friends abroad. Or again, perhaps some genius among us may devise a means for marshaling and organizing all our agricultural resources so that the threat of starvation that is now stalking abroad in the land may be brought to naught. To end this overwhelming war; to further the establishment of democracy; to open the way to a permanent peace; to assist largely in binding up the wounds of Europe; and to prevent starvation — are these little things? Indeed, they may well quicken the imagination and broaden the vision; and would to heaven that they might also fire the heart of every one of us!

Is America going to be able to accomplish any of them? Who can say? Mr. Wells has written, 'Every country is a mixture of many strands. There is a Base America; there is a Dull America; there is an Ideal and an Heroic America.' If we individually and collectively are content now to rest in the base and dull America, great and shining opportunities will come striding up to our very doors and thunder upon them, and we shall be too gross, too unawakened, to hear; or, if we hear, too weak and cowardly to respond. But if we can now break through to that Heroic and Ideal America, can walk in its garment, put upon us its armor of light, then indeed may we be permitted to go forward upon jubilant feet for the service of mankind.

No doubt there will be many among us to jeer at the idea of America helping the world. America! who, as some assert, has come near to the losing of her own soul! Some have said, indeed, that if we go to war we should do so in sackcloth and ashes. Well, one may merely retort that with a nation no

more than with an individual are great achievements possible so long as only small ones are expected. No doubt we have sinned and been found wanting many times, and seasons of real repentance are vital, soul-restoring. It is well to realize that our country as a whole has been slow to awake to the awful greatness of the times; but now, at last, she is awakening, is going forth gloriously! And as in the past we have not shown ourselves altogether ignoble, so let us hope and believe that we still have some gifts of heroism that will not altogether fail us in the present.

Whether we as a nation shall be considered worthy of any great service is certainly not for us to decide. That decision fortunately rests with God. Our concern should be that out of the tremendous pressure of the times there may be distilled in the heart of every American a little extra drop of nobility, to create, as a whole, a deep reservoir of idealism ready to be drawn upon should the call for an heroic American ever be sounded. And the bringing about of this desired consecration will depend, I reiterate, upon you and upon me. It will not lie with any one section of the country: not with the East or with the West; neither with the Republican nor with the Democratic party, nor with the Army or the Navy; but it will rest upon the shoulders of every human being in all the length and breadth of the land. It is a responsibility that clutches us all and that none of us may deny. And because this is true, it behooves us all, amid this turmoil of material preparation and the making of war, to seek more ardently than ever before a mobilization of the spiritual forces as well, and to sound a call for all the highest and best of which the heart is capable.

No other call that can be sent forth will make such an immediate and universal demand upon the whole of the

nation. It will come to men and women and children; to rich and poor alike; to high and low, weak and strong, clever and simple; to every single human being, in short, who is old enough to distinguish between right and wrong. In these swift, these terrible, seething, shifting times, we need truly to find deep anchorages on which to stay our spirits and the spirit of the nation. Have you any gift of truth? Now is the time to seek and find it. Of courage and unselfishness? Surely we shall want them now. Of faith? God knows that it is needed. And in finding these things we shall be saving, not simply our own small souls, but the soul of our country.

Let us not content ourselves, however, with fine phrases and a vague idealism, which may run out into a thin and inadequate emotion. I have nothing vague in mind, but something so radiantly clear-cut and tangible that, should it come to pass, it will be almost possible to touch it with the hand, and it most certainly may be seen with the eyes. No less, indeed, than the re-birth of a country through the lifting up of each one of its members. America, through her people, has risen to these higher levels in the past; other nations are doing so now; who can doubt our capacity to do likewise in the present?

The germ of a larger life, a life more abundant, lies deep within every nation, as it lies within every human being. Religion, history, and psychology, all affirm this, and personal experience responds with its eager testimony. Sometimes it flowers suddenly into being; the spirit rushes forth with an unimagined violence, and the individual is swept, breathless and dazed, to higher levels of existence, and there offers in his ecstasy some such testimony as this:

'My triumph can be compared to nothing but the experience in which life is generated in the midst of death, or the resurrection from the dead.'

'Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life — nothing seemed to matter but that life.'

'Suddenly a great light seemed to burst upon me: not an external light, an inward light. It was a new and glorious world, a world of ineffable love and light which seemed to emanate from a Presence which I knew to be there, but which I could not see. . . . I had a sudden vision of a central self which almost overwhelmed me. It was a reservoir of new, unguessed powers, measureless capacities, and unfathomed emotion; a reservoir from which I had never drawn because this present life offered neither time nor scope for what was there, and I involuntarily exclaimed, —

"Now I *know* I am immortal! I am more than I dreamed I was."'

More often, perhaps, the development comes gradually through the patient upbuilding of character and the persistent seeking of the will. But whether it comes gradually or is born in a sudden moment, there are few of us who cannot affirm with Wordsworth, —

There's not a man
That lives, who has not known his godlike
hours.

And as this re-birth is possible for an individual, so events have lately proved it to be possible for a nation also. Ten years ago what was uppermost in regard to Belgium? Was it not her terrible rubber atrocities in the Congo? But in 1914, when she lost her life for a principle, did she not save it most gloriously, not only for herself but for all the people of God? Was she not born again? And will not all treaties be more sacred hereafter because of Belgium's faithfulness? And France — We may well pause here a moment to rejoice that France is our special friend among the nations. In the contemplation of that friend shall we not draw in-

to our own souls some fresh and glorious inspiration to nobility? 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' Indeed, for our soul's health at this time we in America may well think upon France.

And now, Russia — A Russian lady in this country, on being asked what her first thoughts were when she heard of the revolution, turned swiftly to her American interlocutor and replied, 'I thought first of all of that line in your hymn, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."'

Yes, other nations have found their larger life, have been born again. Shall America on this, her heroic day, fail to find hers? We have been slow to awake. Many of our own people returning from service abroad regard us with a profound depression. They have witnessed the nations of the old world stripped to their very souls, and they return to find us affluent and luxurious, still skimming over the foolish surface of things. They have witnessed the agony of Belgium; they come back to New York to be told that the 'Toddle' is the latest dance. They know something, I think, of the bitterness of Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai to find the children of Israel worshipping a golden calf. Our long and lazy and affluent years have softened us, no doubt. As old Lafayette used to say, 'Ah, you are too happy— Yes, you are too happy! Yes, I t'ink so, I t'ink him so, yes!' In the great crisis now before America let us see to it that, looking down on us from the skies, he shall not have cause to say again of the country which appeared to be the dreams of a noble youth come true, 'Ah, you have been too happy! Yes, I t'ink so, I t'ink him so, yes!'

VOL. 119 - NO. 6

If there are crucial times before us now, let us not be dismayed. It is the crucial times that stretch men's souls. It is when one is hard pressed against the wall of circumstance, that sometimes that wall opens suddenly into one's own larger life, and so into God. And we who, on Good Friday, have gone to war, may well reflect deeply that the Christian ideals for which we fight, and the Resurrection of Easter, were born, not out of peace and comfort and ease, but out of Gethsemane, Golgotha, and the Crucifixion. And while we face these times soberly, let us also face them gladly, for out of them may come for America a refreshing and a renewing of the wellsprings of life.

And how may we individuals, on whom depends the lifting up of the nation's ideals, find these spiritual uplands? Well, one perceives that the life more abundant comes to pass in different ways for different people. Love, service, danger, beauty, necessity, patriotism, artistic creation, prayer, meditation, renunciation, love of God — these are all gateways into the spirit. They are all more or less different, but they have this one thing in common — the insistence on the renunciation of the narrow self, the losing of the lesser life that the greater may be found. There is no good in asking ourselves the old foolish question, 'Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?' as though there were any choice in the matter; for most emphatically there is not. Flowery beds of ease carry one anywhere but to the skies. It is the hard way, the straight, the breathless, the terrible way, that leads to the skies. It is when the spirit pricks us forth from ease and luxury and our own little selves, that we sometimes step through the narrow portals of self, and emerge into the spirit of our country, of humanity, and of God.

A newspaper correspondent tells of

an old Frenchwoman found in the devastated region which the Germans evacuated in March. She had lost absolutely everything. Her home had been destroyed, her husband and brothers killed, her two sons led off to slavery, her three daughters carried away with the retreating Germans. 'She told her story simply,' it is reported, 'in a low unfaltering voice; but she shuddered when she spoke of her daughters. "And how do you feel now,"' the correspondent inquired, "'with husband, brothers, sons, and daughters all gone and you left here alone?" I shall never forget the sight of her gray head. She looked up into my face and replied, "To-day, monsieur, I am with France, and I have confidence."' All the things of her own life were swept away, but that day she had entered the life of her country.

God forbid that America should ever experience such unspeakable suffering, and grant that we may help to prevent such a crucifixion ever occurring again in Europe! Let us not, however, fail to exercise ourselves in some sternness and hardihood of the spirit. And in pursuance of this, which is to be for the nation even more than for the individual, let each one of us in these crucial moments look more passionately than before to his or her own hidden ideals; for it is through the ardent dedication at this time of every one of us to our own best selves that the whole of the nation will be lifted up. So deeply do I believe this to be true, that I would these pale and inadequate words might be so lighted up, so shot through with conviction, that they might become fiery torches to kindle the sacrificial blaze in the hearts of the whole nation. If we are now—each one of us—more earnestly set than ever before upon the pursuit of our own higher ideals, then indeed shall our country be swept to magnificent heights, not for herself alone but for all the world. Then indeed shall our Stars

and Stripes become 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.'

Surely there are very few who have no ideals, who have not a secret, but none the less real, larger and higher possibility of life — a *best self* — which on happy and successful days of the spirit we know that we have attained. Many of us would not be able perhaps to describe this ideal self in words, or even to formulate it very accurately to ourselves in thought; nevertheless, all of us know well enough when we are living in it, by a certain inward feeling of rightness and well-being, of spiritual comfort and completeness; as all know also when we are failing of it, by an acute and painful sense of astrayness and falling short. This best self is not necessarily the super-self, such as was alluded to in the discussion of re-birth and of the possibility of the godlike hours. That super-self is hardly ours to be commanded. It is something over and above our everyday life; something that is unexpectedly and gloriously added unto us, we know not how or why. The ideal self, on the contrary, is within the possibility of each one of us, provided we stretch continually up to the highest and best of which we are capable. Moreover, though the super-self is not ours to command, we may be confident that the surest road to it leads by way of the ardent practice of the ideal or best self.

Each person's ideal of life is conceived to fit his or her peculiar circumstances, and general ideals devoid of this individual quality have little or no value; therefore I would not if I could attempt to prescribe a cut-and-dried ideal for all. I would merely suggest that a successful ideal by which to live in relation to God and to our neighbor is not something forever beyond us. Nor is it, on the other hand, something too easily attained. It should be rather

a desired mode of life which, in moments of high endeavor, when all our spiritual energies are keyed to their best effort, — when, indeed, our souls stand up on tiptoe, — we really do attain for definite and golden periods. If the ideal is touched too easily and too frequently, with no striving and straining of the spirit, — with, so to say, our moral feet flat upon the ground, — then it is undoubtedly too low and too comfortable a one, and is in need of being pushed up a point or two beyond our everyday reach. Surely this is no time to be satisfied with too comfortable a best self. Yet again, it should not be a counsel of perfection, something so high as to be forever beyond our powers of realization. When we were children it was the possibility of being tall enough to reach the things on the mantel-shelf, not to pluck the leaves on the tops of the trees, which set the pace for our infant aspirations, for the reason that we believed the mantel-shelf might indeed some day be within our reach while we guessed that the tops of the trees were forever beyond us. Some such pattern as this, it seems to me, should serve us in the pursuit of our ideal self.

Most of us will be denied much active participation in the carrying on of this war, and some of us, in consequence, are already experiencing a sense of futility. We are filled with a burning desire to serve, but for the most part we are offered little outlet to that desire. But this call for the best self is open to us all. No matter who you are, where you are, or what you do, you can make to it now in your everyday life an immediate and passionate response, and by so doing know that you are not alone laying up for yourself treasure in heaven, but are as well laying up in the heart of a rich and powerful country a vast national treasure of the spirit, which may be drawn upon from time to time for the help of a cru-

elly afflicted world. The greatness of a whole nation is so inextricably bound up with its individuals that I beg again each one of you now to say to himself or herself, 'This means *me*. It means *me* and *my* life, *my* best self, *my* highest ideals, if the magnificent opportunities of the times are to be realized.'

One wishes that this appeal might come with especial force to the young people among us. They are not yet poured into the inflexible moulds of age. Their spirits are still high enough to believe in the best, to dare the impossible. O young men and maidens, the call is upon you now as never before to dream dreams and to see visions!

All of us will not be moved by this appeal. Some will account it foolishness, and some will think it impossible; but if only a handful respond, they may yet be sufficient to leaven the whole, to make an opening through which the Spirit may pour itself into the world. Whatever else the doctrine of atonement may hold within its depth for those of us possessing the gift of meditation, at least this much of it is evident: No human being can dedicate himself passionately to some high adventure and the rest of the world fail to be lifted up by it. Thank God! in these days when the finger of scorn has been so persistently pointed at America, and when we have seemed, even to ourselves, to be caught in a terrible quicksand of timid indifference, there have been some of our men and our women who have made the supreme sacrifice, have shaken themselves free of self, have lost their lives to find them, and who in so doing have 'offered and presented themselves, their souls and bodies' as an atonement for America. When some of them died in their various missions abroad, we said that they died for this country, or for that, little realizing that first of all they died for their own — for the awakening and

enlightening of that base, that smug and satisfied America. They have been thanked and decorated repeatedly by the countries they have served abroad, but I will take this opportunity of thanking them from the depths of a passionate gratitude for the service that they rendered to America. Oh, you who poured yourselves out in some high mission for the stricken nations abroad, remember that while you were helping to save and nourish the bodies of men and women and children over there, you were first of all helping to save the souls of your own countrymen! And you who have fought and died gloriously in the ranks of the Allies for the preservation of a principle, be glad that you died first of all that that principle might have its resurrection in America!

The times, I repeat, are more fraught with magnificent possibilities than any times have ever been before. Nothing is too great to be hoped for out of them; and now, if there can be made to run through the veins of all of us a burning fire of idealism, it cannot fail to blaze

forth more and more often in geniuses and great leaders of the nation, who will know how to interpret this hidden flame in deeds and words and in a broadened vision; who will lay hold mightily upon the greatness of the hour and weave out of it some glorious redemption for all the world.

O people of America! There is not one among us to-day who can escape this solemn weighing in the balance! Will you not offer an heroic response to the trumpet-call of the times? Will you not lift up your lives, purify your ideals, and open your hearts as never before, that the King of Glory may come in for the refreshment, the re-creation, the salvation of all humanity?

My soul, wait thou in silence for God only;
For my expectation is from him,
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved:
With God is my salvation and my glory;
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in
God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people;
Pour out your hearts before him;
God is a refuge for us.

MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

'Why do we go on perpetuating an uncomfortable breed?'

The man who was shaving at the mirror-paneled door of the Pullman smoking compartment looked at his questioner on the leather seat opposite.

'Give it up,' he answered. 'Why is a hen?'

The first man rapped his pipe empty on the edge of a cuspidor.

'You answer the question,' he said, 'in the only possible way — by asking another.'

'Right,' answered the shaver, and began to run the hot water.

A closely built man, in a suit so heavily striped as to seem stripes before it was a suit, lurched into the compartment and settled himself to his paper and cigar.

'That monkey-on-a-stick,' he presently broke out, 'is still taking good money away from the asses who go to hear him rant about God and Hell and all the rest, up in Boston. I am so damn tired of him, and of that rich rough-neck Freeze. It's the limit.'

'Pretty much,' said the man with the pipe. 'I was reading about the Belgians just before you came in, and when I jumped away from them I lit on some things about Poland. Then I wondered aloud to this gentleman why we go on multiplying — increasing such an uncomfortable breed. Modoc gods and degenerate millionaires make one wonder more.'

'What is your line, may I ask?' inquired the stripe-suited man.

'Religion.'

'The hell — I beg pardon. If you mean you're a preacher, or something like that, all I've got to say is, you're a funny one. It's your job, is n't it, to be dead sure that everything's all right, or somehow going to be all right — no matter about all the mussed-up-ness? Yes, that's certainly your job. Yet here you are, asking why we go on stocking the world with kids. I might ask that, — I'm in rubber tires, — but not you. Yes, I might — only I don't.'

The man who had been shaving had resumed his tie, collar, and coat, and now lighted a cigarette.

'I lay my money,' he said, 'on one thing: that, if men let themselves go, they wind up shortly with God — or with what would be God if there were any. You've come to it early — through the *Ledger*. You'd have got to it sooner or later, though, if you'd been talking about hunting-dogs — provided you'd have let yourselves go.'

'Well, now,' asked the closely built man, 'what is *your* line?'

'Education.'

'High-brow company! Seems to me the pair of you ought to be silencers for

a plain business man like me. Rubber is my line — not how the world is run. My opinion on that is small change, sure. Yet I think it ought to be run, — the world, I mean, — even if it's mussed-up to the limit, and I think it's up to us to keep it running. The parson here — if he is a parson — asks why we should; that is, if I get him. And then I think there's a manager of it all in the central office — a manager, understand, though he never seems to show up around the works, and certainly does seem to have some of the darnedest ways. The professor here — if he is a professor — does n't sense any manager; that is, if I get him straight, with his "if there were any." That was what you said, was n't it? I'm a picked chicken on religion and education, but, honest, both those ideas would mean soft tires for me — yes, sir, soft tires.'

'Broad Street, gentlemen,' said the porter at the door.

The Reverend Allan Dare walked away from the train and down the street. He was Episcopally faced and Episcopally trim, and he was having considerable difficulty in holding his universe together. This is not pleasant at forty-two, when you want your universe held together and things settled and calm. He had an uncomfortable sense that this difficulty had jolted into plain sight on the car.

'Ass!' he addressed himself briefly. 'To let your sag and unsettlement loose in that way! To say such a thing as you said, and in such a place! To parade your momentary distrust of life! Ass — oh, ass!'

He said — or thought — a Prayer-Book collect, one which seemed rather suited to asses, and continued, —

'I suppose I'm three-tenths sag — no more; and "He knoweth whereof we are made," and what a devil of a world it is to be in just now. But that rubber

man on the car — he is n't sag at all. Heavens, his crudeness! His beastly clothes, and the bare shaved welt around the back of his neck, and that awful seal ring! But he's fastened. Life is worth pushing at and cheering for — and there's a manager, if he *has* "the darnedest ways." I'd give something for an every-minute mood like that — a carrying night-and-day sureness like that. He's not illuminated — lucky dog!

Professor William Emory Browne had changed cars and was continuing his journey. In his lap lay a volume of essays just put forth by a member of his craft, a college professor. He opened it, — it chanced at page 27, — and his eye was caught by the name of his own specialty. He read: —

'Philosophy is the science which proves that we can know nothing of the soul. Medicine is the science which tells that we know nothing of the body. Political Economy is that which teaches that we know nothing of the laws of wealth; and Theology the critical history of those errors from which we deduce our ignorance of God.'

'Confound it!' ejaculated Professor Browne, and closed the book.

'Room for one more?' inquired a voice, and the rubber-tire man slid into the seat.

'I just pulled off a little thing out here,' he said, 'that ought to put a small star in my crown. A down-and-out — a tough looker — says to me, "*Please*, mister, give me a dime. I'm hungry." And I says to him, "Get out! What you want is a good drink, — go get it," and slips him a quarter. Talk about gratitude! To think there are men — you know it and I know it and he was afraid of it — who'd have steered him to a quick-lunch and put him against soft-boiled eggs!'

'"Man's inhumanity to man" ' —

'Sure! Nothing but that ever makes me any trouble about things. Tear ninety, George,' — this to the conductor, — 'and burn this panetella some time. You said you were in education,' he went on. 'I've just blown myself to a Universal History — five big volumes, with lots of maps and pictures and flags of all nations and hanging gardens of Babylon and things like that. Gave down thirty-five for it, and my name is printed — Peter B. Squem — on the first page of every book. Now,' — Mr. Squem grew quite earnest, — 'you'd say, would n't you, that if a man could take those books down, — chew them up, you understand, and take them down, — he'd have an education? Not the same, of course, as normal school or college, and yet an education.'

'I think, if you know what's good for you, you will steer clear of what you call an education. I think I should stick to rubber tires, and a few comfortable certainties — and peace.'

Mr. Squem stared. 'How's that?' he inquired. 'Education is your line, you were saying, and yet you queer your stuff. I'd get quick word from the house, if I handled Mercury tires that way.'

'But you would n't,' rejoined Professor Browne, 'you would n't, because tires mean something. Tires are your life-preserver — they are shaped like life-preservers, are n't they?'

'You've got me going,' said Mr. Squem, 'and no mistake. I don't mind telling you I'd hoped to get some hunch from you — on education. You see, my clothes are right, I always have a room with bath, and I get two hundred a month and fifty on the side. I read the papers — and the magazine section on Sunday — and I got through four books last year. And yet there's something not there — by Keefer, not there! I'd give something to *get* it there — to

slide it under, somehow, and bring the rest of me up to regular manicuring and ice-cream forks and the way my clothes fit!

Mr. Squem was interrupted in the expression of this craving. There was a tremendous jar; the car tore and bumped with an immense pounding over the ties, then careened and sprawled down a short bank and settled on its side. People who have been through such an experience will require no description. To others none can be given. In the bedlam chaos and jumble, and chorus of shrieks and smashing glass, Professor Browne, struggling up through the bodies which had been hurled upon him, was conscious of a pain almost intolerably sharp in his leg, and then of a sort of striped whirlwind which seemed to be everywhere at once, extricating, calming, ordering, comforting — and swearing. It was like a machine-gun: —

‘Keep your clothes on, nothing’s going to bite you — just a little shake-up — Yes, chick, we’ll find your ma — No, you *don’t* climb over those people; sit down or I’ll help you — To hell with your valise, pick up that child! — There go the axes; everybody quiet now, just where he is — You with the side-whiskers get back, *back*, hear me! — Now, children first, hand ’em along — women next, so — men last — Why did n’t you *say* you was a doctor? Get out there quick, some of those people have got broke and need you!’

Professor Browne was one of these last. Lifted by Peter Squem and a very scared brakeman, he lay on two Pullman mattresses at the side of the track, waiting for the rabbit-faced country doctor to reach him. He was suffering very much, — it seemed to him that he had never really known pain before, — but his attention went to a white-haired lady near by — a slight, slender woman, with breeding written all over her. She had made her way from the

drawing-room of the Pullman, and leaned heavily upon her maid, in a state approaching collapse. Professor Browne was impressed by her air of distinction even in the midst of his pain. Then he saw a striped arm supportingly encircle her, and a hand dominated by an enormous seal ring press to her lips an open bottle of Scotch.

‘Let it trickle down, auntie — right down. It’s just what you need,’ said Peter B. Squem.

‘What did you think of when the car stopped rolling?’

Professor Browne, lying in his bed, asked this question of Mr. Squem, sitting at its side. The latter had got the professor home to his house and his housekeeper after the accident the day before, had found the best surgeon in town and stood by while he worked, had in a dozen ways helped a bad business to go as well as possible, and now, having remained over night, was awaiting the hour of his train.

‘Think of? Nothing. No time. I was that cross-eyed boy you’ve heard about — the one at the three-ringed circus. *Did* you see that newly-wed rooster — I’ll bet he was that — the one with the celluloid collar? “Good-bye, Maude!” he yells, and then tries to butt himself through the roof. He would n’t have left one sound rib in the car if I had n’t pinned him. No, I hadn’t any time to think.’

He produced and consulted a watch — one that struck the professor as being almost too loud an ornament for a Christmas tree. An infant’s face showed within as the case opened.

‘Your baby?’ inquired Professor Browne.

‘Never. Not good enough. This kid I found — where do you suppose? On a picture-postal at a news-stand. The picture was no good — except the kid; and I cut him out, you see. Say, do you

know the picture was painted by a man out in Montana? Yes, sir, Montana. They had the cards made over in Europe somewhere, — Dagoes, likely, — and when they put his name on it, they did n't do a thing to that word Montana. Some spelling!

'Why, what you have there,' said the professor, taking the watch with interest, 'is the Holy Child of Andrea Mantegna's Circumcision, — it's in the Uffizi at Florence. Singularly good it is, too. I'm very much wrapped up in the question, raised in a late book, of Mantegna's influence upon Giovanni Bellini. There's a rather fine point made in connection with another child in this same picture — a larger one, pressing against his mother's knees.'

Mr. Squem was perfectly uncomprehending. 'Come again,' he remarked. 'No, you need n't, either, for I don't know anything about the rest of the picture. I told you it was no good. There was an old party in a funny bathrobe and with heavy Belshazzars, I remember — but the picture was *this*.'

He rose and began to get into his overcoat.

'There's one thing about this kid,' he said, in a casual tone which somehow let earnestness through. 'I know a man, — he travels out of Phillie, and he's some booze-artist and other things that go along, — who's got one of those little "Josephs." You know, those little dolls that Catholics tote around? Separate him from it? Not on your life. Why, he missed it one night on a sleeper, and he cussed and reared around, and made the coon rout everybody out till he found it. It's luck, you see. Now this kid' — Mr. Squem was pulling on his gloves — 'is n't luck, but he works like luck. He talks to me, understand, and' — here a pause — 'he puts all sorts of cussedness on the blink. You can't look at him and be an Indian. I was making the wrong sort of date in

Trenton one day, and I saw him just in time — sent the girl word I'd been called out of town. I was figuring on the right time to pinch a man in the door, — he'd done me dirty, — and I saw *him* again. Good-night! I'm never so punk that he does n't ginger me — does n't look good to me. The management is mixed up with him — and I hook up to him. Here's the taxi. So long, professor. — Rats! I have n't done one little thing. Good luck to your game leg!'

It was Sunday morning, and service was under way in the Church of the Holy Faith. For the thousandth time the Reverend Allan Dare had dearly-beloved his people, assembled to the number of four hundred before him, exhorting them in such forthright English as cannot be written nowadays, not to dissemble nor cloak their sins before God, and to accompany him unto the throne of the heavenly grace. He had had a sick feeling, as he read this exhortation, so full of pound, rhythm, heart-search, and splendid good sense, to the courteous abstractedness in the pews.

'Heavens!' he had thought, 'once this burnt in!' He had wanted to shriek — or fire a pistol in the air, — and then crush the meaning into his people; crush God into them, yes, and into himself.

He was four-tenths sag that morning — the Rev. Allan Dare. In the *Jubilate*, a small choir-boy — a phenomenon who was paid a thousand a year, and was responsible for the presence of not a few of the four hundred — had sung 'Be ye sure that the Lord he is God,' to the ravishment of the congregation — not of the rector, who stood looking dead ahead. The First Lesson had been all about Jonadab, the son of Rechab, and drinking no wine — frightful ineptness! What could it mean to any one? how help any one? Here was

Life, with all its cruel tangles, tighter and more choking every day. Here was Arnold's darkling plain, and the confused alarms and the ignorant armies clashing by night.

There came back to Dare the creed he had heard in the smoking compartment: 'I think it ought to be run, — the world, — even if it's mussed-up to the limit, and I think it's up to us to keep it running. I think there's a manager of it all in the central office — a manager, understand, though he never seems to show up around the works, and certainly does seem to have some of the darnedest ways.'

'O God!' breathed Allan Dare, 'there are so many things — so many things!'

It was the same Sunday. Professor William Emory Browne was for the first time on crutches, and stood supported by them at his window.

'Back again,' he ruminated. 'I can probably drive to my classes in another week. Then the same old grind, showing ingenuous youth — who fortunately will not see it — how "the search hath taught me that the search is vain." Ho, hum! How very kind, that Mr. Squem, — he did so much for me, — and how very funny! I should like to produce him at the seminar — with his just-right clothes, his dream of culture *via* his Universal History, his approach to reality through a picture postal-card!'

He turned on himself almost savagely. Then, —

'What the devil are you patronizing him for? Don't you see that he is hooked to something and you are not, that

he is warm and you are freezing, that he is part of the wave, — the wave, man, — and that you are just a miserable, tossing clot?'

It was the same Sunday. Mr. Squem sat in his room — extremely dennish, smitingly red as to walls, oppressive with plush upholstery. A huge deer-head, jutting from over the mantel, divided honors with a highly-colored September Morn, affrontingly framed. On a shelf stood a small bottle. It contained a finger of Mr. Squem, amputated years before, in alcohol.

On the knees of the owner of the room was Volume One of the Universal History — Number 32, so red-ink figures affirmed, of a limited edition of five hundred sets. Mr. Squem's name was displayed, in very large Old English on the fly-leaf, and above was an empty oval wherein his portrait might be placed.

'No use,' soliloquized the owner of this treasure, 'no use. If I *could* chew it up and get it down, — or two of it — *that* would n't slide under the thing that is n't there. Nothing will ever put me in the class of Professor Browne or that preacher on the car, or bring the rest of me up to my clothes.'

He rose and stretched.

'Maybe,' he said, addressing a huge chocolate-colored bust of an Indian lady, 'maybe I can catch up to those fellows some time — but not here. Noon, I bet,' — looking at his watch, — 'and it is to eat.'

He contemplated the Mantegna baby.

'So long,' he said, 'you're running things,' — and snapped his watch.

SONGS OF AFRICA

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE BEGGAR

OH, I will make the clearing, Lord,
And I will plant the corn;
I'll sleep beneath the stranger stars
And rise before the morn,
To build the little cabin where
The future shall be born.

To Abraham the exile, Lord,
What promises were thine!
He might not know the sum of them,
But he might see them shine
In all the stars and all the sands
Thou settest for a sign.

Such starry signs and promises
I do not ask of thee;
I am thy servant, Lord, for love,
And love is all my fee;
But just a little dream of home —
Would that be spoiling me?

THE BRIBE

The butterflies are bright above the trail;
They lace the bush with scarlet and with blue; —
O little dream, so faithful and so frail,
The jewel of their beauty is for you.

Hard on the Southern Cross the Centaurs ride;
They point their starry spears the long night through.
O little restless dream, be still and bide!
The jewel of that beauty is for you.

The white man knows the treasure of the land, —
The dawn, the secret flower, the silver dew; —
O little dream, hold out your hollowed hand!
The jewel of their beauty is for you.

THE WHITE MAN'S HEART

The little canoes with the dawn
Take the surf with a leap and are gone, —
And the heart in the white man's breast
Would leap and be gone with the rest.

Oh, bright are the silvery hues
Of the catch in the little canoes, —
But the heart of the white man yet
Hangs furled like an empty net.

To the spring at the skirt of the town
The path in the grass is brown, —
So the thoughts of the white man's heart
Wear a path to a place apart.

Oh, sweet is the water poured
From the neck of the black girl's gourd, —
But the thoughts of the white man cry
That the white man's well is dry.

THE WARNING

Where the lamp of peace is lit,
Pass and never sigh,
Lest thy sighing trouble it
As thou goest by;
Lest thy sighing beat about
That faint flame and it die out.

Every little air of Spring
Sways the idle door,
Lean more lightly, lest it swing
Open as before —
And the inmate, roused at last,
Draw thee in and hold thee fast.

BIRTHDAYS AND OTHER EGOTISMS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

CHARLES LAMB, in his 'Grace Before Meat,' protests — very endearingly, it seems to me — against the custom of particular thankfulness for food. He suspects that it had its origin in the 'hunter state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a bellyful was a windfall and looked like a special Providence.— It is not otherwise easy to be understood,' he avers, 'why the blessing of food — the act of eating — should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.'

I find myself like-minded and similarly protestant as to birthdays. I cannot discover why the blessing of these should be hailed with any very particular delight, distinct from that implied joy with which we might be expected to welcome the many other various days of the year.

It cannot be said that it was because I was abnormally shy throughout my childhood that I found birthdays embarrassing, for I had no more than the usual shyness of the average child. Moreover, my surroundings and training gave me easy confidence in others and in myself. The tragedies of my little girlhood were not exceptional: dead cats or canaries, broken dolls, the

inability to make myself always understood by grown-ups, and certain moral and spiritual failures and cataclysms known only to myself and what I took to be my fearfully disappointed Maker. But barring these things, incident and customary, my early years may be said to have been especially bright and reassuring. What was it, then, which could have caused this early distrust of birthdays?

If I am to trace the growth of what may seem so unwarranted a thing, I shall have to ask indulgence for what may appear to be some of that very egotism I decry: I shall have to ask to be allowed a discussion of several of my own birthdays, and their celebration when I was a child.

My fifth is the earliest that I remember. I had been promised a cake with candles. Moreover, I had learned, by dint of the patience of Mademoiselle Cinque, our queer old French governess, a little French song which I was to sing, as my own share toward the festive celebration. From the shelter of my father's arm, I was to sing it for the rest to hear:—

*Frère Jac-ques! Frère Jac-ques!
Dor-mez vous? Dor-mez vous?
Son-nez la matina; sonnez la matina;
Ding-dong-bell!*

The cake, then, and the song were, from my point of view, the extraordinarily important and sufficient events of the day — these and the fact that on that day I would be five years old. It is certain that I chattered about these things a great deal, and laid deep plans.

But, as it happened, it was neither the cake nor yet my ripe years that were to make that day so memorable. I can close my eyes and go back to it unerringly, and find myself in the old surroundings, familiar yet strange — strange that day with an unwonted, unaccountable strangeness. Where was everybody? The house was, indeed, still — as still as the February day outside, which lay quiet as death under a sheeted whiteness that had been drawn over it silently in the night.

I can seem to feel myself actually as little as I was then, and with my doll under one arm going up the silent stairs, laboriously but resolutely pulling one leg after the other, up the length of them, with the aid of one hand on the banister spindles, to investigate for myself the strangeness.

An older sister of mine, whom I loved dearly, had been ill, and for several days past I had been cautioned to gentleness and had played apart, so that quietness of a certain kind I understood. But the quietness now was of a different order. In the upper hall some one opened a door, at the pattering of my investigating steps, I suppose; held out a hand, stopped me in mid-search — stopped me and kissed me and told me. My sister had died in the early hours of that day, before the dawn was come.

I do not remember who it was who told me. I remember, however, pushing myself away from the embrace a little, demanding whether I might see my mother. I was told with great gentleness that I could not. My father? No; him, also, I might not see — not yet. All this sobered and puzzled me. I reached for the next, and perhaps on that day even dearer, possibility. Might I see the cook? Yes.

That, for a time at least, righted matters, and restored my world to me. I pattered down the stairs, down the

lower hall, then more steps; found the cook and demanded my birthday cake; and in place of the cake received a most shocked look, delivered in the manner of unthinkable rebuke. When I insisted, words came to her tongue, but not concerning the cake. They dealt wholly with myself. They conveyed the impression that I had done some dreadful and wicked thing. They did not explain. I was expected to understand and repent.

I remember feeling only thoroughly outraged at having my reasonable request received in that manner. This was *my* day, and, in honor of it, there was to have been a birthday cake. As to larger matters, they were extraneous to the subject. Of death, it should be remembered, I had absolutely no knowledge. I loved my sister to the full bent of my simple but ardent little nature, and she had been peculiarly devoted to me; but ask some one who has never seen the stars or spoken with one who has seen them, what he knows of the deep firmament: so much I knew of that night which had fallen upon our house — nothing!

What I did know presently — the information being conveyed to me in unmistakable terms by the cook — was that my birthday celebration was not to be; that it was not only jeopardized, it was clean wiped out, by an event of immensely greater moment. I have little doubt I wept sufficiently over my personal disappointment, and it may have taken especial tact on the part of the gentle person upstairs to pacify me; but by and by, with that easy forgetfulness which is the better part of childhood, I must have relinquished all hope of appropriating that day as my birthday, and accepted, in place of it, life as it was.

My parents, who twice before had been summoned to bear acute loss, — once when, before I was born, a little

baby brother of mine died, and once when the life of a little baby sister had flickered out before the flame got well started, — tasted now of what must have been a far deeper bitterness. She who had gone now was their 'extreme hope.'

She was twenty-one when she died, and within a few months of her graduation at the University. She was brilliant above any promise given by the rest of us. I remember her very clearly — her sensitive and beautiful face, her great delicacy of body, her ready, very gentle laugh, and her unfailing understanding of all a little child's desires and moods. She was exquisite, sensitive as a mimosa in a garden of sturdier growth. Above us all she seemed to stretch delicate and flowering branches, in which the wind moved more mysterious; and lovely winged and songful things that we could never have hoped to harbor, seemed to have made their home in her. There was in her something rare and unlooked for (I do not exaggerate), like the sudden call of a thrush in the twilight, or delicate and darkling, as in starlight the song of the nightingale. She was the one reckoned to be most like my father, and by the generous, and, I think, even proud consent of all of us, was by him the most beloved. She was as devoted as Cordelia, and with lesser cause, bringing to the happiness and fullness of his life what Lear knew only in his desolation. Since I have grown into what is at least some slight realization of what her loss must have meant to my father, I cannot touch without a trembling of tears the memory of his taking me in his arms as he did, to look upon her as she lay, white and final, delicate and done with life, there in the still and shuttered room.

But, incredible though it seems to my present knowledge, I had then no feeling of sadness whatever. She might

have slept. Nor did the days that followed lay heavy hands upon me. There was a quiet stir and hushed preparation toward what I did not know, and I was looked after by neighbors or relatives to the extent of believing that a certain pleasant distinction accrued to me. In all that followed, I know that I contributed no sadness, only a child's frank observation in the face of unusual behavior of its elders.

But to return to the birthday. It was a remarkable one, you see, linked with all these things, allied to such large sorrows — a sad one and disappointing enough, you will say, for a little child. Yet I did not find it so. I was, as I have told you, indignant as to the cake, and disappointed, no doubt, that there was no happy and devoted family now gathered to hear me sing my gay little song. But to offset these there was a kind of reassurance in the day which I find it difficult to describe very exactly. It was as though, at one and the same time, this were and were not my birthday. It was my day by the calendar, but in no other way. For a birthday is one whose dawn and sunset are one's very own, a day when one's importance is admitted very gladly by a certain intimate circle. But on no day of my life, I am sure, was I of so little importance as then — a very inconsiderable little person, playing alone in the sunshine and with my song unsung. Yet something in that day shines now across the years, as distant as a star, as silver, as satisfying. That something is not to be ascribed to any one mere incident: it was compounded, no doubt, of the best of every relationship which I felt that day for the first time. The extreme gentleness of the grown-up of whom I have told you was one element; the companionship with my father in that strange still moment in the shuttered room; the wordless love

given me by my mother, of a different sort from any she had given me before; the quietness, giving me an impression as of remote spaces never dreamed of before; and, over all, the sense of something strange and of a great dignity, as of presences that moved, dread, but not unkindly.

And the little song I had practiced so faithfully, and which I was to have sung! Little as I was, and without ever being told, I believe as the day wore on I must have had a dim realization of how inconsiderable it was in that house where Death had taken up Life's lute, and, brows bent above it, remembered the songs that Life had sung.

II

The birthdays that followed on this one were curiously unsatisfying, though they were celebrated appropriately enough, and with the fullest respect for my importance. The anticipation and approach of them, as nearly as I can remember, were clear joy. But the days, when they arrived, overwhelmed me unaccountably. There was something disproportionate in them, so that I was glad to escape from their too personal glory to the more comfortable and commonplace of the impersonal. It was as though I guessed dimly, without being in the least aware, that this display in my honor had in it something almost a little cheap — an egotism (though I had not then so much as heard the word) which contrasted unfavorably with the large and gracious and forgetful ways of Life itself.

I believe my embarrassment, my wholly unanalyzed sense of disappointment and disproportion, may have been, on a very diminutive scale, something akin to that which I am sure Joshua must have experienced, — not, mind you, at the moment of his extraordinary and flattering command, —

no, but afterwards, afterwards, in the disappointed watches of the night, when he must have reflected, with disappointed amazement, that, if his senses deceived him not, he, Joshua, had made the great luminary to stand still over Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Something, too, of what Joseph must have experienced, — not in the enjoyable dream of his brothers' sheaves bowing down to his sheaf, and the sun and the moon and the eleven stars making their obeisance to him; nor in those long anticipatory years, when his greatness was approaching, and the scroll of the future hung loose in his hands for his remembering eye to read, — no, but in the actual moment of overwhelming fulfillment, when, from Judah to Benjamin, his brothers actually did bow down to him as ruler over all those great granaries of Egypt, and, as we are told, his mature spirit could not consent to endure so much, but 'he sought where to weep, and entered into his chamber and wept there.'

These are, I believe, no mere extraneous or personal experiences, but are rather of the fine weave and fabric of humanity; and the uneasiness I felt in my complacent little soul I now believe to have been a stirring of old things, of ancient memories under the moon, which linked my little inconsiderable life, as they link all lives, to Egypt, Nilus, Babylon, and the ages that are not.

But lest this seem but vague argument and debatable ground, I would like to speak of other childhood birthdays of my own which, it seems to me, bring to the case clear evidence and important testimony.

I have said that I was one of a large family. Happily we could not make too important a matter of birthdays in our home; it would have kept us celebrating most of the time, and would

have tended to make the whole year frivolous. For obvious reasons, then, birthday parties were not many. But I remember one of a most lasting glory, which had as its excuse that one of my sisters was fifteen upon the fifteenth. My mother, who by mere warmth and gayety of sympathetic temperament was forever on the watch for a reason to celebrate something, could never have missed so valid an occasion. Furniture was therefore moved out, ferns were moved in, smilax was twined about the chandeliers and strung along the portraits, a linen dancing-cloth was stretched the length of the three rooms. I can still feel the smooth glide of my strapped slippers over it. Musicians were concealed in a bosky corner. At the top of the stairs was a room known as the conservatory, whose plants had been all winter in my keeping, their condition testifying rather sadly to that fact. But now, by a lovely bounty, my sins of negligence were all wiped out. Florists came bearing pots of flowers in full blossom, and more of them and more of them. There were primroses such as my own care could never have hoped for, and fuchsias and candytuft and daffodils in full abundant bloom, even while the March winds outside yet blew so chill. In the day or two just before the fifteenth, how often I ran up into that little room and stood wordless and satisfied among them, or stooped and touched my cheek to them! Oh, the sweet heliotrope! oh, the mignonette!

On that wonderful evening there bloomed among the flowers little lights with dark red shades, and here and there comfortable seats were placed where you could hear the music at a muted distance. We children all wore new gowns, my sister — she of the birthday — having of course, by generous consent, the filmiest and the loveliest.

That was a happy gathering if ever I saw one; and were I brought to believe that a birthday celebration is ever an affair of unmixed loveliness, I should perhaps be brought to say it concerning one for fifteen on the fifteenth. Fourteen on the fourteenth lacks flavor, is a little unripe, like fruit imported before the real season is at hand. Sixteen on the sixteenth is a little over-mellow, a little late; already childhood is gone, and youth, however lovely it may be in the receiving of homage and favors, should already have its hands outstretched rather to bestow them. But fifteen on the fifteenth! There is a golden mean and a time for all things, as the Scriptures and the fairy tales tell us. This was the time to dance, that King Solomon talks about. Like the 'Tuney Bear's' soup in the old tale, this party to celebrate fifteen on the fifteenth seems to me as nearly right as things can be contrived in a world of chance like our own.

Through a maze of years and smilax I am still aware of the delicious mystery of concealed music wailing forth the Sirens waltzes (no dances were given then without the Sirens waltzes!). I can see the children moving about, gay and a little fluttery; and the grown-ups, quieter, but still gay, who came to add the dignity and charm of their greeting to the celebration; and I can see my sister, — fifteen that day by a delectable distinction, — lithe and poised and gracious, and flushed and very pretty, standing beside my mother, her eyes looking out like stars under her dark hair, and her flying eyebrows that had just the slight lift of a bird's wing; and my next younger sister and I, of a less vivid coloring, no more than attendant sisters, and rich enough in that, with our new sashes and our new delight in graciousness; and my oldest sister of all, moving about with a lovely homage to us

younger ones, a gracious bending down of her life to ours for a little while.

And every one, old and young, even some with gray hairs, came and bowed over the hand of fifteen. That impressed me most. And some who were a little more than guests — intimates — brought my sister gifts — one that lies here now on the table as I write: a beautifully bound small copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets, with the Dowden introduction. I did not know it then for what it was. I only loved it for its red and gold binding; but later, I grew up to it in my girlhood, as a young vine climbs at last to a trellis that is placed above it and awaits its growing. On its first leaf, in an exact hand, is written the date, my sister's name, and that of the donor. Then follows this wish, suitable to the day: —

'May each succeeding birthday find you as light-hearted as you are to-day.'

Oh, time! time! that brings us our blunders and our tears! Was he so inexperienced himself, he who brought her that? Or did he set that down in a mere spirit of carnival and bravado, just because she *was* fifteen on the fifteenth, and nothing else was for the moment to be admitted of any importance?

I do not know how beautiful a birthday it was for her, but oh, for me! How I loved it! How good it was to bring her my homage! How glad and willing and eager I was that she should stand first! Play, play, concealed musicians! I can still catch the plucking of the harp-strings, and the sweet gay wailing of the violins, across the years.

III

One other birthday of my childhood stands out vividly in my memory: that one on which I was twelve years old. My mother had taken us all abroad, to widen our horizons and promote our

VOL. 119—NO. 6

education. After a preliminary few months in England, we were established in Paris, in a comfortable apartment in a little hotel which they tell me is still there, and which went then, and still goes, by the name 'Louis le Grand' — nothing less.

From the moment of our arrival in January, I began to think even more of my birthday than was my wont. This was, no doubt, largely due to the fact that at the distance of a few blocks one way or another, anything in the world, so it seemed, could be bought. Shops! Shops! The rue des Petits Champs, the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Boulevard des Italiens, were full of them. The rue des Petits Champs had innumerable *boutiques* of all kinds — one given over to nothing, mind you, but honey and gingerbread, like a shop in a fairy tale. If you went across the Place Vendôme and followed the rue Castiglione, you came to the most romantic shops of all, there under the arcades of the rue de Rivoli, beginning with the most delectable pastry shop in the world on the very corner. You could walk there on a sunny day, disdainful of the weather, with the Gardens of the Tuileries opposite you, and feast your soul on the varied displays.

But when all was said, there was nothing that could be compared with the shops of the rue de la Paix. Here you came at once into a richer atmosphere. Here, mainly, were jewel-shops, displaying tiaras and necklaces — 'rings and things and fine array.' Dolls and gingerbread and honey were delightful — let me not seem to undervalue them; but to stand looking on while a master of his profession leaned over a velvet counter to show my mother brooches of jewels, and diamonds set in rings, was to know from the standpoint of childhood some of the true elevations of life.

While my mother considered jewels

set thus or so, my eyes roved, speculative, among the rich wares. I had been brought up in too old-fashioned a way to make any mistake as to my limitations. Well-bred children, it was understood, wore neither rings nor ornaments, unless one or two of a most positive simplicity. But watches there were, a bewildering variety — for we were in the shop of one Victor Fleury, who, among other distinctions that I doubt not he had, was ‘Horloger de la Marine.’ You can imagine whether he had watches! I called my mother’s attention to the beauty of them, some very small ones in particular. She looked at them, but made no comment. I deduced that it was not well-bred for a little girl of twelve to wear a watch.

My birthday dawned at last. I was kissed and wished many happy returns, and was told that there was to be a dinner that night especially for me, and that I would then receive my gifts. The hotel was a small one. Dinner would be served for the hotel guests a trifle earlier, so that they might the sooner leave the way clear for me. This had been proposed by Madame Blet herself, the proprietress, and was intended no doubt for a fine piece of hospitality. For me the strict hotel rules were to be slackened; the fine democracy of hotel life, where one guest is as good as another, if he but pay his account, was to be overruled in my favor; for me the sun was to be advanced, and the moon set at a new pace in the heavens!

It was very grand in anticipation, I can assure you. To be twelve was of itself no inconsiderable glory, but to be twelve under such flattering conditions! I resolved to write an account of all this to my two chums in America. Little girls they were, of my own age, but of a less colored experience. They should have news of these matters. They should be enlightened as to the importance of her with whom they had com-

monly played visiting-lady and jackstones.

Yet, as the evening drew near, old stirrings of uneasiness made themselves felt dimly, dimly — something, I cannot tell you what, moving on the face of undiscovered waters; a distrust, a shyness and embarrassment that had nothing to do with timidity; a dim sense of disproportion, I take it to have been, and of ancient human questionings.

We waited a little past the usual hour, and then there came a knock. Joseph, our waiter, appeared and bowed gravely. ‘Mademoiselle, le diner est servi.’

My heart rose and fluttered. Presently we all went down the hall and down the red carpeted stairs, I with my hand in my mother’s. I can still feel it resting there. Down the steps we went, my mother and I, I with a little delighted pause and poise at each step, the rest following like a court train. Twelve, and the youngest! Twelve, and the well-beloved and proud! Blow, bugles, fine and high! and let those who follow wear scarlet! What more could a little girl ask?

I do not know; I cannot tell you. I only know that, though I would not have admitted it for worlds at the time, when I found myself in the midst of the happiness, it was no longer happiness exactly. Not, you understand, that I would have relinquished any of the splendor then. It fascinated me, of course.

Joseph held the door open; a fine heraldic gesture — the flat of his palm against it, the fingers spread, his head flung back, his eyes tributary ahead of him; his whole pose saying, ‘Stand back! She comes!’ Several of the other servants were there, grouped to see and to attend. Madame Blet, in her black dress and perpetual shoulder-cape, — a sad-faced, very dignified

woman, with the sadness set aside in my honor for that evening and positive brightness shining from her kind eyes, — stood there too, with welcoming glances. She had decorated the table herself: there it was, a delight of soft lights and snowy linen, wonderful possibilities and flowers.

The dining-room was empty yet bright, as are the heavens for the coming of the moon. Joseph stood, not back of my mother's chair, as usual, but back of mine, to see me seated. Those faces, very beloved in the soft light, were turned toward me, a little gay, and happy wholly in my happiness. It was fulfillment of all the dreams of importance I might ever have had.

Then came the unfolding of the gifts. Any one who knew my mother must know that in the smallest of a nest of lovely little boxes — just enough of them to produce a certain curiosity and delay, to enhance the final delight — lay the most lovely little watch, silver-cased (to render it more conformable to my age), and marked with initials of my name; while on its inner casing it bore proudly, as it still bears, while it ticks here on my table, this inscription: *Victor Fleury, Horloger de la Marine, 23 Rue de la Paix, 23, Paris.*

After the other gifts were opened dinner was served, Joseph bringing everything first to me, whose place it was usually to be served last of all. There were special dishes, and the lamb-chops had on particularly fine cravats, and the *petits pois* were so very *petits* that it seemed nearly a shame to eat them, like 'good little Tootletumtay' in the ballad; and there were side dishes, very special, for the occasion. Then, as a crowning glory, a dessert not baked in a hotel oven at all; no cabinet pudding of frequent occurrence, nothing that hinted of rice or raisins; no, but something fetched particularly

from the *pâtisserie*. By the look of it, it might have been, and probably was, concocted by a pastry cook in full regalia, in that superlative *pâtisserie* on the rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre.

It was a tower made of a hard brown candy flecked with chopped nuts. It had a door in it, and windows with embrasures at the tops to make you think of King Arthur and his knights. It was decorated on its platter by saccharine approaches. The tower was open at the top and filled with a flavored whipped cream. Madame Blet, who had, I doubt not, been directing forces from the kitchen, stood now in the doorway beaming like another candle. This, which had the added flavor of being a surprise even to my mother, was Madame Blet's gift to the little American mademoiselle. Once more, on a most diminutive scale, France and America were exchanging courtesies.

But meanwhile, — oh, inevitable! — Joseph, that devoted ambassador, beaming unfeigned pride in the behavior of his country, held the tower at my left hand. I was to serve myself first. But how — I ask the heavens to answer me this! how is one to serve one's self to a feudal tower? One desperate glance at my mother, — the quick dart of an alarmed swallow, — then I took up the large spoon and laid it hesitatingly against the tower's side. But the tower was nearly as hard as the rock it represented. The approaches, also, were of one piece. With a mere dessert spoon, what can be done as to a portcullis! Shall you, do you think, carry off a drawbridge with a slight silver instrument to be held in one hand? I was not meeting the emergency. I was not equal to the occasion. This I knew with quick intolerable shame. What was to be done! At last, after what seemed to me ages, I accepted the only possibility. I scooped from the top of the tower some of the fluffy whipped

cream, put this on my plate and the spoon back among the approaches; and the tower, proud, unspoiled, unwon, was carried on to the others, who served themselves, as I had done; or, when the cream was at last too low for them to reach, suffered Joseph to scoop it out for them and put it on their plates.

I sat tasting the whipped cream on the end of my spoon, and oh, it was insipid, that faint froth; not of itself, but by contrast with what I would have wished — a portcullis at the very least. When we left the dining-room, it still stood solid and invulnerable, that so desirable tower, a delusion to the palate, a snare to the understanding, a subtle but strong disappointment to the heart! Now that I look back on it, it seems like an unintended symbol, an uninterpreted writing on the wall of my childhood.

These things called birthdays seemed for me to have been weighed that night in subtle scales, and found wanting. Froth on the tip of your spoon! The real anticipated glory a chimera; the dreamed-of and so-much-desired happiness a thing which could not be won, a thing left untouched while one slipped away unsatisfied, disappointed, into the later years.

No doubt I passed on to later years that very evening as I went out of the lighted dining-room, for more and more this centralizing of power and importance, even though it were for one day of the year only, became to me incongruous and out of the real order of life. As I began to gauge values and proportions better, it came to seem almost a gentle buffoonery. The mild distrust I had felt for birthdays in my little girlhood was beginning to take on the form of positive distaste. Doubtless I was beginning to have a larger vision of life. For one thing, I had meanwhile seen dawns rise over the Alps, and day depart from the fruitful

purple valleys to ascend the heights, beautiful, like the feet of those upon the mountains, who bring tidings of peace; and had watched them pause in their glory for a last look upon the work of their hands before going forth forever beyond the world's edge. And I had stood since then by the incredible sounding sea; I had known that sense of the waters in the hollow of his hand, and watched the night bend like the face of infinity over it.

IV

Out of the birthdays I have known, I have recorded but three — the three made memorable, not so much by material as by spiritual gifts, and by some vision of life itself vouchsafed me. It was as though, with a touch upon my hand, Life summoned me to note, even though in some unrealized way, when I was but a child of five, how inconsiderable may be these our little personal joys and expectations and vanities of song, even as were mine, in the face of the large solemnities and griefs and remembered joys with which, that day, our home was visited. And on that second birthday, it was as though Life bade me note how satisfying to the heart is the gift of lovely and willing service. Not mine the day at all, but I can remember, all woven in with the ravishing music of harps and violins, a sense of my almost thrilled delight in the service that others brought my sister, in whose honor we were glad, and a high joy in my own eager and devoted homage. Dimly seen in all this, though I could not have named it to you then, was a larger vision, no doubt, of this same truth translated into lovelier and more solemn meaning; as though in those lighted rooms, gay with their smiles and their laughter, Life had suddenly laid a touch on my shoulder, and with her finger on her lips had bade

me note how sweet is the odor of spike-nard and how thrillingly beautiful are the broken pieces of alabaster.

And the third birthday? Perhaps it was then that Life put into my hand a better gift than any — that larger knowledge, which all the coming years were to corroborate, that to have special gifts and benefits for one's self which are not for others, let the glamour be what it may, is after all but froth and disappointment; and that only the blending of one's life with other lives can ever really satisfy the heart.

Since then I have seen birthdays of my own and others not a few, and have looked on at those of many a child. Witnessing these, I have sometimes been troubled to note how — materialists ourselves — we insist upon making materialists of our children also. For who has not beheld a little lad, triumphant as Jack Horner, in the midst of his birthday packages, or a little Midas, among his heaped-up Christmas toys, appropriating to himself, with our delighted consent, the Other Child's birthday also. With what shameful abundance of material gifts do we heap the little eager hands; but how few, how few, for the young and growing spirit!

Yet it is to be noted hopefully that our too personal celebrations are apt to fall away, as it were of themselves, in our later years; and doubtless with them many of our central egotisms, life correcting with a patient hand our dull and oftentimes willful behavior. I cannot be persuaded that it is solely a sensitiveness to the loss of youth that prompts us to waive or disregard those birthdays which fall upon the nether side of twenty. Our neglect of them is more often, I like to believe, in the order of a gentle disavowal of old egotisms, as life ripens and takes on in our regard an aspect larger and less personal; even as to a nation or a religion

which progresses, egotism and special privilege become increasingly distasteful, and the idea of a chosen people more and more intolerable to the pure at heart as the world matures.

Mature life, like the mature heart, cannot endure a sovereignty over its brethren, but longs for the old original levels; sheds its singleness and its superiorities. We become, God be thanked, less considerable under the moon as time advances; more of a piece with life; better blended with the days; a part of all dawns and sunsets — we who before had but one of each to our credit.

'I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of a day besides my dinner,' says Lamb. 'I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts — a grace before Milton — a grace before Shakespeare — a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Fairy Queen"?''

I own also to a disposition to celebrate many birthdays rather than one, and am inclined to be thankful on twenty other occasions in the course of the year besides that one which falls so personally for me — even if so negligible — on a certain February morning. I confess to a love of calendars which sometimes give me two or three great names to celebrate in a single day; nor am I ashamed to admit that the sun rises for me the statelier if it be upon an anniversary which commemorates Camoens or Michael Angelo. It has long been my habit to celebrate quietly in my heart, when all the birds are singing, that day in April when, it is said — uncertainly enough — Shakespeare came to the earth; nor have I failed often to note that other day also, when, impartially in the same April

weather, it is said, he — and Cervantes on the same day with him — departed from it.

And if such remembrances as these may seem still to tend toward egotism, yet I think that claim can hardly be proved valid. For these, — celebrate them as personally as we may, — these are not men of one season but of all time, blended with all days, impartially a part of all weathers, and of the very fibre and lives of most of us; and, even though we should forget them, yet memorably forgotten in those unforgettable companionships that they have bestowed upon us. These are our stars and moons, differing in glory one from another, with which, in the midst of our mortality, we answer not ignobly the shining challenge of the stars; these are they innumerable whose beauties and nobilities coupled with our own inconsiderable lives, lend at last

some glory to our days so frail, so ephemeral.

As a child, I used to love to count the stars, beginning with the very first one that pricked its way through the twilight blue, and by a pretty conceit always called that first one my own, and put a most personal wish upon it. For a long time it always stood single in the heavens, and then another here or there, and there, and there, appeared, which I counted with delight. But always the moment came when the count was irretrievably lost; when stars bloomed, not by ones and twos but by myriads, no more to be counted than the unnumbered sands of the sea; and over me was stretched the jeweled beauty of the infinite heavens, just breathing with the breathing of the night; and I, looking up glorified into that beauty, a little inconsiderable child, standing beside the soft dark shadow of the cypresses.

THE TRUE STORY OF BLUEBEARD

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

‘I MUST confess,’ said the Lady in Blue, ‘that I have always had a certain penchant for Bluebeard. I cut his picture out of my very best fairy-book and hung it over my bed as if he were my dearest saint, and I found his long blue beard quite charming. But the best of all was, of course, his secret chamber, and for this alone I would have gladly married him. He was my favorite hero, and not even Rochester could in my Jane-Eyre days deprive him of all my affections. What a pity there are no Bluebeards nowadays!’

‘Why, there are nothing but Bluebeards,’ answered the Gentleman in Gray. ‘Real Bluebeards, I mean, because the fairy story is a very incorrect rendering of the actual event. The real version has come to us through newly discovered Hittitic and Chaldaic documents, and I flatter myself on being one of the few persons who know the correct foundations of your beloved fairy tale.’

‘Well, then tell it to me,’ commanded the Lady in Blue; ‘and oh! I do hope that the true story of Bluebeard is just

as exciting and just as terrible as the one in my old fairy books.'

'It is sadder,' said the Gentleman in Gray, 'and, consequently, truer. About its terribleness opinions may differ; to some it may seem only ludicrously absurd, others, perhaps, will perceive real tragedy in my version. Being myself no critic, but simply a chronicler, I shall give you the thing without any comment.'

'You have heard of King Cophetua — the one who married the beggar-maid? I am going to speak about his son, Cophetua II, who inherited from his mother certain little peculiarities and eccentricities, quite harmless in themselves, but in their final consequences rather distressing. He had wedded the daughter of a neighboring king, a most charming princess, and bringing her to his palace he gave her, according to the customs of the country, the keys to all the different rooms, and said then with a certain serious playfulness, "My beloved, this house is now yours, and I beg you to take entire possession of it. There is only one little room to which I keep the key myself, — a very tiny little room, indeed, — but no one, not even you, must enter this secret and forbidden chamber. As you love me, I know you will do what I ask of you."

'The young Queen was deeply impressed. Cophetua was a most agreeable man and she had always rather liked him, but now she looked upon him with new eyes, and he seemed imbued with a strange and mysterious glamour that fanned her love to real passion. What secret the forbidden chamber might contain, she could, of course, not even guess, but her imagination created for her a thousand possibilities, one more interesting than the other, and Cophetua was changed out of a commonplace, everyday king into a being full of romance and mystery.

Whenever there was a slight cloud on the brow of the King the young Queen said to herself with a little sigh, "Ah, the secret chamber!" Whenever his mind seemed to wander she thought him to be brooding about something in the forbidden room; and as she had decided that the mysterious thing was some deep sorrow or some bitter memory, she did everything a loving woman could think of to make him forget what he remembered so tenaciously. She was of quite unsurpassable tenderness, she had gestures full of allurements, and she found words that were one delicious caress. What wonder that poor Cophetua fell quite madly in love with his little wife and thought himself the happiest of all mortals?

'But as soon as the young Queen saw that her husband found all the delight in the world in her and her little person, her pity, her tenderness, her sympathy abated somewhat, while her curiosity awakened and she wanted to know what the secret chamber contained; she wanted to know what it was that her charm had conquered. Several times she begged Cophetua to tell her, but his answers were so unsatisfactory that one day she took the little key from its hiding-place and —'

He made an impressive pause.

'And,' the Lady in Blue repeated impatiently.

'Ah, you want me to continue,' sighed the Gentleman in Gray. 'So be it, then. I said that the little Queen took the key from its hiding-place, walked quietly to the mysterious door, turned the key, opened the door, looked, and gave a shrill scream. The room was absolutely empty — she saw nothing in it, nothing at all.'

'And that is the end?' asked the Lady in Blue.

'It is the end. I could still add that they lived unhappily ever after; that the Queen never forgave the King for

giving her nothing to forgive; that she treated him henceforth as a *quantité négligeable*, and spoke with a certain asperity about matrimony and married life — but these are things which you can picture to yourself. I gave you the facts and I am done.'

'Then permit me to say,' exclaimed the Lady in Blue, 'that you have told me a very foolish story. If there was nothing to hide, why should there be a secret chamber? And if the Queen found no horrors, why should she not rejoice rather than turn into a shrew? And why did you say in the beginning that all men are Bluebeards nowdays?'

The Gentleman in Gray looked quite bewildered.

'You ask too much at once,' he protested. 'Let me answer one question at a time. You asked why there should be a secret chamber if there was nothing to hide. My dear friend, look at us all — who of us has in truth hidden, secret depths in his nature, deep wells into which he himself hardly dares to look? Not one in a thousand. As our friend Monsieur Bergeret says, we are "*médiocrement bon et médiocrement mauvais*." And yet who of us is satisfied to be commonplace and uninteresting, and who does not at least hint that there is some chamber in the castle of his being to which he will never surrender the key? And what horror is

sharper, what disenchantment more poignant, than when the one who rapturously believed in the secret room and all the wonders and terrors of it, at last finds out that there is nothing in it, nothing at all, and when all the charm she dreamed of, all the mystery she guessed at, all the terrors she feared, dissolve into the boring emptiness of absolute mediocrity? And was I not thus right to say that we are all Bluebeards — poor pretenders who know only too well their own shallowness, and yet want to drape themselves in the purple of romance and mystery?'

The Lady in Blue looked deeply dissatisfied.

'You may be right,' she said; 'but I ask you if it is wise to tell me such things? I ask you if it is wise to show me that, after all, you are only a scoffer and that wherever I see the god you see nothing but satyrs?'

The Gentleman in Gray smiled apologetically, and his smile made him, suddenly, look very much younger.

'You are right,' he laughed; 'perhaps it is not wise; but my scoffing, you see, my scoffing is just *my* secret chamber.'

And there was enough jest in his words to make the Lady in Blue smile, and enough seriousness to make her blush, while the little God of Love stood in a dim corner bidding his time.

THE MAN OF HABIT

BY MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

WHAT is so wonderful as dying?
The man that's lying here
Has year by placid year
Slept, eaten, worked and taken ease,
On habit, use, and clocks relying,
Until each act outrode volition,
And only in accurate repetition
Could he find peace.
He carped at draughts,
Hating even a wayward breeze about him;
Avoided argument;
Let new movements go on without him,
Loving the grooves that had worn so deep.
He could rise and work and eat and sleep,
Could love and hate and laugh and weep,
Only by habits' prompting.

Well, he, the habit-bound,
The man of dull meticulous round,
Has risked the great adventure now.
I almost think his narrow brow
Has taken on more breadth since dying.
What do his eyes see, the white lids under,
That the lips should be curved with such fugitive wonder,
Lips that in life were pinched and shrunken?
Do they see, perhaps, the spirit drunken
With shoreless night?
With un-houred light?
Ah, by the one vast chartless road
Small souls, like great, go home to God!

ERNEST, OR PARENT FOR A DAY

BY RANDOLPH BOURNE

I

I HAD been talking rather loosely about the bringing-up of children. They had been lately appearing to me in the guise of infinitely prevalent little beings who impressed themselves almost too vividly upon one's consciousness. My summer vacation I had passed in a household where a vivacious little boy of two years and a solemn little boy of six months had turned their mother into a household slave. I had seen walks, conversations, luncheons, and all the amenities of summer civilized life, shot to pieces by the indomitable need of imperious little children to be taken care of. Little boys who came running at you smiling, stubbed their toes, and were instantly transformed into wailing inconsolables; babies who woke importunately at ten o'clock in the evening, and had to be brought down warm and blinking before the fire; human beings who were not self-regulating, but to whom every hard surface, every protuberance, was a menace to happiness, and in whom every want and sensation was an order and claim upon somebody else—these were new offerings to my smooth and independent existence. They interested and perturbed me.

The older little boy, with his sunny luxuriance of hair and cheek, was always on the point of saying something novel and disconcerting. The baby, with his deep black eyes, seemed to be waiting silently and in soft anticipation for life. He would look at you so

calmly and yet so eagerly, and give you a pleasant satisfaction that just your mere presence, your form, your movement, were etching new little lines on his cortex, sending new little shoots of feeling through his nerves. You were being part of his education just by letting his consciousness look at you. I liked particularly to hold my watch to his ear, and see the sudden grave concentration of his face, as he called all his mind to the judgment of this arresting phenomenon. I would love to accost him as he lay murmuring in his carriage, and to check his little breakings into tears by quick movements of my hands. He would watch me intently for a while until the fact of his little restless woe would come upon him again. I was challenged then to something more startling, and the woe would disappear in little short gasps. But I would find that he was subject to the law of diminishing returns. The moment would arrive when the woe submerged everything in a wail, and his mother would have to be called to nurse or coddle him in the magical motherly way.

The baby I found perhaps more interesting than his little brother, for the baby's moods had more style to them. The brother could be transformed from golden prattlingness to raging storm, with the most disconcerting quickness. He could want the most irrational things with an intensity that got itself expressed in hypnotic reiteration. Some smouldering will-to-power in one's self told one that a child should never be given the thing that he most wanted;

and yet in five minutes one would have given him one's soul, to be rid of the brazen rod which he pounded through one. But I could not keep away from him. He and his baby brother absorbed me, and when I contemplated their mother's life, I had many a solemn sense of the arduousness of being a parent. I thought of the long years ahead of them, and the incalculability of their manifestations. I shuddered and remained, gloating, I am afraid, a little over the opportunity of enjoyment without responsibility.

All these things I was recounting the other evening after dinner to a group of friends who professionally look after the minds and bodies of the neglected. I was explaining my absorption, and the perils and merciless tyranny of the mother's life, and my thankfulness at having been so much in, and yet so much not of, the child-world. I was not responsible, and the policeman mother could be called in at any time to soothe or to quell. I could always maintain the amused aloofness which is my usual attitude toward children. And I made the point that parenthood must become less arduous after the child is a self-regulating little organism, and can be trusted not to commit suicide inadvertently over every threshold, can feed himself, dress himself, and take himself reasonably around. I even suggested unwarily, that after five or six the tyranny was much mitigated.

There was strong dissent. Just at that age, I was told, the real responsibilities began. I was living in a fool's paradise of bachelordom if I thought that at six children were grown-up. One of the women before the fire made it her business to get children adopted. I had a sense of foreboding before she spoke. She promptly confirmed my intuition by offering to endow me with an infant of six years, for a day or for as long as I would take him. The hearty

agreement of the rest amazed and alarmed me. They seemed delighted at the thought of my becoming parent for a day. I should have Ernest. They all knew Ernest; and I should have him. They seemed to have no concern that he would not survive my brief parenthood. It rather warmed and flattered me to think that they trusted me.

I had a sense of being caught in an inescapable net, prisoner of my own theories. If children of six were no longer tyrants, the possession of Ernest would not interfere with my work or my life. I had spoken confidently. I had a reputation among my friends of speaking eloquently about 'the child.' And I always find it almost impossible to resist the offer of new experience. I hesitated and was lost. I even found myself naming the day for Ernest's momentary adoption. And during all that week I found it increasingly impossible to forget him. The night before Ernest was to come I told myself that I could not believe that this perilous thing was about to happen to me. I made no preparations to receive Ernest in my tiny bachelor apartment. I felt that I was in the hands of fate.

II

I was not really surprised when fate knocked at the door next morning in the person of my grinning friend, and swiftly left a well-bundled little boy with me. I have rarely seen a young woman look as maliciously happy as did his guide when she left, with the remark that she could n't possibly come for Ernest that evening, but would take him at nine o'clock on the morrow. My first quick resentment was stilled by the thought that perhaps an official day was a day plus a night. But Ernest loomed formidably at me. There would be problems of sleeping. Was I a victim? Well, that is what parents

were! They should not find me weak.

Ernest expressed no aversion to staying with me. He was cheerful, a little embarrassed, incurious. The removal of his hat disclosed a Dutch-cut of yellow hair, blue eyes, many little freckles, and an expression of slightly quizzical good-humor. I really had not had the least conception how big a boy of six was likely to be, and I found comfort in the evidence that he was big enough to be self-regulating, and yet deliciously small enough to be watched over. He could be played with, and without danger of breaking him.

Ernest sat passively on a chair and surveyed the room. I had thought a little pedantically of exposing him to some Montessori apparatus. I had got nothing, however. The room suddenly became very inane; the piano a huge packing-box, the bookcases offensive, idiotic shelves. A silly room to live in! A room practically useless for these new and major purposes of life! I was ashamed of my surroundings, for I felt that Ernest was surveying me with contempt and reproach.

It suddenly seemed as if little boys must like to look at pictures. Ernest had clambered up into a big chair, and was sitting flattened against its back, his legs sticking straight out in front of him, and a look of mild lassitude on his face. He took with some alacrity the illustrated newspaper supplement which I gave him, but my conscience tortured me a little as to whether his interest was the desperate one of demanding something for his mind to feed on, however arid it might be, or whether it was a genuine æsthetic response. He gave all the pictures exactly the same amount of time, rubbing his hand over each to make sure that it was flat, and he showed no desire to talk about anything he had seen. Since most of the pictures were of war, my pacifist spirit rebelled against dwelling on them. His

celerity dismayed me. It became necessary to find more pictures. I had a sudden horror of an afternoon of picture-books, each devoured in increasingly accelerated fashion. How stupid seemed my rows of dully printed books! Not one of them could disgorge a picture, no matter how hard you shook it. Despair seized me when I found only a German handbook of Greek sculpture, and another of Michelangelo. In hopeful trepidation I began on them. I wondered how long they would last.

It was clearly an unfamiliar field to Ernest. My attempts to test his classical knowledge were a failure. He recognized the Greeks as men and women, but not as gods, and there were moments when I was afraid he felt their nudity as indecent. He insisted on calling the Winged Victory an angel. There had evidently been religion in Ernest's career. I told him that these were pictures of marble statues from Greece, of gods and things, and I hurriedly sketched such myths as I could remember in an attempt to overtake Ernest's headlong rush of interest. But he did not seem to listen, and he ended by calling every flowing female form an angel. He laughed greatly at their missing arms and heads. I do not think I quite impressed him with the Greek spirit.

On Michelangelo there was chance to test his Biblical background. He proved never to have heard of David, and took the story I told him with a little amused and incredulous chortle. Moses was new to him, and I could not make him feel the majesty of the horns and beard. When we came to the Sistine I felt the constraint of theology. Should I point out to him God and Adam and Eve, and so perhaps fix his infant mind with ineradicable theological bias? Now I understood the temptation which every parent must suffer, to dose his child with easy mythology. Something urged me to say, Adam was

the first man and Eve was the first woman, and get the vague glow of having imparted godly information. But I am glad that I had the strength sternly to refrain, hoping that Ernest was too intellectually robust to be trifled with. I confined myself to pointing out the sweep of clouds, the majesty of the prophets, the cracks in the plaster, the mighty forms of the sibyls.

But with my last sibyl I was trapped. It smote my thought that there were no more pictures. And Ernest's passivity had changed. We were sitting on the floor, and his limbs began to take on movement. He crawled about, and I thought began to look menacingly at movable objects on tables. My phobia of the combination of movable objects and children returned. Parenthood suddenly seemed the most difficult thing in the world. Ernest was not talking very much, and I doubted my ability to hold him very long entranced in conversation. Imagination came to my relief in the thought of a suburban errand. I remembered a wonderful day when I myself had been taken by my uncle to the next town on a journey—the long golden afternoon, the thundering expresses at the station, the amazing watch which he had unaccountably presented me with at the end of the day. Ernest should be taken to Brookfield.

Our lunch had to be taken at the railroad station. Ernest climbed with much puffing up to the high stool by the lunch-counter, and sat there unsteadily and triumphantly while I tried to think what little boys ate for their lunch. My decision for scrambled eggs and a glass of milk was unwise. The excitement of feeding scrambled eggs to a slippery little boy on top of a high stool was full of incredible thrills. The business of preventing a deluge of milk whenever Ernest touched his glass forced me to an intellectual concentration which quite made me forget my

own eating. Ernest himself seemed in a state of measureless satisfaction; but the dizzy way in which he brandished his fork, the hairbreadth escape of those morsels of food as they passed over the abyss of his lap, the new and strange impression of smearedness one got from his face, kept me in a state of absorption until I found we had but one minute to catch our train. With Ernest clutching a large buttered roll which he had decently refused to relinquish, we rushed through the gates.

When the candy-man came through the train, Ernest asked me in the most detached tone in the world if I was going to buy any candy. And I asked him with a similar dryness what his preferences in candy were. He expressed a cool interest in lemon-drops. The marvelous way in which Ernest did not eat those lemon-drops gave me a new admiration for his self-control. He finished his buttered roll, gazed out of the window, casually ate two or three lemon-drops, and then carefully closed the box and put it in his pocket. I was almost jealous of Ernest's character. I recalled my incorrigible nibblings. I predicted for Ernest a moral life.

Our talk was mostly of the things that flashed past our eyes. I was interested in Ernest's intellectual background. Out of the waste of signboards and salt-meadows there was occasionally disentangled a river with boats or a factory or a lumber-yard which Ernest could be called upon to identify. He was in great good humor, squirming on his seat, and he took delight in naming things and in telling me of other trips on the railroad he had taken. He did not ask where we were going. I told him, but it seemed not especially to concern him. He was living in life's essential,—excitement,—and neither the future nor the past mattered. He held his own ticket a little incredulously, but without that sense of the impor-

tance of the business that I had looked for. I found it harder and harder not to treat him as an intellectual equal.

In Brookfield I became conscious of a desire to show Ernest off. I was acquiring a proprietary interest in him. I was getting proud of his good temper, his intelligence, his self-restraint, his capacity for enjoying himself. I wanted to see my pride reflected in another mind. I would take him to my wise old friend, Beulah. I knew how pleasantly mystified she would be at my sudden possession of a chubby, yellow-haired little boy of six.

Ernest had a delightful hour on Beulah's parlor floor. He turned somersaults, he shouted, he played that I was an evil monster who was trying to catch him. He would crawl up warily towards me and put his hand on my sleepily outstretched palm. As I suddenly woke and seized him, he would dart away in shrieks of fear and glee. When I caught him, I would feel like a grim ogre indeed, for his face would cloud and little tears shoot into his eyes, and his lips would curl in mortal fear. And then I would let him go tugging and sprawling, and he would yell with joy, and steal back with ever-renewed cunning and watchfulness. When he had eaten Beulah's cakes and drunk her cocoa, he lay back in a big chair, glowing with rosiness, and still laughing at the thought of his escape from my ogredom.

Our minds played about him. I tried to tease Beulah into adopting him. We spoke of his birth in a reformatory, and the apparently indomitable way in which nature had erased this fact from his personality. We wondered about his unknown mother, and his still more unknown father, and what he would be and how either of us could help keeping him forever. She pleaded her Man, I my poverty. But we were not convincing, and I began to conceive a vague

fear of Ernest's adopting me, because I could not let him go.

And then it was time for the train. Ernest was very self-possessed. His manners on leaving Beulah were those of an equal, parting from a very old and jolly friend. The walk to the station gave me a sudden realization how very badly the world was adapted to the needs of little boys. Its measurements, its times, its lengths and its breadths were grotesquely exaggerated. Ernest ploughed manfully along, but I could feel the tug at my hand. Time would have to double itself for him to reach the station in the allotted minutes. His legs were going in great strides like those of the giant in seven-league boots, and he was panting a little. I was cruel, and yet there was the train. I felt myself a symbol of parenthood, earth-adjusted, fixed on an adult goal, dragging little children panting through a world not their own. 'I'm ti-yerd!' said Ernest in so plaintive a voice that my heart smote me. Nameless premonitions of what might ensue to Ernest from being ti-yerd came upon me. I felt a vague dread of having already made Ernest an invalid for life. But my adulthood must have triumphed, for the train was caught. Ernest's spirits revived on the reappearance of the lemon-drops. And my heart leaped to hear him say that only his legs were ti-yerd, and that now they were no longer so. The world had diminished again to his size.

III

Ernest ate his supper in great contentment at a little table by my fireplace. The unaccustomed task of cooking it gave me new and vivid thrills. And the intellectual concentration involved in heating soup and making toast was so great as to lose me the pleasure of watching Ernest draw. I had asked him in the morning if he

liked to draw. He had answered in such scorn that I had hastily called in Michelangelo. Now I placed a pencil and many large sheets of paper negligently near him. When I brought him his supper, he had covered them all with futuristic men, houses, and horses. The floor was strewn with his work, and he was magnificently casting it from him as he attacked these æsthetic problems with fierce gusto. Only the sight of food quelled his artistic rage. After supper, however, he did not return to them. Instead, he became fascinated with the pillows of my couch, and piled them in a line, with a whistling and shouting as of railroad trains. I wrote a little, merely to show myself that this business of parenthood need not devastate one's life. But I found myself wondering acutely, in the midst of an eloquent sentence, what time it was healthy for Ernest to go to bed. I seemed to remember seven — incredible to me, and yet perhaps meet for a child. It was already seven, but the vigor with which he rejected my proposal startled me. His amiability all day had been so irreproachable that I did not wish to strain it now. Yet I was conscious of an approaching parental crisis. Suppose he did not want to go to bed at all!

When I next looked up, I found that he had compromised by falling asleep in a curious diagonal and perilous position across his pillows — the trainman asleep at the switch. In a position in which nobody could sleep, Ernest slept with the face of an angel. Complexity! Only a brute would wake him. Yet how did parents get their children to bed? And then I thought of the intricacies of his clothes. I touched him very gently; he jumped at me in a dazed way, with the quaintest, 'Oh, I don't know what made me go to sleep!' and was off into the big chair and helpless slumber.

I repented of my brutality. I tried to read, but my parental conscience again

smote me. Ernest looked forlorn and maladjusted, his head sinking down on his breast. I thought that Ernest would thank me now for reminding him of his bed. He showed astonishing force of will. I recoiled from the 'I don't want to go to bed!' which he hurled at me. I tried reason. I called his attention to his uncomfortableness. But he was unmoved, and insisted on going to sleep again after every question. I hardened my heart a little. I saw that stern measures would have to be adopted, Ernest's little clothes taken off, Ernest inserted into his flannel nightgown, and tucked into bed. Yet I had no idea of the parental technique for such situations. Ernest had been quite irresponsible to my appeal that all good little boys went to bed at seven o'clock, and I could think of no further generalizations. Crisis after so happy a day! Was this parenthood?

The variety of buttons and hooks on Ernest's outer and inner garments bewildered me. Ernest's dead sleepiness made the work difficult. But finally his little body emerged from the midst, leaving me with the feeling of one who has taken a watch apart and wonders dismayedly how he will ever get it together again. Ernest, however, was not inclined to permit the indignity of this disrobing without bitter protest. When I urged his coöperation in putting on his nightgown, he became voluble. The sunniness of his temper was clouded. His tone turned to harsh bitterness. Little angry tears rolled down his cheeks, and he betrayed his sense of extreme outrage with an 'I don't *want* to put on my nightgown!' hurled at me with so much of moral pain that I was chilled. But it was too late. I could not unscramble Ernest. With a sinking heart I had gently to thrust his little arms and legs into the warm flannel, trundle him over the floor, bitter and sleepily protesting, roll him into his bed, and

cover him up. As he curled and snuggled into the covers his tears dried as if by magic, the bitterness smoothed out of his face, and all his griefs were forgotten.

IV

In the next room I sat and read, a pleasant warmth of parental protection in my heart. And then Ernest began to cough. It was no light childish spasm, but a deep racking cough that froze my blood. There had been a little cold in him when he came. I had taken him out into the raw December air. I had overexerted him in my thoughtless haste. Visions of a delirious and pneumonic child floated before me. Or what was that dreadful thing called croup? I could not keep my thought on my book. That racking cough came again and again. Ernest must be awake and tossing feverishly. Yet when I looked in at him, he would be lying peaceful and rosy, and the cough that tore him did not disturb his slumbers. He must then be in a state of fatigue so extreme that even the cough could not wake him. I reproached myself for dragging him into the cold. How could I have led him on so long a journey, and let him play with a strenuousness such as his days never knew! I foresaw a lurid to-morrow: Ernest sick, myself helpless and ignorant, guilty of a negligence that might be fatal. And as I watched him, he began to show the most alarming tendency to fall out of bed. I did not dare to move him, and yet his head moved ever more perilously near the edge. I relied on a chair pushed close to the bed to save him. But I felt weary and worn. What an exacting life, the parent's! Could it be that every evening provided such anxieties and problems and thrills? Could one let one's life become so engrossed?

And then I remembered how every evening, when we went to bed, we used

to ask our mother if she was going to be home that evening, and with what thankful security we sank back, knowing that we should be protected through another night. Ernest had not seemed to care what became of me. Having had no home and no parents, he had grown up into a manly robustness. He did not ask what you were going to do with him. He was all for the moment. He took the cash and let the credit go. It was I who felt the panic and the insecurity. I envied Ernest. I saw that, contrary to popular mythology, there were advantages in being an institutional orphan, provided you had been properly Binet-ed as of normal intelligence and the State got you a decent boarding-mother. How much bringing up Ernest had escaped! If his manners were not polished, at least they were not uncouth. He had been a little shy at first, nodding at questions with a smile, and throwing his head against the chair. But there was nothing repressed about him, nothing institutionalized, and certainly nothing artificial.

His cough grew lighter, and as I looked at his yellow hair and the angelic flush of his round cheeks, I thought of the horrid little puppets that had been produced around me in conventional homes, under model fathers and kind and devout mothers. How their fears and inhibitions contrasted with Ernest's directness! His bitter mood at going to bed had a certain fine quality about it. I recalled the *camaraderie* we had established. The box of lemon-drops, only half-exhausted, stared at me from the pocket of his little sweater, I became proud of Ernest. I was enjoying again my vicarious parenthood. What did that obscure and tangled heredity of his, or his most problematical of futures, matter to him or to me? It was delightful to adopt him thus imaginatively. If he turned out badly, could you not ascribe it to his heredity,

and if well, to your kindly nurture and constant wisdom? Nothing else could be very much thought about, perhaps, but for the moment Ernest seemed supremely worth thinking about. There would be his education. And suddenly it seemed that I did not know very much about educating a child. It would be too absorbing. There would be no time for the making of a living. Ernest loomed before my imagination in the guise of a pleasant peril.

And then morning came. As soon as it was light Ernest could be heard talking and chuckling to himself, with no hint of delirium or pneumonia, or the bogies of the night. When I spoke he came running in in his bare feet, and crawled in with me. He told me that in spite of my valiant chair he had really fallen out of bed. He did not care, and proceeded to jump over me in a vigorous acrobatic way. He did not even cough, and I wondered if all the little sinister things of childhood passed so easily with the night. It was impossible to remember my fears as he tossed and shouted, the perfection of healthiness. Parenthood now seemed almost too easy to bother with.

Ernest caught sight of my dollar watch on the chair, and I saw that he conceived a fatal and instantaneous passion. He listened to its tick, shook it, ogled it amorously. He made little suggestive remarks about liking it. I teased him with the fact that he could not tell time. Ernest snorted at first in good-natured contempt at the artificial rigidity of the process, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded that I was not fooling him. And my heart swelled with the generosity which I was about to practice in presenting him with this wonderful watch.

But it suddenly became time to dress, for my parental day was to end at nine. And then I discovered that it was as hard to get Ernest into his clothes as it

was to get him out of them. It was intolerable to him that he should leave his romp and the watch, and he shouted a no to my every suggestion. A new parental crisis crashed upon me. What a life of ingenuity and stratagem the parent had to lead! To spend half one's evening persuading a sleepy and bitter little boy to take off his clothes, and half the morning in persuading a vivid and jubilant little boy to put them on again—this was a life that taxed one's personal resources to the utmost. I reasoned with Ernest. I pointed out that his kind friend was coming very soon, and that he must be ready. But Ernest was obdurate. He would not even bathe. I pointed out the almost universal practice of the human race of clothing themselves during the early morning hours. Historic generalizations had no more effect on Ernest in the morning than they had had in the evening. And with a sudden stab I thought of the watch. That watch I knew would be an Aladdin's lamp to make Ernest my obedient slave. I had only to bribe him with it, and he would bathe, dress, or do anything which I told him to do. Here was the easy art of corruption by which parents got moral clutches on their children! And I deliberately renounced it. I would not bribe Ernest. Yet the mischief was done. So intuitive was his mind that I felt guiltily that he already knew my readiness to give him the watch if he would only dress. In that case, I should miss my moral victory. I could not disappoint him, and I did not want to bribe him inadvertently.

There was another consideration which dismayed me. Even if Ernest should prove amenable to reason or corruption, where was my ability to reconstruct him? Unbuttoning a sleepy and scarcely resisting little boy in the evening was quite different from constructively buttoning a jumping and

hilarious one in the morning. And time was flowing dangerously on. Only a sudden theory of self-activity saved me. Could Ernest perhaps dress himself? I caught him in one of his tumbles and asked him. His mind was too full of excitement, to be working on prosaic themes. And then I shot my bolt. 'I don't believe you know how to dress yourself, do you?' To that challenge Ernest rose. 'Hurry!' I said, 'and see how quickly you can dress. See if you can dress before I can!' Ernest flew into the other room, and in an incredibly short time appeared quite constructed except as to an occasional rear-button, washed and shining, self-reliant, ready for the business of the day. I glowed with the success of my parental generalship. I felt a sense of power. But power gained in so adroit and harmless a way was safe. What a parent I would make! How grateful I was to Ernest to be leaving me at this height!

I gave him the watch. Though he had longed, the fulfillment of his desire struck him with incredulity. The event awed him. But I showed him how to wind it, and seemed so indifferent to its fate, that he was reassured as to my sincerity. He recovered his poise. He sang as he ate his breakfast. And when his guide and friend came, amused and curious, he went off with her as unreluctantly as he had come, proud and self-possessed, the master of himself. He strutted a little with his watch, and he politely admitted that he had had a good time.

I do not know whether Ernest ever thought of me again. He had been an unconscious artist, for he had painted many new impressions on my soul. He had been sent to me to test my theories of parenthood, but he had driven away all thought of theory in the obsession of his demands. How could I let him go so cheerily out of my door? It was n't at all because I mind-

ed having my time absorbed, for I like people to absorb my time. Why did I not cling to him, buy him from his protector, with a 'Dear boy, you shall never leave my pleasant rooms again'? Why did I not rush after him down the street, stung by a belated remorse? I was conscious enough that I was missing all the dramatic climax of the situation. I was not acting at all as one does with tempting little orphan boys. But that is the way life works. The heart fails, and the vast and incalculable sea of responsibility drowns one in doubt. I let him go with no more real hesitation than that with which he went.

The later life of Ernest I feel will be one of sturdy self-reliance. That all the aspects of his many-sided character did not become apparent in the short time that I held him was clear from the report I heard of a Christmas party to which he was invited a few weeks later. Ernest, it seems, had broken loose with the fervor of a modern Europe after its forty years of peace. He had seized chocolate cake, slapped little girls, bitten the hand of the kind lady who fed him, and ended by lying down on the floor and yelling in a self-reliant rage. Was this the effect of a day with me? Or had I charmed and soothed him? I had a pleasant shudder of power, wondering at my influence over him.

The next I heard of Ernest was his departure for the home of an adopting family in New Jersey, from which he was presently to be shipped back for offenses unknown. My respect for Ernest rose even higher. He would not fit in easily to any smug conventional family life. He would not rest adopted until he was satisfied. I began to wonder if, after all, we were not affinities. He had kept the peace with me, he had derived stimulation from my society. Should I not have called him back? Shall I not now? Shall I not want to see him with me again? I wonder.

THE WIVES OF GERMAN-AMERICANS

BY M. L. S.

THERE must be a great many women in the United States besides myself whom the present war has involved in a terrible predicament. I refer to the American wives of German sympathizers; to the American mothers of children whose fathers' hearts and convictions are with the Teutonic cause. The situation of these women is one which has a vital significance to the nation. And it is for this reason that I have decided to tell my own experience, in the hope that, by doing so, I may be able to give to my sisters the message I have for them. They are war sufferers of whom, it seems, no one has thought. Yet much depends upon how they meet the test which has come to them.

At the outset I wish to say that I believe the great majority of 'German-Americans' are loyal to the country they, or their fathers, have chosen for a home. Yet we all know that there are some whose allegiance has reverted, with an ardor which consumes reason, to Germany. Such is the case with my husband. And since this great trouble has befallen me I have become gradually aware of a wide comradeship with other women in the same cruel predicament. These also know the anguish of the severing of ties riveted through the years; these also have sat at table, unable to eat, while their children heard their own country discredited, and a policy of foreign ruthlessness upheld.

If these women love their country as I love it, they may well envy the suffering of the soldiers in the trenches, even of those wounded in battle. My ances-

tors were given grants of land in Colonial times; they cleared the land, founded homes in the wilderness, and fought in the Revolution. And in the Civil War my father sacrificed his personal interests to the service of the Union. There must be thousands of these wives who love America as I love her; whose homes mean to them all that my home meant to me. But there are no words to tell what a woman's home means to her. I can only hope that, however difficult their position, whatever their sufferings, few of the wives of German sympathizers in America have lost their homes — as I have lost mine. But it may be that, through my experience, I can bring encouragement and strengthening of heart to the wives and mothers throughout this land who are terrified and bewildered by the thing which has come upon them.

Doubtless my own case is an extreme one, and it gives me, for that reason, the better right to speak. For I have had to travel all of the dark road through whose blackness my sisters are stumbling. I can say, 'There is light — believe in it. Do not despair.' For your main problem is really a very simple one — I might better have said, it is not a problem at all. There is in reality nothing complicated, nothing perplexing, about the decision you have to make. But I will tell my story.

My husband was born in the United States; he never saw Germany, he does not even speak German with fluency. His father, like so many of his countrymen, left his native country that he

might have freedom of speech, of life. That freedom he found in the United States. He married a German woman here, made his home here, brought up his children here. And some years ago he died. The story of how his father came to this country was one that my husband used to love to tell. The restrictions enforced by the German government were, it seems, unbearable. And yet, despite this fact, despite the circumstances of his father's coming to America, my husband always spoke of Germany as though it were the ideal nation. He would dwell upon its social legislation, its scientific attainments, its order, and the prosperity of its people. He also was given to criticisms of the United States. So this strange perversion of logic long antedates the war.

But all this did not greatly annoy me. Wives like to identify themselves with their husbands. I looked upon this pro-German feeling as not without its charm and its pathos; and though I realized the element of humor (not to say absurdity) involved, I did not take the matter seriously. I was even influenced in favor of Germany. I began to feel that, next to America, she was the nation I loved and admired. And this seemed as it should be. It made our home atmosphere the more harmonious. I liked to talk with my husband of Germany, of her people and her progressive ideas. There had been a great change there, it seemed; and now such restrictions as were imposed were for the public good. I took these opinions with a grain of salt, but I was impressed by them.

Thus, when the war broke out, I was ready to put the best possible interpretation upon Germany's part in the rapid developments. Nor did I and our children lack guidance in forming our opinions. The two boys were at that time sixteen and fourteen years of age.

Their father was particularly devoted and affectionate in his family relations, very dependent upon his home life, and very proud of his boys. Carl, the older, looked like him; Minot was more like me. Both resemblances pleased my husband equally. But I think he had a certain feeling for Carl that he had for no one else in the world. The boy was always particularly interested and responsive when his father talked about Germany; and after the war broke out he drank in the Teutonic side of the contest with avidity.

But Minot would be silent and reserved when his father argued for Germany. He would keep his eyes on his plate, and sometimes, when his father would make a particularly dogmatic or extreme statement, he would set his lips in a look that made him seem years older than he was. This look always startled my heart — perhaps with a premonition of disaster to come. For this attitude of unspoken opposition on the younger boy's part was, I can now see, the first sign of the strain put upon our family relations. I was still struggling to be neutral. It was a struggle, but at that time the neutral attitude was an approved one; and I told myself that my patriotic and my family loyalties were one.

Of course I could not help realizing that my husband's views were extreme and illogical, but I condoned them as the result of his German inheritance. The situation, either in its national or its family aspect, had not yet shown its true meaning. Yet there was an ever-growing tension, if not in our family relations, certainly in the atmosphere of our home. My husband grew increasingly dogmatic, even violent, in his denunciations of the Allies, of America's veiled hostility to Germany and her lack of fairness, and in his partisanship of everything German. He became restless, moody, unlike himself. His

suffering was so plain that it appealed to my sympathies, and made me more lenient toward his extreme views, and more tolerant of his lack of consideration for those that I myself as a loyal American naturally held.

Yet I winced more and more under the hurt of it all, and sometimes Minot raised flashing eyes from his plate, and those tight-shut, unboyish lips opened for a protest. Then his father would become very angry. I do not like to recall those scenes. Sometimes he sent the boy from the table. More than once, when I went to Minot afterward, he had flung himself on his bed and was crying bitterly. And I had often tears to swallow as I sat at table, and could scarcely speak the words meant to be soothing — but which never soothed.

They did not soothe because I was not really in sympathy with my husband; and he knew it. His manner toward me began to change. In his dire need, in this terrible disruption of his life, he found no ease of pain in the accustomed home comradeship. More and more he poured out his heart to Carl; and I bitterly resented this new education forced upon my son. Then came the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Never shall I forget the moment when I picked up the paper and read the headlines. I could not see to read further. I sat down with the paper in my hands, staring into darkness. I now believe that this event marked a crisis in many a German-American home. I know of one man who, until that act, had upheld everything done by Germany, his native land. The day the news of the *Lusitania*'s sinking was published he came home stricken. His wife understood and spoke no word of the matter. Indeed, the word *Lusitania* was never mentioned in that house; and in two months this broken-hearted German-American lay dead. He could not survive the conviction that

his native land had forfeited her right to his love and respect.

Perhaps that was the easier way. I am just beginning to realize what has been — what is — the state of mind of German sympathizers living in this country. They endure civil war within their own minds and hearts. It must be a bitterness, a disruption, greater than any other imaginable. There are two reasons why they are so extreme: they are forcing themselves to unnatural conclusions, and they are maddened by pain.

My husband came home that evening exhilarated by a dark passion. He defended the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The passengers should not have sailed, he said: they had been warned. It was their responsibility, and they must take the consequences. The war had been forced on Germany, and it was justifiable for her to do whatever would enable her to win it. England had arrogantly seized the seas; Germany must get her rights. I repeat the statements in brief; I shall not call them arguments. The strangest part of it all is this: my husband had, until this war, been a particularly kind and tender-hearted man. He thus seems to represent in his own person a nation changed and obsessed by the false ideal held up before it.

From this time on there was poured out upon us a flood of bitterness against the Allies, of extreme partisanship of the German cause and the whole German policy. When an act like the sinking of the *Lusitania* could not be denied, it was upheld. Newspaper reports of barbarities — even the signed statement of Lord Bryce — were violently denied. The enemies of Germany, my husband declared, had embarked upon a systematized campaign of falsehood and slander — but I think it not necessary to go further into this phase of the situation.

I could no longer maintain neutrality. I cried out against such doctrines—against teaching our sons such things. It was horrible. Our family peace was gone. After eighteen years of dwelling with us love had fled—driven out by the ruthless hounds of cruelty, by the strange obsession of mind which would have made of them household familiars. And they seemed, indeed, to have invaded our home, to trail the blood of their innocent victims across our doorstep, and to lie down at our hearth.

Perhaps I dwelt upon the horror of it all too much; certainly I was not wise. But I do not think that, in this case, wisdom would have made much difference, for my husband was not really himself. He seemed under a sort of possession. He now talked about 'our enemies,' referring to the Allies. When he said 'we,' he always meant the Germans. Yet, as I have said, his father came here to obtain liberty; and my husband was American-born and had never even seen Germany.

Carl, poor boy, was miserable; even more so than Minot. For our older son was between two fires, he did not know which way to turn. Minot was quite clear in his own mind, and every day he became more alienated from his father. I think he ceased to love him during those months.

Such a state of things could not go on forever. I now protested openly against the doctrines that my husband tried to teach our sons. I reminded him of the reasons that had driven his father from Germany. I should have known it was useless to argue; yet I do not know what I ought to have done.

It was at about this time that my husband began to read Nietzsche. I would find him reading *Thus Spake Zarathustra* when I knocked at his door to bid him good-night. For he always sat alone in his own room now, unless

he went out. Sometimes, when I thus went to him, he would read me passages from *Zarathustra*. They were always passages which extolled the triumph of force, which preached the disregard of sentiment, of the suffering of others, of any ties which withheld a man from the pursuit of his work or his purpose.

Nietzsche is said to be the apostle of the new Germany. I can well believe that this is true, for I think that my husband fortified his spirit, by reading Nietzsche, for the thing he was making ready to do. He had already forced himself, in upholding ruthless cruelty and the breaking of faith, to deny his true self. But he had a still further progress to make in the path he had chosen. He must give final proof of his discipleship; he must become, in his own person, an exponent of the doctrine of frightfulness; he must, in short, sacrifice those who were part of his very life, who had been the denizens of his heart.

It was all very strange. He had been so kind; he was now neglectful and rude. And his restlessness, his look as of a man driven and possessed, became more and more marked. He was a religious man; and several times he said to me, "'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.'" In his thought, evidently the German cause stood for what was right, what was holy. And to that cause he now made ready to sacrifice his wife and children. I suppose I cannot even imagine what he endured; for he seemed sunk in a sort of blackness. I know only my own part, my children's. For he left us. And we do not even know where he is or what he is doing.

He left us with no means of support. He disappeared. What was the goal he aimed at when he swept us thus from his path, I do not know. But I have my

Carl again. He no longer hears his own dear country maligned, a foreign foe upheld.

I have told this story only that I might give my message — the message I have for all American wives of German sympathizers; for all American mothers whose husbands would teach their children disloyalty to their own country. And my hope is that it may prove a message of encouragement and of strengthening of heart.

It is not because I myself was wise during this terrible experience that I can give my message; nor is it because at the time my vision was clear and true. All was confusion and darkness. But I can speak now because that confusion and darkness have passed away. I see the situation as I could not possibly see it when involved in its cruel meshes. I simply struggled blindly in those meshes. My loyalty to my country was a mere impulse — as instinctive as breathing. My efforts to preserve my home, the family unity, were the inevitable struggle of a woman caught in a great horror of fear. After all that chaos and confusion, that instinctive outcry and that self-repression as instinctive, it is a very wonderful thing to see the situation as it really was — as I fear it still is in many an American home to-day. For though my own case is doubtless an extreme one, it may the better serve to illumine the darkness about other American wives and mothers. Above all, it is very wonderful to realize how simple is the fundamental problem these wives and mothers have to meet, the question they must answer. I have thought that I might help them, perhaps, by telling what I realize.

For the question raised by such a family situation as this is not really one between loyalty to one's country and loyalty to one's husband — not even between the duty of patriotism and the

duty of preserving the family unity. No, it goes much deeper than that; it is far, far more simple than that. It is well, it is merciful, that it is not asked of us wives and mothers to make any such decision as that. The question raised is simply that of holding to whatever is, for you, inevitably the inner choice. If you can sincerely say, as Ruth said to Naomi, 'Thy people shall be my people,' so be it. You have chosen according to the inner impulse; it is the choice of your heart. Only be sure that it is the choice of your heart, with no alloy of expediency, or fear, or other base admixture. Otherwise you will surely be selling your soul — and, it may be, the souls of your children.

It is a very simple thing to know where your heart is. Did you approve when Belgium was invaded, when the Lusitania was sunk — or did these events fill you with horror? Does your heart beat with sympathetic fervor when you hear your own country derided, Germany extolled, the Allies denounced? Does your reason assent when you hear the Prussian acts and policies of this war justified and defended? Do you rejoice, rather than shrink, when your children's ideas and characters are moulded by these teachings? If so, though American by birth and inheritance, yet are you really German. There is no cause for dissension in your home.

But if, as is far more probably the case, your very spirit cries and bleeds to hear your country defamed; if your motherhood is outraged when your children are taught such doctrines; if your humanity revolts at evidences of outrage and cruelty, then you are American! *Then* you must indeed choose whom you will serve — the spirit that is within you, or the spirit that is without you.

You will choose, of course, to follow the instinct of your soul, the impulse of

your heart, the dictates of your reason. And what then? Now your course is not so simple; you have a difficult road to travel. Must you play the martyr? Must you feel it your mission to tear open, day after day, the wounds which are torturing your husband's spirit? Must you, hitherto the comforter, become now the tormentor?

Certainly you will not play the martyr unless that rôle is forced upon you. It is pleasant only in the imagination. Nor will you wound your husband more than honest adherence to your conviction forces you to wound him. You may even, through your wisdom, — your patience and understanding and love, — be able to preserve at once the family unity and the approval of your own conscience. But it cannot be denied that your path is beset with difficulties and dangers. You cannot hope to see very far ahead; you must be content to follow that inner light which illumines, as a rule, but one step at a time. Only be sure that it *will* illumine that one step: then you have nothing to fear.

You will, necessarily, do what you can to save your children from the influence of ideas and teachings which you believe to be disastrous to patriotism, and to the proper development of character. No rule for thus saving them can possibly be laid down; like every other great test, or great crisis, this one cannot be compassed by mere generalities. It calls for every attribute of character, every atom of courage, every ray of wisdom, that you may possess or can achieve. Doubtless, in most cases, unswerving patience and sympathy, combined with unswerving loyalty to the inner conviction, would avert the uttermost disaster — which, be assured, is not that which has befallen me and my children. No: that

is the undermining of patriotism and sense of right in the sons and daughters of America.

And whether you oppose your husband's teachings in his presence or in his absence, with wise moderation or with flashing impulse, he will realize and resent your opposition. That is inevitable. His sympathetic counselor has become his critic, his opponent. There is no situation more bitter to a husband.

In this guarding of your children's ideas you must, whatever the result, strive unceasingly for what you hold to be the right. As far as your home is concerned, your husband's love, you may win — or you may lose. But even for you who lose there is a great consolation. It is the same consolation as that of the fallen soldier on the field of battle. Your struggle has been as hard as his, your wounds are more anguished and more enduring; there waits for you the healing of no quiet hospital — nor oblivion. But you have done your bit. And — a thought to assuage all pain and rejoice the heart — you may even have served your country.

For your sons and daughters are the sons and daughters of America — never, for a single moment, forget that. Whichever way the battle goes for you, they will feel your innermost loyalty, your fealty to the right. They cannot fail to be influenced. When they are with you, they are with these things. You are helping to weld this dear country into an indissoluble entity; you are constantly knitting together the raveled edges of her vesture.

So be of good cheer. You have saved your soul alive; that is worth all you have endured or shall endure. Remember, when Mr. Britling *sees it through*, he comes out to God. And you, also, will come out to God.

THE ASSAULT ON HUMANISM

BY PAUL SHOREY

I

Not to us first have the things of beauty seemed fair, the sore-tried humanist murmurs after Theocritus. But Tennyson's adaptation is more pertinent to the present purpose:—

Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past,—

not only we blaspheme the divinity
that we lack eyes to discern.

Es wird nichts so schön gemacht
Es kommt einer der's veracht!

There were brave men living before Agamemnon, and educational reformers who had the courage of their insensibilities before Mr. Flexner. He stands in the momentary limelight, the transient American embodiment of a recurrent type, exhibiting as the first pledges of a new science of education the iconoclasm of Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, and the arguments against Latin of the chapter on Education in the fourth Discourse of Helvetius's *De l'Esprit*.

Education—what it is, in contrast to what it might be—has always seemed to impatient revolutionaries a no less unsatisfactory and bungling makeshift than marriage, government, the distribution of property, or life itself. And the emphasis of his irresponsible denunciation has often convinced naïve disciples that the protestant is divinely commissioned to administer a new school system for the creation of a new heaven and a new earth.

An excellent subject for a monograph of the pedagogical seminar would be a comparative historical study of the psychology of the projectors and enthusiasts, the expositors of Great Didactics, and exploiters of Gertrudes teaching their children, and institutors of Senhusian schools who have proclaimed this gospel of educational 'reformation without tarrying for any.'

A specialist in the psychology of advertising would be needed to appreciate the unconscious policy that attracts attention by paradoxes and exaggerations which are compromised and attenuated in practice when the object has been attained. The philosopher of history would then remind the disdainful humanist that these crudities are inseparable from the wasteful process of human evolution, and that the final outcome of agitation is sometimes a good unforeseen by the agitator. And the conclusion of the whole matter would be that sage return of Plato upon himself: 'Ah, dear Glaucon, do not affirm that the curriculum which we have prescribed for our guardians is the best possible education. But only that they must have the best, whatever it is, if they are to have the chief thing needful.'

To return to Mr. Flexner—the bookish student of recent modernist manifestoes experiences that odd sense of 'been there before' so entertainingly discussed by the Autocrat and attributed by the new psychology to some weakness or defect of 'stoic tension' in

the brain. 'If this lad comes to my school,' says the Platonic sophist in effect, 'I will not afflict the spirit of youth in him and corrupt his intelligence with useless studies as other educators do, but teach him the art of life and how to rule his house and the city.' — 'For this reason,' said the Arbiter of Elegancies, Petronius, 'do our boys become so stupid in the schools, because they learn nothing that pertains to real life.' — 'There's Aristotle,' cries Sir John Daw in *The Silent Woman*, 'a mere commonplace fellow; Plato a discourser; Thucydides and Livy tedious and dry.' — 'What do you think of the poets, Sir John?' inquires Clerimont. — 'Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious prolix ass, talks of curriers and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land and bees; Horace, of I know not what.' — 'I think so,' is Clerimont's comment.

Campanella's *City of the Sun* anticipates, so far as the undeveloped science of his day allowed, moving-picture education and the California millionaire who proposes to teach real geography on a playground-landscape-garden map of the world on Mercator's Projection, costing what only a millionaire could afford. All studies and sciences are painted on the circuit walls of Campanella's Utopia in an admirable manner. The boys move, not the pictures. 'Before the third year the boys learn the language and the alphabet on the wall by walking around them. . . . There are magistrates who announce the meaning of the pictures, and boys are accustomed to learn all the sciences without toil and as if for pleasure . . . until they are ten years old.'

It would please President Eliot to hear that 'In order to find out the bent of the genius of each one, after the seventh year they take them to the

readings of all the sciences. There are four lectures . . . and in the course of four hours the four in their order explain everything.'

The result, as was to be expected, is that 'The sciences are taught with a facility . . . by which more scholars are turned out by us in one year than by you in ten or fifteen years.' This is because 'Not too much care is given to the cultivation of languages . . . for such knowledge requires much servile labor and memory work, so that a man is rendered unskillful since he has contemplated nothing but the words of books.'

In the classic age of Louis XIV the *salon* philosopher, Antoine de Lamotte, undertook to shake off the yoke of opinion and authority and 'evaluate' anew all traditional literature and time-honored studies. He achieved a success of scandal by rewriting Homer as Homer ought to have written. He also sustained the theses that dead languages cannot form the living mind, that modern literature is superior to the literature of Greece and Rome, and that translations are 'equally as good' as the originals.

Some hundred years later Rousseau thinks that the world will be surprised to learn that 'I count the study of languages among the inutilities of education'; and Turgot denounces the pedantry and the tyranny of the school-room in terms strangely familiar to recent readers of the *Atlantic* and the *New Republic*. 'They begin by . . . stuffing into the heads of children a crowd of the most abstract ideas. Those whom nature in her variety summons to her by all her objects, we fasten up in single spots, we occupy them on words which cannot convey any sense to them.'

This is not Mr. Flexner complaining that the 'preparatory school . . . uses words . . . not primarily to transmit a

meaning'; or that 'children with a turn for the woods' are chained in the dungeons of discipline; it is not Professor O'Shea establishing the foundations of 'dynamic education' on the scientific principle that 'the mind grows but slowly and imperfectly' in 'a seat fastened to the floor'; it is not the Pindaric audacity of Mr. Wells's lament that his school offered no key to the vortex of gigantic forces about him in London; it is not Mr. Randolph Bourne explaining how the Wirt plan aims at nothing less distractingly comprehensive than that 'the child should have every day, in some form or other, contact with all the different activities which influence a well-rounded human being'; it is not Miss Rebecca West denouncing the failure of middle-aged maiden-lady tutors to kindle the fire that in her heart resides, and hissing with Blanche Amory, '*il me faut des émotions*.' It is a philosopher of that eighteenth century to which we owe that reactionary document, the Constitution of the United States.

Nor is there anything new to be said in serious or satirical comment on these pronouncements. '*Pertinax res barbaries est fateor*,' says old Simon Grynaeus in the preface to the Lyons Plato of 1548. Pope's distich is still a sufficient reply to the unreal conventional *cliché* that the study of good literature in the classroom only engenders a lifelong distaste for it:—

Or damn all Shakespeare like the affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

The unprejudiced invalidation of time-honored subjects of study was undertaken two centuries in advance of the modernist school by the tutor and family council of Voltaire's Marquis. It was decided, to begin with, that the young Marquis should not waste his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. 'I

wish my son to be a wit,' said his mother, 'that he may make a figure in the world.' And if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? But what was he to learn? 'The minds of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge. . . . At length, after reviewing the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that the young Marquis should learn to dance.' There is as much soul in the singing and drill at Hampton as in the Latin grammar of the preparatory school.

These anticipations of Mr. Flexner's ideas are no disproof of their validity. I merely wish to contemplate his magnified contemporaneity, if not *sub specie aeternitatis*, where all finite notabilities dwindle, at least in that larger historical perspective which he disdains but which brings me consolation.

If argument were identical with what a former editor of the *Atlantic* called the 'readable proposition,' my task would be much simplified. I should without further preface or apology assail in mood and figure the logic of Mr. Flexner and President Eliot, and enter a demurrer which would dispense me from all substantive pleading.

I do not refer primarily to those lamentable irrelevancies with which President Eliot expands the little that he has to say on the main theme. The horrible obsession of the world-war is the King Charles's Head of nearly all contemporaneous disquisition. To President Eliot the lesson of the war is the confirmation of Herbert Spencer's philosophy of education: it shows that 'science is the knowledge best worth having'—for the manufacture of high explosives and the construction of Zeppelins and submarines? No. 'To make possible the secure civilization based on justice, the *sanc-tity of contracts* [*italics mine*] and good-

will.' This may pair off with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's prophecy in *Harper's Weekly*, that after the war the European nations will abolish Greek and Latin, 'and appoint a big kindly man as professor of morals to go in and out among the boys.'

Similarly it would appear that there is no effective body of educated opinion that makes a man of Mr. Flexner's prominence shrink from arguing that the very conception of mental discipline is annulled by the existence of clever boys who find 'hard' studies comparatively easy; or that the acceptance by some colleges of preparatory Latin as an indispensable minimum is a virtual admission that Latin is not needed at all for a college education.

But these irrelevant *obiter dicta* are not of serious import to the main argument; and my demurrer to the logic relates rather to methods which Mr. Flexner and President Eliot have in common with each other and with many assailants of classical studies — the shifting of the issue from one kind or grade of education to another; the fallacy of assigning one cause for infinitely complex phenomena; the postulate of an 'absolute either-or' where no such alternative confronts us; the statement of the opponent's case in its feeblest form; exploiting the equivocation of 'utility,' 'practical,' 'discipline,' 'science,' 'culture,' and other ambiguous terms; the substitution of prophecy, or unsubstantiated assertion, for fact.

These procedures may pass muster in the smooth course of 'the readable proposition'; they could not endure the test of an old-fashioned disputation.

That liberal, progressive, scientific thinker and cautious speaker, John Stuart Mill, says, with discriminating precision, that 'The greater classics are compositions which from the altered conditions of human life are likely to

be seldom paralleled in their sustained excellence by the times to come.' The intrinsic worth of classic literature is not the theme of this paper, and I shall not attempt to confirm Mill's dictum by elaborate argument. But if it happened to be true, it would be a fact for a rational philosophy of education to take into the account.

Our need for the study of Latin cannot be deduced from the eternal order of nature, like physics and chemistry. It is not even coextensive with our globe, like geology. I should not advise a Chinese or Japanese boy to study Latin. He needs all his linguistic memory for other purposes. Some trenchant rhetoric of Macaulay often misquoted in this debate was designed only to enforce the contention that for the education of young Hindoos English is on the whole the most available alien language and literature.

It is quite true that with the lengthening of the interval that divides us from the renaissance and from Rome, the *relative* significance of Latin for us tends to diminish. The time may come when Latin will concern us as little as it does the Chinese, not to speak of the Martians. I do not think it is coming in the next fifty years. About 1770, advanced thinkers exulted in the belief that their arguments had banished the classical superstition forever. In fact, they were on the eve of a great revival of Hellenism. It would have amazed Kant to be told that within fifty years — that is, in 1820 — Greek would be a leading study in all the Gymnasias of Germany. As my old teacher James Russell Lowell used to say, I have seen too many spirits of the age to be afraid of this one.

Meanwhile, the broad reasons why your boy should certainly study Latin if he is going to college, and probably if he is going to complete a high-school course, are not difficult to discover. It

is because he inherits largely by way of France and England the institutional and literary tradition of Greco-Roman civilization, and because he speaks a language whose higher vocabulary is almost wholly Latin and which was broken in and fashioned to literary uses and the expression of abstract ideas by men who not only read but wrote Latin. 'You no sooner begin to philosophize things,' says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, 'than you must go to the Mediterranean languages.'

This, with some qualifications and reserves, is in a lesser degree true also of German. French is, as a majority of the leading French critics have argued in this controversy, essentially a form of Latin. But there is a peculiar necessity that an educated English speaker should know at least enough Latin to give him some conception of its relation to English. Our philosophical German friends and critics tell us that English lacks the beautiful organic unity and purity of German, and that the general inferiority of our intelligence is in part due to the fact that the vocabulary for the expression of ideas is not with us, as in German, a natural upgrowth from the roots of sensation and perception, but is grafted onto the language from an alien stock. The structure and the psychology of compound and abstract words is not transparent and intelligible as it is in German. *Undurchdringlichkeit* — to take the classic illustration — is a far more full-bodied abstracter of the quintessence of No Thoroughfare or *Durchgang Verboten*, than 'impenetrability,' 'impermeableness,' or 'impenetrability' ever could become. And *Rücksichtslosigkeit*, as Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain would copiously expound, possesses a flavor and a tang which 'inconsiderateness,' or 'regardlessness,' or 'unscrupulousness' cannot reproduce.

And hence we imperfect English speakers only half understand what we are talking about. There is a horribly ingenious plausibility in this, as in so much philosophical German ratiocination. But there is an element of truth which we may take to heart. Our literary critics have very properly replied that English is in some sort a not inharmonious juxtaposition or fusion of two languages. It is, in respect of its substantive vocabulary, a far more complicated instrument and organ of thought than either German or French. And for this very reason it yields to those who know all its stops effects with which even Greek can hardly vie. Well, most of us are not directly concerned with the final mastery of English for these highest artistic and philosophical ends. But the education of our guiding classes must recognize that, without some clue to this double structure, the normal English speaker will certainly have less intelligence, and probably less practical mastery of his native idiom, than the Frenchman or the German. He will be more exposed to the mental confusion of dimly discerned meanings and imperfectly apprehended relations. The moral is plain.

In defiance of Mr. Flexner's unwarranted admonition that we must rest our case on one argument only, we may supplement this fundamental and elementary consideration by others hardly less so. Some training in the comparative grammar of a synthetic and an analytic language, is an almost indispensable form of mental discipline for the speakers of such a language as ours. And Latin, for *a priori* reasons approved by esteemed psychologists, by virtue of its historic relationships, and also on the evidence of a wide experience, is the best available language for the purpose. What the new pedagogy calls 'content value' is added by

the further consideration that the chief Latin classics — Cicero, Virgil, Livy, Horace — in their lucid rationality and precision, their urbanity, their sanity, their common sense, their humanized and humanizing emancipation from 'primitive foolishness,' parochialism and fanaticism, are singularly well adapted for the initiation of the youthful mind into literature, criticism of life, and the historic sense; and that they have in fact been so used to such an extent that the literature of Europe prior to the year 1900 is unintelligible without them. 'And if in Arkansaw or Texas I should meet a man reading Horace, I were no stranger,' notes Emerson in the ninth volume of his *Journal*.

Lastly, without some preparation in Latin the youth who goes on to college cannot study critically linguistics, philosophy, history, or any Romance language, or any European literature, or anything, in short, except physical science, in which he probably does not wish to specialize, and '*Science mous-seuse*,' which, without critical equipment, will only addle his brains. 'I was thinking,' said Brother Copas to the wild little American, 'that I might start teaching you Latin — it's the only way to find out all that St. Hospital means, including all that it has meant for hundreds of years.'

II

I expect to develop these obvious but indispensable topics in a separate paper. There is no reason why I should interrupt the present argument with this detail. The work has been done. This is not a new question to be debated *in vacuo*.

Indeed, my chief complaint against the assailants of Latin is their inacquaintance with, or their deliberate suppression of, the considerable litera-

ture in which these suggestions are worked out with discriminating specific arguments and concrete illustrations. Some years ago I debated a similar question with President Eliot at the meeting of the Association of American Universities. He paid no attention to my paper at the time, and he now writes in the *Atlantic* in total disregard of the entire literature of the subject. I do not mean merely that he suppresses the bibliography and the mention of names: I mean that he neglects distinctions that have been pertinently drawn, ignores challenges that have been presented again and again, and reiterates without qualification fallacies that have repeatedly been exploded. In this President Eliot conforms to the general practice or policy of opponents of Latin and writers on pedagogy. They either have not read the literature which they controvert, or they intentionally ignore it. They do not inform their readers of its existence, and they do not even tacitly amend their own arguments to meet its specific contentions. In controversy this is what Lincoln called 'bushwhacking.' In the authors of textbooks of the science or the history of education it is the abandonment of the scientific for the frankly partisan attitude.

The third volume of Professor Grave's *History of Education* emphasizes throughout Herbert Spencer's well-known essay and quotes considerable passages from it and from Huxley. It does not mention any of the replies to these arguments. There is no reference to John Stuart Mill's inaugural address, to Matthew Arnold's lectures in America, to Jebb, Gildersleeve, and the long line of writers who have ridiculed the arguments of Spencer, and have pointed out the very special conditions that determined Huxley's attitude and that limit the application of

his satire. There is no hint of the fact that among the advocates of classical studies have been nearly all the great critics of the nineteenth century, from Goethe, Coleridge and Sainte-Beuve to Brunetière, Anatole France, Lemaitre, Faguet, Doumic, Lowell, and Arnold. And that these writers have given definite reasons for their faith.

Professor Grave's book is only a typical and rather moderate example of the prevailing practice of modernists and professors of pedagogy — in their books, as I know; in their classrooms, as I am informed. They not only argue as partisans against the Classics but they systematically suppress both the arguments and the bibliography of the case for the Classics. Mr. Flexner, for example, takes for granted, as needing no qualification by distinctions, that catchword of the new pedagogy in every age — the crude absolute antithesis between the study of words and the study of things. 'Things,' says Plato in an abbreviated but fair summary, 'fall into two classes. Some things have sensible likenesses easy to apprehend. These you can point out and so teach them readily without trouble and the use of language. But the greatest and most precious things have no outward image of themselves visible to man, to which the teacher can lightly point and so satisfy the soul of the inquirer. Therefore we must train and discipline our minds to render and receive an account of them in words. For it can be done in no other way.'

Plato is a primitive thinker suspect of mystical realism, and that authority will not impress Mr. Flexner. Let him then weigh and answer what (to select a few names at random) Coleridge, Ruskin, Mill, Lloyd-Morgan, Croce, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch have said about this precious opposition between words and things. We shall then cheer-

fully continue the discussion. Till then we are absolved.

Similarly, Mr. Flexner dismisses the service of Latin studies to English style with the cavalier averment, 'No evidence has ever been offered.' But quite apart from the many detailed and discriminating discussions of the question in the literature of Apology for the Classics, there is the consentient present-day testimony of many of the leading professors of English and modern languages, as provisionally presented with particularizing argument and illustration in the pamphlets of Professors Gayley, Sherman, Grandgent, Lane Cooper, and in the lectures on the art of writing by the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. We do not ask Mr. Flexner to submit his judgment to these authorities, or to their reasons, if he can answer them. It is the method of debate that ignores them (the arguments not the names) to which we demur. The subject is still open for any fresh considerations which Mr. Flexner has to present. But his dictum that no evidence has ever been offered is not argument, but a petulant ebullition of feeling.

It follows that, in the present state of the question, the principal effort of the classicist who aims at argument rather than eloquence must be to shame his opponents from their unfair tactics, their neglect of the evidence, their preposterous logic, and to urge the educated public to examine the matter for themselves. He must wearily repeat his old list of 'must nots' and 'don'ts.' You must not shift the issue by talking about democracy and the masses, and industrial education, and Booker Washington at Tuskegee, and Madame Montessori. That is a mere subterfuge. We are speaking of non-vocational high-school and collegiate education. You must not urge that

'they don't get Latin,' that Latin is badly taught and imperfectly remembered, unless you can show that other subjects are always effectively taught and not forgotten. And also, unless you confess that the unrest and the unsettlement which you yourselves have introduced into American education is a chief cause of the lack of conviction with which most definite or difficult subjects are taught and studied to-day.

You must not talk as most of you do about eight, ten, or twelve years of Latin study without result, for that is an unscrupulous exaggeration. You must not misquote and apply to totally different conditions the satire of English writers aimed at schools in which practically nothing was taught except the writing of Latin verse.

You must not argue that, because Latin is comparatively less important to us than it was to the Renaissance, it is therefore of little or no significance. For, if you have ever studied elementary logic, you know the name for that kind of reasoning. You must not regard a demagogic sneer at culture as an argument, for culture is a harmless necessary word that serves as well as another to designate if not to describe a persistent though not easily definable ideal — the thing, let us say, that a Latinless generation of graduates will presumably lack.

You must not say, as President Eliot again repeats, that modern literature is not inferior to the Classics. That is a consolation for those who cannot have both. But our contention is precisely that the boy who goes to college or even through the high school will understand modern literature better for knowing even a little Latin. There is no real incompatibility between knowing Latin and acquaintance with modern literature. The professors of Classics would cheerfully

stand a competitive examination on modern literature with the professional modernists at any time.

You must not argue that Latin is useless, without discriminating the various meanings of utility, the higher and lower utility, the immediate and remote utility, direct and indirect — and unless you are prepared also to abolish for high school and college students all studies that are useless in the precise sense in which the term applies to Latin. You must not tell the public that the science of psychology has disproved mental discipline in general, or the specific value of the discipline of analytic language study in particular. For if you are a competent psychologist you know that it is false. And to sum up and conclude these negative commandments, you ought not to divert the minds of your pupils, your readers, your audiences, from the real issue, by rhetorical appeals either to prejudice or to pseudo-science.

By the appeal to prejudice I mean such things as the perpetual insinuation that classical studies are aristocratic, undemocratic, supercilious, arrogant, narrowly exclusive, and unappreciative of modern excellence. Democracy has nothing to do with the matter; and it is a shameless fallacy to introduce the word into the discussion at all. There is no connection between the equality of men before the law and the attempt to equalize the educational value of all subjects for all purposes. Any kind of knowledge may puff up some kinds of men, and to triumph over your neighbor because he happens not to know the things you know best, is not an amiable trait of human nature. The perpetual defensive against unfair attack may lend a touch of acerbity to the speech of some advocates of the Classics. But classical teachers of to-day, as a whole, are, as they have to be, a rather meek and meeching set.

The successful practical man hires his chemists and physicists as he may hire a classical tutor for his son or for his university; and he is not in the least prejudiced against the study of chemistry and physics by the suspicion that the associate professor of chemistry,

who has a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, secretly regards him as an ignoramus.

(*Professor Shorey will continue his theme in the July Atlantic.* — THE EDITORS.)

ON SCHOOLGIRLS

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

Boys get more than their fair share of attention; for up to these happier days the advent of the man child has been accepted as the climax of joyous arrival. Girls have been less considered. Even the psychologists have not revealed all the secrets of girlhood. So the father, uncle, bachelor cousin, or new-fledged schoolmaster, who suddenly finds the girl a subject of absorbing interest, does not know how to eke out the scanty knowledge he gathers from his own observations. When this object of absorbing interest reaches the age of eight, the difficulties of the analyst multiply; for then girls go different ways. Most girls go to school; some of them are taught at home; and in Catholic countries not a few are bred at a convent. The convent-bred girl is in the main beyond the boundaries of our American experience; while the home-bred girl is usually a sort of experiment, dependent upon out-of-the-way circumstances, and adds little to our general knowledge.

Of all girls bred at home, Miranda is the fairest flower. In her Shakespeare's

genius reveals itself in its most exquisite delicacy; here he has dipped his brush in the dews of the morning, when they reflect, not the rosy-red and gold of Aurora, but the radiant essence of light in its fresh virginal candor. Miranda is the daybreak of maidenhood. In delineating her character Shakespeare must have remembered his own break-of-day thoughts when he first saw Anne Hathaway look forth from her cottage window, and how he drank deep of that blithe air, with his boyish confidence in a brave, beautiful, unspotted world. Miranda was educated at home. It may seem pedantic, — Ferdinand was probably pedantic in reckoning up Miranda's perfections, — but I have taken the trouble to count somewhat roughly the number of words she speaks. They are some nine hundred and sixty: about three pages of an ordinary book. There is a lesson! A maid may be bred at home, by her father, not speak above a thousand words, and those all poetry, and the world of men will adore her: 'Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration!' She did not go out into the world, establishing temperance restau-

rants for Stephano and Trinculo, horticultural societies to teach Caliban how to garden, or associations for the promulgation of physiological secrecies. She lived in her father's cell, and yet, like a lighthouse, she renders the narrow channel through the shoals where the Sirens dwell, a path of light and safety for many a 'Tempest'-reading young mariner.

But girls bred in a convent and girls bred at home are not like most schoolgirls; and, if we are after a knowledge of the schoolgirl, studying the ways and dispositions of convent-bred girls and home-bred girls will not help us. Miranda was an open book to Prospero; the girl in a convent may be thoroughly known to the abbess and to the father confessor; but who knows the schoolgirl? The convent system has been elaborately devised by a long line of deep-thinking churchmen for the very purpose of making girls understandable, of shaping their minds and hearts, so that abbesses and father confessors shall be able to classify them readily into genera and species. But our school system has not aimed to make schoolgirls intelligible. It aims at many things, but not at that. The schoolgirl is a type of her own, and somewhat of an enigma.

I had a friend once whom the chances of life threw for a time into sudden acquaintance with schoolgirls. He wished to make conscientious preparation for the intimacy. He inquired distractedly for some book that might help him. Why had not Herr Baedeker prepared a winter's trip in this unguided region? It was a momentous adventure and very bewildering. He had some experience of men, women, boys, and little children, but none of girls, and the prospect of this intimacy rose before him like the prospect of a journey in the Arabian Nights. He betook himself to novels in search of in-

formation; but novels are useless — they rarely take up a girl's life until past the age interesting to him. Becky Sharp's stay at Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies merely served to show that Thackeray had been nonplussed by the riddle. Novelists fight shy of girlhood; it is a world still uncharted. The child, the poet says, is father to the man; but a little girl is not the mother of the schoolgirl, nor is the débutante the schoolgirl's daughter. There is no such sequence of relations. The impulses, emotions, thoughts, acts, of a schoolgirl issue from some undiscovered source, mysteriously disobedient to ordinary human procedure; very much as the molecules of a vivacious gas snap their fingers at the law of gravitation.

No wonder novelists keep away. Scott never mentions a schoolgirl. Imagine Thomas Hardy fashioning a schoolgirl out of Wessex clay, or George Meredith venturing to describe Diana of the Crossways in those early years. Arnold Bennett would have created a little miniature old wife, as Van Eyck and Memling paint babies like miniature old men. H. G. Wells would depict her as incipient temptation to lead Mr. Britling, for instance, into one of a dozen romantic adventures. Galsworthy would try to fit her into an ethical system, into a niche of social justice or matrimonial ventures. Mr. Howells, one may imagine, might have essayed the task; but he would have tried to meet the difficulty of getting the right values — as a painter dabs blues on yellows to make a green — by adding to a primness, reminiscent of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a few delicate hoydenish touches. As there is no such thing as a schoolgirl on the Continent, French and Italian novelists do not mention her. Indeed the schoolgirl, as we see her, is an American product and modern. Had his perturbation permitted

my adventurous friend to remember this, he would have been spared rum-maging through classical novels.

II

The first step in understanding a schoolgirl is to cut loose from all preconceived ideas concerning little girls on the one hand and young ladies on the other. There are, as I have said, no causal relations to be found there. The schoolgirl's character does not proceed from her character as a little girl; it is the creation of inner forces that express themselves virtually unaffected by earlier experiences. After the lapse of a few years she will grow into a woman; but there again her womanly character will not spring from her schoolgirl character, or but in a minor degree; the earlier and later periods of a girl's life depend no doubt upon her individual experiences, but the schoolgirl period is of a different order. To understand a girl at that stage one must take a different path.

My adventurous friend, after vainly seeking information from novels, from books on adolescence and pedagogy, then questioned parents as to their own daughters. This, he found, was the maddest plan. To parents the schoolgirl is a daughter, a member of the family, an ethical, social creature, and to be treated as such; she is to be stuffed with certain kinds of information got from books, and to be limbered into a certain physical and mental dexterity. They wish her either to learn from what they deem their successes and become like themselves, or to learn from their failures and in such respects to be unlike themselves. They remember what used to be taught young girls thirty years ago; and although they endeavor to make allowance for the changes that go with time,—physiology they know has superseded the

piano, and deportment has given way to basketball,—still they see, in their mind's eye, the girl at the end of her school life behaving as her mother would now behave if a weight of years were suddenly to be lifted away. They have no idea of a schoolgirl; they know 'our daughter Emily,' or 'our daughter Jane'—girls more or less satisfactory, but not the two schoolgirls who call them father and mother. Moreover, parents are always agitated and emotional about their daughters; some are proud, some are tremulous, but none are judicial. Parents were of no greater use than novelists as a source of information.

The next step was to consult teachers; but most women teachers had accepted so completely, in all its manifestations, the prevailing theory of the emancipation of women, and were so occupied with the business of assimilating opportunities and duties, so concerned with their function of codifying and imposing the gifts of liberty, that they bothered themselves but little with the actual character of a schoolgirl. To them she was a prospective citizen.

My acquaintance had nothing to do but put his hands in his pockets and think, starting from some clue other than those offered by novelist, parent, or schoolma'am. He pondered over the problem. The problem of a school evidently was to superintend girls during the six or seven years of the awkward age, when home confesses itself inadequate, and keep them occupied. The age of the girl was of the essence of the problem. But a girl at home and a girl at school are two very different things; it was therefore obvious that School itself—the gathering together at appointed hours, studying together, reciting together, walking through corridors and up and down stairs together, the special facilities for giggles, and so

forth — counted, and counted heavily. Mob psychology had something to tell. But behind all was the staring fact that the schoolgirl had little or nothing in common with the girl she had been at home in earlier years, or the young woman she would be a little later. Such a breach of psychological and physiological concatenations implied a non-human element. The schoolmaster adventurer bethought himself of ghosts (a foolish thought), and then of all he had ever read about fairies, pixies, elves, naiads, dryads, bacchantes, Pan.

The opening day came. The adventurer was unprepared, and was doing his best to make a virtue of unpreparedness. It was scientific to approach facts with no preliminary theory, to avoid wronging them on first acquaintance by a twist this way or that. The school assembled; the girls came in. They were talking, laughing, whispering, giggling, humming, murmuring, making all noises, from articulate speech to the rustle of long grasses on an upland by the sea. They walked, some decorously, some sedately, some quickly, some hurriedly, some tripping and skipping, one after the other, or two together arm-in-arm, at times three or even four trying to walk abreast in a space barely comfortable for two — swaying and wavering this way and that way, like ripples swept round a corner by a swift tide. The adventurer felt eyes upon him, as if he had entered unbidden into a fairy wood. He remembered Actæon, then Bottom the Weaver; the latter analogy seemed more appropriate, and instinctively he clapped his hands to his ears.

The bell rang. Somebody said something about prayers. Round his head the adventurer seemed to hear the hovering wings of Cobweb, Peaseblossom, Mustardseed, and Moth, evidently spiritual emanations from the assembled school: 'Hail, mortal, hail!' The

fairies questioned him all at once (more from curiosity, it seemed, than from a wish to mark him for an intruder), as to how he happened to be there. Had he lost his way, had he fed on honeydew or drunk the milk of paradise; had he listened to the whippoorwill or followed a will-o'-the-wisp? They were all solicitude. The adventurer looked up out of what should have been his prayers: more and more eyes seemed to be fixed on him. They say in the country that if you make a habit of looking for four-leaved clovers you will find them everywhere; this may be a saying with a moral. The adventurer felt that he was surrounded by four-leaved clovers; that good luck was lurking all about, looking furtively out of black eyes, brown eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes; good luck whispering in rustles and noises like the woodland noises made by little pattering, nimble, fugitive creatures. He had been right: there was an element of the fairy in the schoolgirl. He seemed to hear himself ask, —

'How now, spirits! Whither wander you?'

and their answer, —

'Over desk, over stool,
Thorough room, thorough study,
Throughout all this spinster school,
Wander we, a fairy body';

then another voice, —

'The School doth keep its revels here to-day.'

There was no doubt about it, the non-human element in the schoolgirl was fairy. After the bell had rung and the girls had marched out sedately, as if the Bible had exorcised all elfin influences, he wondered that this fact had not been discovered before. Preconceived theories had blindfolded the adult world. The girls were well aware that something, unknown of adults, animated them. The adventurer perceived that the school itself — curriculum, desks, blackboards — was but the

bed of a mountain brook, rough, rocky, irregular, the product of past forces, bare and pebbled; and then, when the wizard hidden in the clock struck the magic number nine, some dam gave way, and the waters came tumbling down, foaming, bubbling, tossing, falling, chattering, laughing, bounding, each drop leaping out into the sunshine to flash in rainbow hues, and then tumble into the quiet gray-green pool below, where, after the verses from the Bible were read, the still waters made believe that they had never foamed or gurgled in their lives.

Certainly there was a fairy element in the schoolgirl. An acquaintance with individual girls confirmed the hypothesis; they moved and spoke and smiled quite beyond the power of mere mortals. Anybody versed in fairy lore could have discovered it from the mere motions of their fingers. The fairy within is very shy: it tries to conceal its identity. It bewitches a girl to bite her nails, munch lead pencils; it bobs her head, it tosses back her hair, it makes her wriggle and shuffle; it makes her seem to be all feet and hands. Naturally the fairy within has been hard to find, but from the earliest generations the old and crotchety have sought to find it.

It was a curious prejudice of the Jewish religion — for in this respect early Christianity was purely Jewish — to confound fairies with idols and heathendom generally. Perhaps this was because of the narrow illiberality of the Jewish religion, perhaps because the people of the Old Testament cared so little for children. One gets the impression that Elisha and the she-bears were typical of the self-respecting, orthodox Jew of those days. The miracle of the New Testament was to denounce all such respectability. The most eloquent passage to persuade men to desire to be good and go to

Heaven, in all the Christian oratory of the world, is the speech of Jesus, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven,
And blood have defiled each creed;
If of such be the Kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed.

There seems, at first sight at least, to be some relationship between the fairy spirit in the schoolgirl and the Kingdom-of-Heavenly spirit in the little child.

After the first recitation, belief in this fairy spirit became a conviction. The mind of a schoolgirl does not proceed like the mind of an adult; it imitates the motions of a grasshopper. It sings in the summer, it dances in the winter, it transforms values, it doubts axioms, it is dogmatic upon impossibilities or what seem such to the adult mind, it compresses dreams into a creed, it has intuitions like the flash of an electric candle, or it plays the bat, shuts its eyes tight in broad daylight, folds its wings, hooks on to any convenient excuse, and goes fast asleep. The hypothesis passed out of the realm of theory — where Darwinism and Mendel's law hopelessly linger — into the realm of established fact.

III

A longer experience, however, rendered it less certain that the fairy element, although there beyond all cavil, did really come direct from heaven. At times it almost seemed to the adventurer that the Christian fathers were right, and that the fairy element — whether in naiad, dryad, sea-goddess, water-nymph, or schoolgirl — bears a close similarity to powers that manifest themselves in less attractive ways. If matter is indestructible, certainly spiritual force is indestructible, and

that same unknown power that revealed itself in Puck, in Pan, or hama-dryad, to children wandering in Attic groves at dusk, and in more wayward humor to the misogynist hermits of the Thebaïd, must be somewhere about to-day. Forces persist; names and definitions change. Ares and Aphrodite — call them sociological complexes if you prefer — are as potent as ever, and Æolus, with or without any intelligible reason, lets loose the winds of heaven.

There must be a curious learning in following old gods, old customs, old words, down their labyrinthine course through twenty centuries. The Christian fathers did their best to exorcise these manifestations of evil with prayers, holy water, and ceremonies perilously similar to heathen incantations; later, priests expelled them with bell, book, and candle. There were many ingenious devices to keep off evil spirits. Ghosts fled at the crowing of the cock; so did Robin Goodfellow. The sign of the cross was a familiar remedy. The White Lady of Avenel was made harmless by a sprig of holly. As time went on, the rites of exorcism became more sophisticated. Fasting, prayer, vigils, holy thoughts, pious practices, were gradually, especially in the hands of Jesuits, formulated, scheduled, refined, and converted into what is hardly more than training the character. As the powers of good have been reduced to social impulses, so the powers of evil have been degraded from demons to appetites, and fairies from their high elfin estate to inferiorities in attention, memory, or association of ideas. Forces persist, definitions change; our inability to comprehend a force makes us very high-handed with its name. As names and definitions for these fairies or evil spirits have changed, there has been for the most part a corresponding change in the rites of exorcism; but in

one particular these rites exhibit a special and peculiar continuity.

The fairy element in the schoolgirl was recognized, of course, in early days; and as education was in the hands of the priests, it became part of the priestly function to exorcise that element. The priests handled — if I may use the term — instruction, the confessional, homilies, exhortations, and exorcisms. Naturally some confusion arose in these ministrations. So far as the girls were concerned, it made no difference whether instruction, homilies, and exorcisms, when administered in a lump, were to discipline the character, train the mind, cultivate the memory, or banish the fairy spirit, or to do all at once. But this confusion wrought havoc with the theory of education. The consequence is that rites which were originally part of an exorcising ceremony have now taken their place in the regular school curriculum.

The good old priests, finding a girl flighty, inattentive, forgetful, or benumbed by her lessons, resorted to exorcism. Just what should be the proper charms, unless divine grace should condescend to reveal them, had to be found out by experience. Experience showed that the fairy or evil spirit, whichever it might be, was most distressed by algebra and grammar. A girl untenanted by an evil spirit was docile, eager at her books, diligent, attentive, punctual, tidy; such a girl accepted algebra and grammar as she did bread, butter, and junket. The inference was that these potent charms had either expelled the evil spirit or kept it away; holy water had not proved half so efficacious. But if, during the ritual of algebra or grammar, the girl's mind wandered, if she began to yawn and blink, if she answered at random and kept repeating, 'I don't follow,' 'I forget,' 'I don't know,' that was a sure sign that there was an indwelling spirit sorely vexed by

the charm. So algebra and grammar were applied with renewed vigor; and, as I have said, by a confusion of ideas they were transferred from the shelf of exorcisms to the shelves of schoolbooks.

The objection to these spells or studies is that they do not really perform their function; they do not exorcise. They are tests, no one doubts, of the presence of an evil or fairy spirit; for where there is no fairy spirit they are welcome, and where there is a fairy spirit they are not welcome. The old explanation, *juxta hoc ergo propter hoc*, was erroneous, the bald fact being that a girl without any elfin qualities took kindly to algebra and grammar, while the girl cursed or blessed with them did not. This employment of algebra and grammar in the education of the young should occupy our antiquarians, and, when explained by their learning, would shed much light on human development. In the meantime I can only hazard guesses. Algebra was probably seized on by a monkish priesthood as the best simple study that dealt with the abstract, for the power of abstraction lies at the base of the art of contemplation; and it was hoped that, by a devout concentration on the abstract, — x or y , or beauty or infinity, — the novice would gradually learn to become a contemplative. Grammar probably obtained its hold by analogy. Grammar is the patient, obsequious process of observing how men who write books that please make their paragraphs, sentences, clauses, and punctuation, and of noting down and codifying such observations; this process bears a marked analogy to the necromancer's habit of culling simples and squeezing their juices into a concoction believed efficacious to expel tormenting spirits.

The melancholy aspect of this is that the difference of opinion between persons who desire to continue to use these

exorcising studies and persons who do not, comes down, not to a theory of training the intelligence, disciplining the character, cultivating the memory, but to a matter of taste. Some like the fairy element in schoolgirls; others (and most teachers range themselves in this camp) do not. Teachers are a busy, overworked body; they do not like to have Ariel misguide them this way or that, or Puck indulge in tomfoolery at their expense. Who can blame them?

George Sand, in her *Histoire de ma Vie*, tells of the rather simple plan by which one of her schoolfellows at the convent, according to her own account, managed to leave the schoolroom without resorting to fibs or specious pretexts. Hers was a nobler way, but hurried teachers may be excused for not being primarily affected by its nobler aspect. The girl said, 'I go out, I come back. They ask questions, I don't answer. They punish me, I don't care, and I do just what I like.'

GEORGE SAND. — That would suit me.

MARY. — Will you be one of the Imps then?

GEORGE SAND. — I should like to be.

MARY. — As much of one as me?

GEORGE SAND. — Just as much.

MARY. — It's a bargain.

GEORGE SAND. — How many *diables* (imps) are there in the class?

MARY. — Not many just at present. There's Isabelle, Sophie, and us two. All the others are *bêtes* or *sages*.

Teachers are usually nervous, undernourished, overconscientious, and naturally prefer stupid and goody-goodies — *bêtes* and *sages* — to girls possessed of an impish spirit; it was inevitable that any study whose roots lie in exorcism should be cherished and preserved.

To those, on the other hand (and there are some teachers here, too), who

like the fairy element, that element is most delightful. It suggests to them running waters, odors of carnations blown across beds of forget-me-nots, sunlight on icicles, toys in a toyshop, conserves in a grocer's window, Christmas trees, pulling molasses candy, gathering chestnuts, a gallop on the beach at Santa Barbara, and all the firstlings of spring.

IV

The adventurer felt that in adopting the fairy hypothesis he was on sure ground; but there is something more, as he perceived, in the schoolgirl than the fairy spirit. There must be something that *diables*, *bêtes*, and *sages* possess in common. Their common element is youth; that is the glory of the young, and to have once possessed it is also the glory of the middle-aged and the old.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight.

But once to have been a king is very different from being a king. In this period of dethronement, of crooked eclipse, men grow cynical. They find life insipid, they see no meaning in the daily round — getting-up, shaving, brushing teeth, bath, breakfast, business, luncheon, business, dinner, sleep, getting-up, shaving, brushing teeth, bath. These successions of happenings are like the gyrations of a squirrel's cage — motion, motion, motion, no advance. There is no salt in life. The sense of automatism rises like a miasma, chokes the breath, stifles the nostrils, dulls the brain. Glassy eyes meet glassy eyes. What a preposterous ado about nothing! Heavy weights hold down the feet, heavy weights pull down the hands. The more of noise in life, the greater its emptiness. Kings, captains of industry, leaders of finance, eloquent preach-

ers, cunning politicians, are more senseless than the rest; they too get up, shave, brush teeth, bathe, breakfast, and play the fool like everybody else. They give orders to a thousand men, they influence tens of thousands, they heap up gold, they build palaces, they lay out pleasure-grounds, they bow, nod, smile, and listen to the clapping of a hundred thousand hands: but why do they do these foolish things, why make all these grimaces? To-morrow will light these fools to dusty death.

Left to themselves, the old and middle-aged become cynics, misanthropes, blasphemers. We are all automata, trundled onward steadily, willy-nilly, in the wheelbarrow of Time, to be dumped at last into the pit. What a horror of a world! What a creation of demons! There is no trace of beneficent deity here; it is the doing of Satan and his crew. How got they the power? They must have been preparing their munitions and Krupp factories for æons beforehand; and then, when they rebelled, there must have been terrible fighting in heaven. Milton says, —

Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and
hail
Of iron globes.

The battle could hardly have ended in a victory for heaven. In all histories of wars the historian is affected by patriotic bias, and claims victory for his side. We have never read Belial's narrative of those aerial campaigns. What happened was this. Instead of a fight to a finish, the pacifists in heaven had their way. A treaty of everlasting peace was made. The devils were at liberty to do their devilish will, to create this world, to people it with men

and women, to render flesh heir to every ill that the wantonest imps could devise (and the little imps were amazingly ingenious), and even to set Death in the midst upon a throne, with crown and sceptre. When this stipulation was read out, the peace commissioners for the angels, Michael, Raphael and Uriel, were much criticized in Heaven. Cries of shame rose from various parts of the blessed regions, and the unborn soul of George Washington moved that it be rejected; much better, he said, to renew the war. Raphael said, 'Wait!' and read aloud the next article: 'But it is hereby mutually agreed by and between the High Contracting Powers that the Lord God upon the earth, at such times and places as He shall choose, may create children.' It was true, Raphael admitted, that children in course of time will grow up into men and women and become subject to all the ills of existence, but for a season they shall be children. The speaker was requested to be more explicit and describe to the angels what children were. So the glorious archangel spread his wings for a rood, lifted up his great right hand that showed like lightning arrested in its flash, drew aside the curtain of fate, and revealed to the assembled angels the future of the world. 'There,' he said, 'behold the power of the Lord God!'

All the host of Heaven gazed into the future and beheld the work of the devils — the earth, and men and women walking to and fro, aimless, dejected, sorrowful automata, repeating day by day their inane motions (work, food, sleep, work, food, sleep), — financiers, lawyers, railroad managers, professors, playwrights, carpenters, miners, politicians, robbers, suffragettes, reformers, — all blank, disconsolate, sordid, empty of meaning; and the collective grin of ten thousand demons played like a limelight upon them.

Then of a sudden, sounds as of flutes in a mountain valley when the melted snow trickles to the roots of the may-flowers, sounds of bobolinks meeting and greeting in a Connecticut meadow, sounds of Cimarosa on 'cello and violin, sounds of little stirring creatures in Canadian woods, crackle of twigs under the hoofs of leaping deer, tinkling of waterfalls, ripples on Loch Lomond, song of the nightingale, —

That found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn, —

sounds that had never before been heard in the Kingdom of Heaven, music of voices, of footsteps on the stairs, of babies cooing and creeping, of little girls babbling and laughing, of boys come home from school. And all the angels in heaven held their breath, while down their cheeks trickled tears of joy, and with one accord they all knelt down and worshipped the Lord God; and on earth men and women knelt down and raised their voices in thanksgiving and praise, and worshipped the visible revelation of the goodness of God; and in the depths of hell all the demons fell on their faces and howled aloud to perceive that in spite of all their pains to turn a world or a home into a hell, the Lord God could take one little child and render all their labors vain.

Thus, besides the fairy element in the schoolgirl, there is God's gift of youth, inexpressible, beautiful, glorious, divine. It is for the young that the rest of us live; it is on their motions that we hang; it is for them that we labor, suffer, and endure; it is for them that we flout the ills of life; it is for them that we are blind to death. Youth, — wonderful youth, — so great a gift to possess, so infinitely greater a gift to perceive in boys and girls about you!

But it is not mere youth that the

schoolgirl possesses — she possesses youth in a most wonderful form. No one will say that it is more wonderful than that of the boy passing into manhood; one cannot compare these exceeding glories. 'Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge?' She possesses youth in the form of maidenhood, —

Like the young moon on the horizon's verge
The maid is on the eve of womanhood, —

and her maiden moonlight steeps the world in beauty and romance. It touches that which in the glare of day is common, cheap, vulgar, or shameful, and blesses it.

Chè quando va per via,
Gitta ne' cor villani Amore un gelo,
Per che ogni lor pensiero agghiaccia e père.
E qual soffrisse di starla a vedere
Diverria nobil cosa, o si morria.

For when she passeth by the way,
Into unworthy hearts Love casts a frost,
So that their every thought freezes and dies.
And he who should persist to stay and see her,
Would be a thing ennobled, or would die.

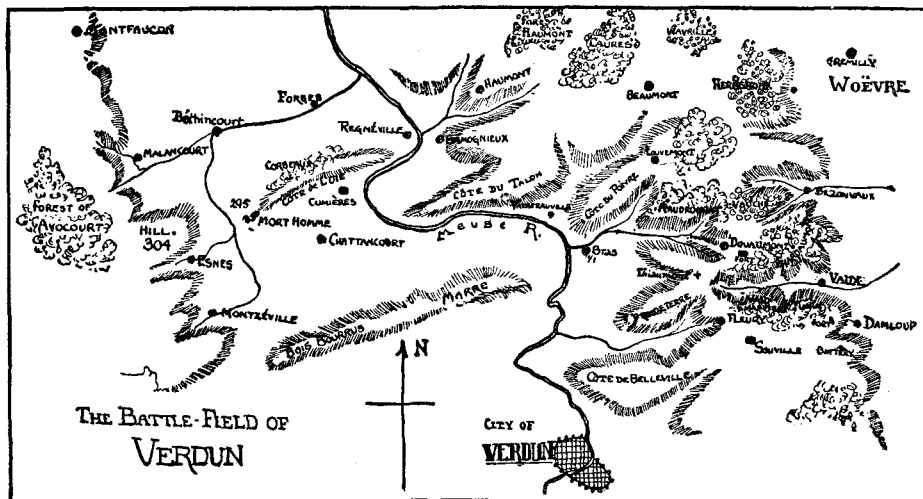
We common men, with our trivial thoughts, our petty selfishnesses, our little vulgarities, our ill-concealed meannesses, walk out into this moonlight, and our thoughts, as the great Italian poet says, become ennobled. We, for the time, — and by the grace

of God not for the time only, — become worthy to wander about in that moonlight, and dream dreams of beauty, of holiness, of what this world might be.

It is not strange, perhaps, that Wordsworth of all English poets has best described the maiden. Perhaps, because he was no lover, because he had never been swept away by the tyrant passion, he appreciated, so far as mortal may, the true value of the maiden.

But O fair Creature! In the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless Thee, with a human heart.

And this makes it so odd to see our friends, professors of pedagogy, teachers, trustees of schools, overseers of seminaries, full of good will, of high intentions, bubbling over with purposes and plans to prepare girls for the shop-and-drawing-room civilization so dear to us, all hot and agog over the advantages or disadvantages of these traditional exorcising formulæ, all devising new exorcising formulæ, new charms, new spells, wherewith to exorcise the fairy spirit from our American girls and turn girlhood into a systematized, standardized, practicalized, and vitalized institution (I recall their phraseology as best I can), for uprooting the fairy flowers from the weed-beds of life. Heaven bar their way!



From a rough drawing by the author

THE BATTLE OF VERDUN

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

THE Battle of Verdun, which dragged its length from February 21, 1916, to the 16th of December, ranks next to the Battle of the Marne as the greatest drama of the world war. Like the Marne, it represents the check-mate of a supreme effort on the part of the Germans to end the war swiftly by a thunderstroke. It surpasses the Battle of the Marne by the length of the struggle, the fury with which it was carried on, the huge scale of the operations. No complete analysis of it, however, has yet been published — only fragmentary accounts, dealing with the beginning or with mere episodes. Neither in France nor in Germany, up to the present moment, has the whole story of the battle been told, describing its vicissitudes, and following step by step the development of the stirring drama. That is the task I have set myself here.

1. *The Object of the Battle, and the Preparation for it*

The year 1915 was rich in successes for the Germans. In the West, thanks to an energetic defensive, they had held firm against the Allies' onslaughts in Artois and in Champagne. Their offensive in the East was most fruitful. Galicia had been almost completely recovered, the kingdom of Poland occupied, Courland, Lithuania, and Volhynia invaded. To the South they had crushed Serbia's opposition, saved Turkey, and won over Bulgaria. These triumphs, however, had not brought them peace, for the heart and soul of the Allies lay, after all, in the West — in England and France. The submarine campaign was counted on to keep England's hands tied; it remained, therefore, to attack and annihilate the French army. And so, in the autumn

of 1915, preparations were begun on a huge scale for delivering a terrible blow in the West and dealing France the *coup de grâce*.

The determination with which the Germans followed out this plan and the reckless way in which they drew on their resources leave no doubt as to the importance the operation held for them. They staked everything on putting their adversaries out of the running by breaking through their lines, marching on Paris, and shattering the confidence of the French people. This much they themselves admitted. The German press, at the beginning of the battle, treated it as a matter of secondary import, whose object was to open up free communications between Metz and the troops in the Argonne; but the proportions of the combat soon gave the lie to such modest estimates, and in the excitement of the first days official utterances betrayed how great were the expectations. On March 4 the Crown Prince urged his already overtaxed troops to make one supreme effort to 'capture Verdun, the heart of France'; and General von Deimling announced to the 15th Army Corps that this would be the last battle of the war. At Berlin, travelers from neutral countries leaving for Paris by way of Switzerland were told that the Germans would get there first. The Kaiser himself, replying toward the end of February to the good wishes of his faithful province of Brandenburg, congratulated himself publicly on seeing his warriors of the 3d Army Corps about to carry 'the most important stronghold of our principal enemy.' It is plain, then, that the object was to take Verdun, win a decisive victory, and start a tremendous onslaught which would bring the war to a triumphant close.

We should next examine the reasons prompting the Germans to select Ver-

dun as the vital point, the nature of the scene of operations, and the manner in which the preparation was made.

Why did the Germans make their drive at Verdun, a powerful fortress defended by a complete system of detached outworks? Several reasons may be found for this. First of all, there were the strategic advantages of the operation. Ever since the Battle of the Marne and the German offensive against St. Mihiel, Verdun had formed a salient in the French front which was surrounded by the Germans on three sides, — northwest, east, and south, — and was consequently in greater peril than the rest of the French lines. Besides, Verdun was not far distant from Metz, the great German arsenal, the fountain-head for arms, food, and munitions. For the same reasons, the French defense of Verdun was made much harder because access to the city was commanded by the enemy. Of the two main railroads linking Verdun with France, the L rouville line was cut off by the enemy at St. Mihiel; the second (leading through Ch lons) was under ceaseless fire from the German artillery. There remained only a narrow-gauge road connecting Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The fortress, then, was almost isolated.

For another reason, Verdun was too near, for the comfort of the Germans, to those immense deposits of iron ore in Lorraine which they have every intention of retaining after the war. The moral factor involved in the fall of Verdun was also immense. If the stronghold were captured, the French, who look on it as their chief bulwark in the East, would be greatly disheartened, whereas it would delight the souls of the Germans, who had been counting on its seizure since the beginning of the war. They have not forgotten that the ancient Lotharingia, created by a treaty signed eleven cen-

turies ago at Verdun, extended as far as the Meuse. Finally, it is probable that the German General Staff intended to profit by a certain slackness on the part of the French, who, placing too much confidence in the strength of the position and the favorable nature of the surrounding countryside, had made little effort to augment their defensive value.

This value, as a matter of fact, was great. The theatre of operations at Verdun offers far fewer inducements to an offensive than the plains of Artois, Picardy, or Champagne. The rolling ground, the vegetation, the distribution of the population, all present serious obstacles.

The relief-map of the region about Verdun shows the sharply marked division of two plateaus situated on either side of the river Meuse. The plateau which rises on the left bank, toward the Argonne, falls away on the side toward the Meuse in a deeply indented line of high but gently sloping bluffs, which include the Butte de Montfaucon, Hill 304, and the heights of Esnes and Montzéville. Fragments of this plateau, separated from the main mass by the action of watercourses, are scattered in long ridges over the space included between the line of bluffs and the Meuse: the two hills of Le Mort Homme (295 metres), the Côte de l'Oie, and, farther to the South, the ridge of Bois Bourrus and Marre. To the east of the river, the country is still more rugged. The plateau on this bank rises abruptly, and terminates at the plain of the Woëvre in the cliffs of the Côtes-de-Meuse, which tower 100 metres over the plain. The brooks which flow down to the Woëvre or to the Meuse have worn the cliffs and the plateau into a great number of hillocks called *côtes*: the Côte du Talon, Côte du Poivre, Côte de Froideterre, and the rest. The ra-

vines separating these *côtes* are deep and long: those of Vaux, Haudromont, and Fleury cut into the very heart of the plateau, leaving between them merely narrow ridges of land, easily to be defended.

These natural defenses of the country are strengthened by the nature of the vegetation. On the rather sterile calcareous soil of the two plateaus the woods are thick and numerous. To the west, the approaches of Hill 304 are covered by the forest of Avocourt. On the east, long wooded stretches — the woods of Haumont, Caures, Wavrille, Herbebois, la Vauche, Haudromont, Hardaumont, la Caillette, and others — cover the narrow ridges of land and dominate the upper slopes of the ravines. The villages, often perched on the highest points of land, as their names ending in *mont* indicate, are easily transformed into small fortresses; such are Haumont, Beaumont, Louvemont, Douaumont. Others follow the watercourses, making it easier to defend them — Malancourt, Béthincourt, and Cumières, to the west of the Meuse; Vaux to the east.

These hills, then, as well as the ravines, the woods, and the favorably placed villages, all facilitated the defense of the countryside. On the other hand, the assailants had one great advantage: the French positions were cut in two by the valley of the Meuse, one kilometre wide and quite deep, which, owing to swampy bottom-lands, could not be crossed except by the bridges of Verdun. The French troops on the right bank had therefore to fight with a river at their backs, thus imperiling their retreat. A grave danger, this, in the face of an enemy determined to take full advantage of the circumstance by attacking with undreamed-of violence.

The German preparation was, from the start, formidable and painstaking.

It was probably under way by the end of October, 1915, for at that time the troops selected to deliver the first crushing attack were withdrawn from the front and sent into training. Four months were thus set aside for this purpose. To make the decisive attack, the Germans made selection from four of their crack army corps, the 18th active, the 7th reserve, the 15th active (the Mülhausen corps), and the 3d active, composed of Brandenburgers. These troops were sent to the interior to undergo special preparation. In addition to these 80,000 or 100,000 men, who were appointed to bear the brunt of the assault, the operation was to be supported by the Crown Prince's army on the right and by that of General von Strautz on the left — 300,000 men more. Immense masses of artillery were gathered together to blast open the way; fourteen lines of railroad brought together from every direction the streams of arms and munitions. Heavy artillery was transported from the Russian and Serbian fronts. No light pieces were used in this operation — in the beginning, at any rate; only guns of large calibre, exceeding 200 millimetres, many of 370 and 420 millimetres.

The battle plans were based, in fact, on the offensive power of the heavy artillery. Their inspiration was drawn from the events of 1915 in Champagne, where the French artillery had so completely broken up the German first line that the infantry was able to do its work with insignificant losses. The new formula was to run, 'The artillery attacks, the infantry takes possession.' In other words, a terrible bombardment was to play over every square yard of the terrain to be captured; when it was decided that the pulverization had been sufficient, a scouting-party of infantry would be sent out to look the situation over; behind them

would come the pioneers, and then the first wave of the assault. In case the enemy still resisted, the infantry would retire and leave the field once more to the artillery. The advance was to be slow, methodical, and *certain*.

The point chosen for the attack was the plateau on the right bank of the Meuse. The Germans would thus avoid the obstacle of the cliffs of Côtes de Meuse, and, by seizing the ridges and passing around the ravines, they could drive down on Douaumont, which dominates the entire region, and from there fall on Verdun and capture the bridges. At the same time, the German right wing would assault the French positions on the left bank of the Meuse; the left wing would complete the encircling movement, and the entire French army of Verdun, driven back to the river and attacked from the rear, would be captured or destroyed.

The plan was worked out meticulously; it is even reported that every colonel of the regiments which were to take part in the operation had been summoned to the Great Headquarters at Charleville, and that a sort of general rehearsal was gone through in the presence of the Kaiser. As in the beginning of the war, the Germans felt that success was assured. They had taken every precaution; their resources were immense, their adversary had grown careless. They could not fail. But once more Germany had counted without the mettle and adaptability of the French soldiers — their genius for improvisation and their spirit of self-sacrifice.

2. *The German Onslaught*

With such thorough preparation, the Germans felt that the contest would be a short one. As a matter of fact, the Battle of Verdun lasted no

less than ten months, — from February 21 to December 16, — and in its course various phases were developed which the Germans had scarcely foreseen. First of all, came the formidable *German attack*, with its harvest of success during the first few days of the frontal drive, which was soon checked and forced to wear itself out in fruitless flank attacks, kept up until April 9. After this date the German programme became more modest: they merely wished to hold at Verdun sufficient French troops to forestall an offensive at some other point. This was the *period of German 'fixation,'* lasting from April to the middle of July. It then became the object of the French, in their turn, to hold the German forces at Verdun and prevent their transfer to the Somme. This was the period of *French 'fixation,'* which ended in the successes of October and December.

The first German onslaught was the most intense and critical moment of the battle. The violent frontal attack on the plateau east of the Meuse, magnificently executed, at first carried all before it. This success was due to the thoroughness of the preparations, the admirable strategy, and also to weaknesses on the part of the French. The commanders at Verdun had shown a lack of foresight. For more than a year this sector had been quiet, and undue confidence was placed in the natural strength of the position. There were too few trenches, too few cannon, too few troops. These soldiers, moreover, had had little experience in the field compared with those who came up later to reinforce them; and it was their task to face the most terrific attack ever known.

On the morning of February 21 the German artillery opened up a fire of infernal intensity. This artillery had been brought up in undreamed-of quantities. French aviators who flew

over the enemy positions located so many batteries that they gave up marking them on their maps; the number was too great. The forest of Grémilly, northeast of the point of attack, was just a great cloud shot through with lightning-flashes. A deluge of shells fell on the French positions, annihilating the first line, attacking the batteries and attempting to silence them, and finding their mark as far back as the city of Verdun. At five o'clock in the afternoon the first waves of infantry went forward to the assault and carried the advanced French positions in the woods of Haumont and Caures. On the 22d the French left was driven backwards for a distance of about four kilometres.

The following day a terrible engagement took place along the entire line of attack, resulting toward evening in the retreat of both French wings; on the left Samognieux was taken by the Germans; on the right they occupied the strong position of Herbebois, which fell after a magnificent resistance.

The situation developed rapidly on the 24th. The Germans enveloped the French centre, which formed a salient; at two in the afternoon they captured the important central position of Beaumont, and by nightfall had reached Louvemont and La Vauche forest, gathering in thousands of prisoners. On the morning of the 25th the enemy, taking advantage of the growing confusion of the French command, stormed Bezonvaux, and, after some setbacks, entered the fort of Douaumont, which they found evacuated.

The German victory now seemed assured. In less than five days the assaulting troops sent forward over the plateau had penetrated the French positions to a depth of eight kilometres, and were masters of the most important elements of the defense of the fortress. It seemed as if nothing

could stop their onrush. Verdun and its bridges were only seven kilometres distant. The commander of the fortified region himself proposed to evacuate the whole right bank of the Meuse; the troops established in the Woëvre were already falling back toward the bluffs of Côtes de Meuse. Most luckily, on this same day there arrived at Verdun some men of resource, together with substantial reinforcements. General de Castelnau, Chief of the General Staff, ordered the troops on the right bank to hold out at all costs. And on the evening of the 25th General Pétain took over the command of the entire sector. The Zouaves, on the left bank, were standing firm as rocks on the Côte du Poivre, which cuts off access from the valley to Verdun. During this time the Germans, pouring forward from Douaumont, had already reached the Côte de Froideterre, and the French artillerymen, outflanked, poured their fire into the gray masses as though with rifles. It was at this moment that the 39th division of the famous 20th French Army Corps of Nancy met the enemy in the open, and, after furious hand-to-hand fighting, broke the backbone of the attack.

That was the end of it. The German tidal wave could go no farther. There were fierce struggles for several days longer, but all in vain. Starting on the 26th, five French counter-attacks drove back the enemy to a point just north of the fort of Douaumont, and recaptured the village of the same name. For three days the German attacking forces tried unsuccessfully to force these positions; their losses were terrible, and already they had to call in a division of reinforcement. After two days of quiet the contest began again at Douaumont, which was attacked by an entire army corps; the 4th of March found the village again in German hands. The impetus of the great blow

had been broken, however; after five days of success, the attack had fallen flat.

Were the Germans then to renounce Verdun? After such vast preparations, after such great losses, after having roused such high hopes, this seemed impossible to the leaders of the German army. The frontal drive was to have been followed up by the attack of the wings, and it was now planned to carry this out with the assistance of the Crown Prince's army, which was still intact. In this way the scheme so judiciously arranged would be accomplished in the appointed manner. Instead of adding the finishing touch to the victory, however, these wings now had the task of winning it completely — and the difference is no small one.

These flank attacks were delivered for over a month (March 6 – April 9) on both sides of the river simultaneously, with an intensity and power which recalled the first days of the battle. But the French were now on their guard. They had received great reinforcements of artillery, and the nimble '75's,' thanks to their speed and accuracy, barred off the positions under attack by a terrible curtain of fire. Moreover, their infantry contrived to pass through the enemy's barrage-fire, wait calmly until the assaulting infantry were within 30 metres of them, and then let loose the rapid-fire guns. They were also commanded by energetic and brilliant chiefs: General Pétain, who offset the insufficient railroad communications with the rear by putting in motion a great stream of more than 40,000 motor trucks, all traveling on strict schedule time; and General Nivelle, who directed operations on the right bank of the river, before taking command of the Army of Verdun. The German successes of the first days were not duplicated.

These new attacks began on the left

of the Meuse. The Germans tried to turn the first line of the French defense by working down along the river, and then capture the second line. On March 6 two divisions stormed the villages of Forges and Regnéville, and attacked the woods of Corbeaux on the Côte de l'Oie, which they captured on the 10th. After several days of preparation, they fell suddenly upon one of the important elements of the second line, the hill of Le Mort Homme, but failed to carry it (March 14–16). Repulsed on the right, they tried the left. On March 20 a body of picked troops just back from the Russian front — the 11th Bavarian Division — stormed the French positions in the wood of Avocourt and moved on to Hill 304, where they obtained foothold for a short time before being driven back with losses of from 50 to 60 per cent of their effectives.

At the same time the Germans were furiously assaulting the positions of the French right wing east of the Meuse. From the 8th to the 10th of March the Crown Prince brought forward again the troops which had survived the ordeal of the first days, and added to them the fresh forces of the 5th Reserve Corps. The action developed along the Côte du Poivre, especially east of Douaumont, where it was directed against the village and fort of Vaux. The results were negative, except for a slight gain in the woods of Hardaumont. The 3d Corps had lost 22,000 men since the 21st of February — that is, almost its entire original strength. The 5th Corps was simply massacred on the slopes of Vaux, without being able to reach the fort. New attempts against this position, on March 16 and 18, were no more fruitful. The battle of the right wing, then, was also lost.

The Germans hung on grimly. One last effort remained to be made. After

a lull of six days (March 22–28) savage fighting started again on both sides of the river. On the right bank, from March 31 to April 2, the Germans got a foothold in the ravine of Vaux and along its slopes; but the French dislodged them the next day, inflicting great damage, and drove them back to Douaumont.

Their greatest effort was made on the left bank. Here the French took back the woods of Avocourt; from March 30 to the 8th of April, however, the Germans succeeded in breaking into their adversaries' first line, and on April 9, a sunny Sabbath-day, they delivered an attack against the entire second line, along a front of 11 kilometres, from Avocourt to the Meuse. There was terrific fighting, the heaviest that had taken place since February 26, and a worthy sequel to the original frontal attack. The artillery preparation was long and searching. The hill of Le Mort Homme, said an eyewitness, smoked like a volcano with innumerable craters. The assault was launched at noon, with five divisions, and in two hours it had been shattered. New attacks followed, but less orderly, less numerous, and more listless, until sundown. The checkmate was complete. 'The 9th of April,' said General Pétain to his troops, 'is a day full of glory for your arms. The fierce assaults of the Crown Prince's soldiers have everywhere been thrown back. Infantry, artillery, sappers, and aviators of the Second Army have vied with one another in heroism. Courage, men: *on les aura!*'

And, indeed, this great attack of April 9 was the last general effort made by the German troops to carry out the programme of February — to capture Verdun and wipe out the French army which defended it. They had to give in. The French were on their guard now; they had artillery, munitions, and

men. The defenders began to act as vigorously as the attackers; they took the offensive, recaptured the woods of La Caillette, and occupied the trenches before Le Mort Homme. The German plans were ruined. Some other scheme had to be thought out.

3. *The Battle of German 'Fixation'*

Instead of employing only eight divisions of excellent troops, as originally planned, the Germans had little by little cast into the fiery furnace thirty divisions. This enormous sacrifice could not be allowed to count for nothing. The German High Command therefore decided to assign a less pretentious object to the abortive enterprise. The Crown Prince's offensive had fallen flat; but, at all events, it might succeed in preventing a French offensive. For this reason it was necessary that Verdun should remain a sore spot, a continually menaced sector, where the French would be obliged to send a steady stream of men, material, and munitions. It was hinted then in all the German papers that the struggle at Verdun was a battle of attrition, which would wear down the strength of the French by slow degrees. There was no talk now of thunderstrokes; it was all 'the siege of Verdun.' This time they expressed the true purpose of the German General Staff; the struggle which followed the fight of April 9 now took the character of a battle of fixation, in which the Germans tried to hold their adversaries' strongest units at Verdun and prevent their being transferred elsewhere. This state of affairs lasted from mid-April to well into July, when the progress of the Somme offensive showed the Germans that their efforts had been unavailing.

It is true that during this new phase of the battle the offensive vigor of the Germans and their procedure in at-

tacking were still formidable. Their artillery continued to perform prodigies. The medium-calibre pieces had now come into action, particularly the 150 mm. guns, with their amazing mobility of fire, which shelled the French first line, as well as their communications and batteries, with lightning speed. This storm of artillery continued night and day; it was the relentless, crushing continuity of the fire which exhausted the adversary and made the Battle of Verdun a hell on earth. There was one important difference, however: the infantry attacks now took place over restricted areas, which were rarely more than two kilometres in extent. The struggle was continual, but disconnected. Besides, it was rarely in progress on both sides of the river at once. Until the end of May the Germans did their worst on the left; then the French activities brought them back to the right side, and there they attacked with fury until mid-July.

The end of April was a period of recuperation for the Germans. They were still suffering from the confusion caused by their set-backs of March, and especially of April 9. Only two attempts at an offensive were made — one on the Côte du Poivre (April 18) and one on the front south of Douaumont. Both were repulsed with great losses. The French, in turn, attacked on the 15th of April near Douaumont, on the 28th north of Le Mort Homme. It was not until May that the new German tactics were revealed: vigorous, but partial, attacks, directed now against one point, now against another.

On May 4 there began a terrible artillery preparation, directed against Hill 304. This was followed by attacks of infantry, which surged up the shell-blasted slopes, first to the northwest, then north, and finally northeast. The attack of the 7th was made by three divisions of fresh troops which had not

previously been in action before Verdun. No gains were secured. Every foot of ground taken in the first rush was recaptured by French counter-attacks. During the night of the 18th a savage onslaught was made against the woods of Avocourt, without the least success. On the 20th and 21st, three divisions were hurled against Le Mort Homme, which they finally took; but they could go no farther. The 23d and 24th were terrible days. The Germans stormed the village of Cumières; their advance guard penetrated as far as Chattancourt. On the 26th, however, the French were again in possession of Cumières and the slopes of Le Mort Homme; and if the Germans, by means of violent counter-attacks, were able to get a fresh foothold in the ruins of Cumières, they made no attempt to progress farther. The battles of the left river-bank were now over; on this side of the Meuse there were to be only local engagements of no importance, and the usual artillery fire.

This shift of the German offensive activity from the left side of the Meuse to the right is explained by the activity shown at the same time in this sector by the French. The French command was not deceived by the German tactics; they intended to husband their strength for the future Somme offensive. For them Verdun was a sacrificial sector to which they sent, from now on, few men, scant munitions, and only artillery of the older type. Their object was only to hold firm, at all costs. However, the generals in charge of this thankless task, Pétain and Nivelle, decided that the best defensive plan consisted in attacking the enemy. To carry this out, they selected a soldier bronzed on the battlefields of Central Africa, the Soudan, and Morocco, General Mangin, who commanded the 5th Division and had already played a distinguished part in the struggle for

Vaux, in March. On May 21 Mangin's division attacked on the right bank of the Meuse and occupied the quarries of Haudromont; on the 22d it stormed the German lines for a length of two kilometres, and took the fort of Douaumont with the exception of one salient.

The Germans replied to this with the greatest energy; for two days and nights the battle raged round the ruins of the fort. Finally, on the night of the 24th, two new Bavarian divisions succeeded in getting a footing in this position, to which the immediate approaches were held by the French. This vigorous effort alarmed the enemy, and from now on, until the middle of July, all their strength was focused on the right bank of the river.

This contest of the right bank began on May 31. It is, perhaps, the bloodiest, the most terrible, chapter of all the operations before Verdun; for the Germans had determined to capture methodically, one by one, all the French positions, and get to the city. The first stake of this game was the possession of the fort of Vaux. Access to it was cut off from the French by a barrage-fire of unprecedented intensity; at the same time an assault was made against the trenches flanking the fort, and also against the defenses of the Fumin woods. On June 4 the enemy reached the superstructure of the fort and took possession, showering down hand-grenades and asphyxiating gas on the garrison, which was shut up in the casemates. After a heroic resistance the defenders succumbed to thirst and surrendered on June 7.

Now that Vaux was captured, the German activity was directed against the ruins of the small fort of Thiaumont, which blocks the way to the Côte de Froideterre, and against the village of Fleury, dominating the mouth of a ravine leading to the Meuse. From June 8 to 20, terrible fighting won for

the Germans the possession of Thiaumont; on the 23d, six divisions, representing a total of at least 70,000 men, were hurled against Fleury, which they held from the 23d to the 26th. The French, undaunted, returned to the charge. On August 30 they reoccupied Thiaumont, lost it at half-past three of the same day, recaptured it at half-past four, and were again driven out two days later. However, they remained close to the redoubt and the village.

The Germans then turned south, against the fortifications which dominated the ridges and ravines. There, on a hillock, stands the fort of Souville, at approximately the same elevation as Douaumont. On July 3, they captured the battery of Damloup, to the east; on the 12th, after insignificant fighting, they sent forward a huge mass of troops which got as far as the fort and battery of L'Hôpital. A counter-attack drove them away again, but they dug themselves in about 800 metres away from the position.

After all, what had they accomplished? For twelve days they had been confronted with the uselessness of these bloody sacrifices. Verdun was out of reach; the offensive of the Somme was under way, and the French stood before the gates of Péronne. Decidedly, the Battle of Verdun was lost. Neither the onslaught of the first period nor the battles of fixation had brought about the desired end. It now became impossible to squander on this field of death the munitions and troops which the German army needed desperately at Péronne and Bapaume. The leaders of the German General Staff accepted the situation. Verdun held no further interest for them.

4. *The Battle of French 'Fixation'*

Verdun, however, continued to be of great interest to the French. In the

first place, they could not endure seeing the enemy intrenched five kilometres away from the coveted city. Moreover, it was most important for them to prevent the Germans from weakening the Verdun front and transferring their men and guns to the Somme. The French troops, therefore, were to take the initiative out of the hands of the Germans and inaugurate, in their turn, a battle of fixation. This new situation presented two phases: in July and August the French were satisfied to worry the enemy with small forces and to oblige them to fight; in October and December General Nivelle, well supplied with troops and material, was able to strike two vigorous blows which took back from the Germans the larger part of all the territory they had won since February 21.

From July 15 to September 15, furious fighting was in progress on the slopes of the plateau stretching from Thiaumont to Damloup. This time, however, it was the French who attacked savagely, who captured ground, and who took prisoners. So impetuous were they that their adversaries, who asked for nothing but quiet, were obliged to be constantly on their guard and deliver costly counter-attacks.

The contest raged most bitterly over the ruins of Thiaumont and Fleury. On the 15th of July the Zouaves broke into the southern part of the village, only to be driven out again. However, on the 19th and 20th the French freed Souville, and drew near to Fleury; from the 20th to the 26th they forged ahead step by step, taking 800 prisoners. A general attack, delivered on August 3, carried the fort of Thiaumont and the village of Fleury, with 1500 prisoners. The Germans reacted violently; the 4th of August they reoccupied Fleury, a part of which was taken back by the French that same evening. From the 5th to the 9th the

struggle went on ceaselessly, night and day, in the ruins of the village. During this time the adversaries took and retook Thiaumont, which the Germans held after the 8th. But on the 10th the Colonial regiment from Morocco reached Fleury, carefully prepared the assault, delivered it on the 17th, and captured the northern and southern portions of the village, encircling the central part, which they occupied on the 18th. From this day Fleury remained in French hands. The German counter-assaults of the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August were fruitless; the Moroccan Colonials held their conquest firmly.

On the 24th the French began to advance east of Fleury, in spite of incessant attacks which grew more intense on the 28th. Three hundred prisoners were taken between Fleury and Thiaumont on September 3, and 300 more fell into their hands in the woods of Vaux-Chapître. On the 9th they took 300 more before Fleury.

It may be seen that the French troops had thoroughly carried out the programme assigned to them of attacking the enemy relentlessly, obliging him to counter-attack, and *holding* him at Verdun. But the High Command was to surpass itself. By means of sharp attacks, it proposed to carry the strong positions which the Germans had dearly bought, from February to July, at the price of five months of terrible effort. This new plan was destined to be accomplished on October 24 and December 15.

Verdun was no longer looked on by the French as a 'sacrificial sector.' To this attack of October 24, destined to establish once for all the superiority of the soldier of France, it was determined to consecrate all the time and all the energy that were found necessary. A force of artillery which General Nivelle himself declared to be of exceptional strength was brought into posi-

tion — no old-fashioned ordnance this time, but magnificent new pieces, among them long-range guns of 400 millimetres calibre. The Germans had fifteen divisions on the Verdun front, but the French command judged it sufficient to make the attack with three divisions, which advanced along a front of seven kilometres. These, however, were made up of excellent troops, withdrawn from service in the first lines and trained for several weeks, who knew every inch of the ground and were full of enthusiasm. General Mangin was their commander.

The French artillery opened fire on October 21, by hammering away at the enemy's positions. A feint attack forced the Germans to reveal the location of their batteries, more than 130 of which were discovered and silenced. At 11.40 A.M. October 24, the assault started in the fog. The troops advanced on the run, preceded by a barrage-fire. On the left, the objective points were reached at 2.45 P.M., and the village of Douaumont captured. The fort was stormed at 3 o'clock by the Moroccan Colonials, and the few Germans who held out there surrendered when night came on. On the right, the woods surrounding Vaux were rushed with lightning speed. The battery of Damloup was taken by assault. Vaux alone resisted. In order to reduce it, the artillery preparation was renewed from October 28 to November 2, and the Germans evacuated the fort without fighting on the morning of the 2d. As they retreated, the French occupied the villages of Vaux and Damloup, at the foot of the *côtes*.

Thus the attack on Douaumont and Vaux resulted in a real victory, attested to by the reoccupation of all the ground lost since the 25th of February, the capture of 15 cannon and more than 6000 prisoners. This, too, despite the orders found on German prisoners

bidding them to 'hold out at all cost' (25th Division), and to 'make a desperate defense' (von Lochow). The French command, encouraged by this success, decided to do still better and to push on farther to the northeast.

The operations of December 15 were more difficult. They were directed against a zone occupied by the enemy for more than nine months, during which time he had constructed a great network of communication trenches, field-railways, dug-outs built into the hillsides, forts, and redoubts. Moreover, the French attack had to start from unfavorable ground, where ceaseless fighting had been in progress since the end of February, where the soil, pounded by millions of projectiles, had been reduced to a sort of volcanic ash, transformed by the rain into a mass of sticky mud in which men had been swallowed up bodily. Two whole divisions were needed to construct twenty-five kilometres of roads and ten kilometres of railway, make dug-outs and trenches, and bring the artillery up into position. All was ready in five weeks; but the Germans, finding out what was in preparation, had provided formidable means of defense.

The front to be attacked was held by five German divisions. Four others were held in reserve at the rear. On the French side, General Mangin had four divisions, three of which were composed of picked men, veterans of Verdun. The artillery preparation, made chiefly by pieces of 220, 274, and 370 mm., lasted for three full days. The assault was let loose on December 15, at 10 A.M.; on the left the French objectives were reached by noon; the whole spur of Hardaumont on the right was swiftly captured, and only a part of the German centre still resisted, east of Bezonvaux. This was reduced the next day. The Côte du Poivre was

taken entire; Vacherauville, Louvemont, Bezonvaux as well. The front was now three kilometres from the fort of Douaumont. Over 11,000 prisoners were taken by the French, and 115 cannon. For a whole day their reconnoitring parties were able to advance in front of the new lines, destroying batteries and bringing in prisoners, without encountering any serious resistance.

The success was undeniable. As a reply to the German peace proposals of December 12, the Battle of Verdun ended as a real victory; and this magnificent operation, in which the French had shown such superiority in infantry and artillery, seemed to be a pledge of future triumphs.

The conclusion is easily reached. In February and March Germany wished to end the war by crushing the French army at Verdun. She failed utterly. Then, from April to July, she wished to exhaust French military resources by a battle of fixation. Again she failed. The Somme offensive was the offspring of Verdun. Later on, from July to December, she was not able to elude the grasp of the French, and the last engagements, together with the vain struggles of the Germans for six months, showed to what extent General Nivelle's men had won the upper hand.

The battle of Verdun, beginning as a brilliant German offensive, ended as an offensive victory for the French. And so this terrible drama is an epitome of the whole great war: a brief term of success for the Germans at the start, due to a tremendous preparation which took careless adversaries by surprise — terrible and agonizing first moments, soon offset by energy, heroism, and the spirit of sacrifice; and finally, victory for the Soldiers of Right.

LUDENDORFF

BY H. L. MENCKEN

I

RETURNING to Berlin from the German East front on the evening of January 31 last, I awoke the next morning to find the temperature six or eight degrees below zero, my ears, nose, and fingers kissed by frost, and the newspapers gaudy with announcements of the *uneingeschränkten* U-boat war. An historic, and, for all the cold, a somewhat feverish day. The afternoon conclave of American correspondents in the Hotel Adlon bar was never better attended. For once the customary stealth of the craft was forgotten, and as each man came in with his fragment of news — from the Wilhelmstrasse, from the Embassy, from the Military Bureau, from this or that officer, or politician, or door-keeper, or head-waiter — it was fraternally pooled for the information of all. A newcomer myself, for I had got to Germany less than three weeks before, I chiefly listened, and the more I listened the more I heard a certain Awful Name. As witness my mental notes: —

‘Jetzt geht’s los!’ The jig is up. They will never turn back now, Wilson or no Wilson. Bethmann-Hollweg is probably still against it, but who cares for Bethmann-Hollweg? When the jingoes won Ludendorff they won Hindenburg, and when they won Hindenburg the fight was over. . . . The whole thing was settled on the Kaiser’s birthday at Great Headquarters. Did you notice that Helfferich and Solf, who are strongly against it, were not asked?

Nay, it was a military party, and Ludendorff was the host. Of course, Bethmann-Hollweg was there, too, and so were the Kaiser and Kaiser Karl of Austria. All three of them hesitated. But what chance did they have in the face of Hindenburg — and Ludendorff? Ludendorff is worth six Bethmann-Hollwegs, or ten Kaisers, or forty Kaiser Karls. Once his mind is made up, he gets to business at once. Hindenburg is the idol of the populace, but Ludendorff has the brains. Hindenburg is an old man, and a professional soldier by nature, and a Junker to boot — he despises politics and diplomacy and all that sort of thing. All he asks for is an army and an enemy. But Ludendorff has what you may call a capacious mind. He has imagination. He grasps inner significances. He can see around corners. Moreover, he enjoys planning, plotting, figuring things out. Yet more, he is free of romance. Have you ever heard of him sobbing about the Fatherland? Or letting off pious platitudes, like Hindenburg? Of course you have n’t. He plays the game for its own sake — and he plays it damnably well. Ludendorff is the neglected factor in this war — the forgotten great man. The world hears nothing about him, and yet he has the world by the ear. If he thinks Germany can get away with this U-boat war, and he undoubtedly does — well, don’t put me down for any bets against it.’

And so on and so on, while the German bartender mixed capital Martini

cocktails, and all the fashionables of Berlin drank synthetic coffee in the great lounge outside the American bar. All that day and the next the name of Ludendorff kept bobbing up. And the next, and the next, and the next. Zimmermann and Gerard were the leading actors in the week's comedy; apparently unaided, they fought the memorable battle of the Wilhelmstrasse; but behind the scenes there was always Ludendorff, and now and then his hand would steal out through a rent in the back-drop, and the traffic of the stage would be jerked into some new posture. It was curious, and even a bit startling, to note the perfection of his control, the meticulousness of his management. The main business before him was surely enough to occupy him: he was hurling a challenge, not only at the greatest and most dangerous of neutrals, but also at all the other neutrals, and meanwhile he had the Franco-British push on his hands, and a food situation that was growing critical, and a left-over fight with anti-U-boatistas who still murmured. And yet, in the midst of all this gigantic botheration, he found time to revise the rules governing American correspondents, and to hear and decide an appeal from those rules by the last and least of them.

I know this because I was the man. Up to the time of the break a correspondent had easy sailing in Germany, despite the occasional imbecilities of the censor. He was free to go to any part of the Empire that intrigued him, barring military areas. He was taken to the front as often as he desired, and allowed to see practically everything, and entertained as the guest of the army from Berlin back to Berlin. He had ready access to all the chief officers of state and to most of the commanders in the field; the Foreign Office arranged credit for him with the wireless

folks; his mail dispatches were sneaked to the United States by government couriers; he saw maps and heard plans; special officers were told off to explain things to him. The one definite limitation upon him was this: he could not leave Germany without the permission of the military authorities, and this permission was invariably refused during the two weeks following his return from any front.

The regulation was reasonable, and no one caviled at it. But on the day of the U-boat proclamation there arrived an order from Great Headquarters — that is, from Ludendorff — which jumped the time to eight weeks. A different case; a harsher tune! Every correspondent in Berlin thought that the United States would declare war in much less than eight weeks; some put it at four or five weeks. To most the matter was academic; they had orders to cover the current news until the last possible moment; and besides, but three of them had been to the front within eight weeks, and these had but a few weeks to serve. But I was in a different situation, for on the one hand my commission was such that its execution had been made impossible by the break, and on the other hand I had just got back from the front. Accordingly, I asked the Military Bureau of the Foreign Office to waive the rule, that I might leave at some earlier time. The gentlemen there, as always, were charming, but they held up their hands.

'Waive the rule!' exclaimed the first one I encountered. 'But, my dear Mr. Mencken, it's impossible!'

'Why impossible?'

'Don't you know Who made it?'

The drama was contagious. I gasped. Was it Hindenburg, the Kaiser — Bismarck, Frederick the Great?

'The rule,' came the reply, 'was made by Excellenz Ludendorff Him-

self!' — 'The rule' (*pianissimo*) — 'was made by' (*crescendo*) — 'Excellenz Ludendorff' (*forte*) — 'Himself — (*fortissimo, subito, sforzando*).

I retired abashed; but, later, the Military Bureau, ever eager to please, called me up and suggested that I apply formally, and offered to indorse my application with certain flattering words: to wit, that I was of a rugged honesty and would betray no secrets; secondly, that I knew nothing of military science, and had none to betray. The document went to Great Headquarters by wire. Two days passed; no reply. Several fellow correspondents interested themselves, some testifying that I was honest, others that I harbored no secrets. On the third day a member of the Reichstag added his certificate. He was a man of great influence and his imprimatur penetrated the citadel. On the morning of the fourth day I was hauled out of bed by a telephone message from the Military Bureau. Come at once! I went — shivering, breakfastless, frost-bitten — and behind the door I heard the Awful Name again. Excellenz had stooped from his arctic Alp. I was free to go or to stay; more, I was a marked and favored man. All the way to Zurich I paid no fare.

II

I rob my forthcoming autobiography of this feeble chapter to show two things: first, the vast capacity of this Ludendorff for keeping his finger in a multitude of remote and microscopic pies, and secondly, the powerful effect of his personality upon the better-informed and more sophisticated classes of Germans. To the populace, of course, Hindenburg remains the national hero and *beau ideal*; nay, almost the national Messiah. His rescue of East Prussia from the Cossacks and his prodigies in Poland and Lithuania

have given him a half-fabulous character; a great body of legend grows up about him; he will go down into German history alongside Moltke, Blücher, and the great Frederick; monuments to him are already rising. His popularity, indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Nothing of the sort has been seen in the United States since the days of Washington. He not only stands side by side with the Kaiser — he stands far above the Kaiser; ten of his portraits are sold to one of Wilhelm's; a hundred to that of any other general. His promotion from *Oberbefehlshaber Ost* — commander-in-chief in the East — to supreme command on all fronts was made, almost literally, by acclamation. 'If it had not been made,' a high officer told me, 'there would have been a revolution — and not the mythical revolution that the English press agencies are always talking of, but a very real one. The people unanimously demanded that he be given absolute command; there was not a dissenting voice. Go to any *Bier-tisch* and you will find a severe critic of almost any other general in the army, but I defy you to find a single critic of Hindenburg. You have just seen a proof of his influence. A great many Germans were opposed to the "sharpened" U-boat war. Some thought it would fail; others thought it unnecessary. But Hindenburg's simple assurance to the Chancellor that it was necessary, that it would succeed, that the army was ready to face its consequences, was enough. The people trust him absolutely. In sixty-four words he disposed of the opposition.'

True. I had witnessed it myself. But the further one gets from the people and the nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff. Two years ago Hindenburg was given all the

credit for the astounding feat of arms at Tannenberg — the most extraordinary victory, surely, of this war, and perhaps one of the greatest of all time. Legends began to spring up on the day following the news; they made the battle no more than the delayed performance of a play long rehearsed; Hindenburg was said to have planned it back in the nineties. But now one hears that Ludendorff, too, had a hand in it; that he knew the ground quite as well as his chief; that it was he who swung a whole corps — by motor-car, *à la* Gallieni — around the Russian right to Bischofsburg, and so cut off Samsonoff's retreat. One hears, again, that it was Ludendorff who planned the Battle in the Snow — another gigantic affair, seldom heard of outside Germany, but even more costly to the Russians than Tannenberg. One hears, yet again, that it was Ludendorff who devised the advance upon Lodz, which wiped out three whole Russian corps; and that it was Ludendorff who prepared the homeric blow at Gorlice, which freed Galicia and exposed Poland; and that it was Ludendorff who found a way to break the Polish quadrilateral, supposedly impregnable; and that it was Ludendorff who chose the moment for the devastating *Vormarsch* into Lithuania and Courland, which gave the Germans a territory in Russia almost half as large as the German Empire itself. Finally, one hears that it was Ludendorff, bent double over his maps, who planned the Roumanian campaign, an operation so swift and so appallingly successful that the tale of it seems almost fantastic. In brief, one hears of Ludendorff, Ludendorff, whenever German officers utter more than twenty words about the war; his portrait hangs in every mess room; he is the god of every young lieutenant; his favorable notice is worth more to a division or corps commander than the

ordre pour le mérite; he is, as it were, the esoteric Ulysses of the war.

But this is not the whole story, by any means; for as he has thus gradually slipped into the shoes (or, at all events, into one of them) of Moltke, the *Erste Generalquartiermeister* has also tried on the coat of Bismarck, long hanging on its peg. That is to say, he has reached out for the wires of civil administration, and now he has a good many of them firmly in his hand and is delicately fingering a good many more. It was in Poland and Galicia, while still merely chief of staff in the East, that he first showed his talent in this department. The German plan, once an enemy territory is occupied, is to turn it over to a sort of mixed posse of retired officers and civilians. Hordes of frock-coated and bespatted *Beamten* pour in; an inextricable complex of bureaux is established; the blessings of *Kultur* are ladled out scientifically and by experts. Belgium has suffered from this plague of cocksure and warring officials, and also Northern France. But not so the East. Over there, despite the fact that the population is friendly and the further fact that the enemy does not menace, the *Beamte* has found no lodgment. The army is the source of all law, of all rights, of all privileges, even of all livelihood. And the army is Ludendorff.

Curious tales are told of his omnipresence, his omniscience. He devised and promulgated, it is said, the Polish customs tariff. He fixed railroad rates, routes, and even schedules. When it was proposed to set up branches of the great German banks in Warsaw, Lodz, and Wilna, he examined the plans and issued permissions. When Americans came in with relief schemes, he heard them, cross-examined them, and told them what they could and could not do. He made regulations for newspaper correspondents, prison-camp workers,

refugees, *Dirnen*, Jews. He established a news-service for the army. He promulgated ordinances for the government of cities and towns, and appointed their officials. He proclaimed compulsory education, and ordered that under-officers be told off to teach school. In brief, he reorganized the whole government, from top to bottom, of a territory of more than 100,000 square miles, with a population of at least 15,000,000, and kept a firm grip, either directly or through officers always under his eye, upon every detail of its administration. Hindenburg has no taste for such things. He was, and is, an officer of the old school, impatient of laws and taxes. So the business fell to Ludendorff, and he discharged it with zest.

All this was nearly two years ago. Last summer came Hindenburg's promotion to the supreme command, and with it a vast increase in opportunity for Ludendorff. Hitherto his power, and even his influence, had stopped at the German border; now his hand began to be felt in Berlin. His first task was to speed up the supply of munitions; the Allies on the West front had begun to show superiority here. The plans evolved by General von Falkenhayn, Hindenburg's predecessor, were thrown out as inadequate; entirely new plans were put into operation. When I left Germany, in February, results were beginning to reveal themselves. New munitions factories were opening almost daily; the old ones were spouting smoke twenty-four hours a day. An American correspondent, taken to one of these plants, returned to Berlin almost breathless. He swore he had seen a store of shells so vast that the lanes through it were seventeen kilometres long. As for me, I stuck to *Hackerbräu* and beheld no such marvels; but this I do know; that all ordinary train-service to the West

was suspended for days, while train after train of shells passed through Berlin. And the production of field-guns, it was whispered, had leaped to six hundred a month.

Gargantuan plans; but what of the labor-supply? Here was a difficulty, indeed, for the army could not spare men, and the number out of uniform was anything but large. Ludendorff, however, argued that enough could be found — that thousands were wasting their time in useless industries, that other thousands had leisure that could be utilized. Out of this theory came the *Zivildienstpflicht*, whereby every German, old or young, rich or poor, found himself conscripted for the service of the state. As yet the utilization of these new forces is but partially under way, but progress is being made, and by the end of the year it will be hard to find a German who is not doing his bit. The doctrine of Ludendorff is simple: the whole energy of the German people must be concentrated on the war. All other enterprises and ambitions must be put out of mind. All business that is not necessary to the one end must be abandoned.

Another difficulty: the food-supply. Two Food Dictators have wrestled with it. One was quickly and ignominiously unhorsed; the other, Doctor Max Johann Otto Adolf Torrilovitz von Batoeki, shows signs of an uneasy seat. A complex and vexatious problem, too maddening to go into here. But this much, at least, may be said of it: that the prime obstacle to its solution is not an actual shortage of food, but a failure in discipline. The peasants, the cattle men, the commission merchants — all these yield to avarice, holding back their stocks for better prices, producing rather what is most profitable than what is most needed. While Berlin ate potato flour, good rye was being fed to hogs. While Berlin paid a dollar and a

half a pound for geese, the country barnyards swarmed with them. While Berlin went without butter, there were yokels who greased wagons with it. For a year past Dr. von Batocki has been struggling against this failure of team-work, this very un-German rebellion, this treason of the peasants. In part he has succeeded, — for example, with the milk-problem, as witness the fall in the infant death-rate, — but in greater part he has so far failed.

Now, however, comes a new note in the roar of suggestions, objurgations, objections, recriminations. The voice is Hindenburg's, but every German recognizes the words as Ludendorff's. 'Speculation in food-stuffs must cease. Every citizen must sacrifice his private interest to the common good. If it is found impossible to obtain this coöperation by existing means, then —'

'Which is to say,' said an army officer to me in Berlin, 'that the peasant will become a sort of official, forced to produce, not what he wants to produce, but what he is ordered to produce, and to bring it in when told to, and to take a fixed price for it. We are coming to that system. The gentler plan of Batocki is too cumbersome, too uncertain. It is based partly on tricking the peasant. Witness the way potato prices have been juggled to induce him to disgorge his potatoes. Well, tricking the peasant is a waste of energy. Besides, it is impossible. Ludendorff will put an end to all that. Soon you will see him show his teeth.'

And then? Find an army officer who is communicative, and a place where the human voice does n't carry, and you will hear various and-thens. The army is rolling a sinister eye toward the Wilhelmstrasse. The imbecilities achieved in that narrow lane begin to exhaust its patience; I can well imagine how the news of the Mexican note was received at the far-flung mess-tables.

Moreover, there is Bethmann-Hollweg, indicted by military opinion on two counts. *Imprimis*, he parades Berlin in a lieutenant-general's uniform, and is thus a tin soldier and accursed. *Zum zweiten*, his banal confession of wrongdoing in the Belgian business gave the English their chance. Also there is the 'scrap-of-paper' phrase — perhaps only a slip of the tongue, but how costly! Yet more, there is Zimmermann, the *Beamte* gone to seed, the diplomat all thumbs, the skeleton at all feasts. — Out! Out!

Has the Chancellorship been offered to Ludendorff? Many Germans believed it at the time I left. It was, in fact, common gossip in Berlin. But, so far as I could find out, it was gossip only. Ludendorff is unquestionably the new Moltke; is he also the new Bismarck, so long awaited, so diligently sought in vain? Alas, the question is purely academic. After all, he is but one man — and the job in front of him is enough to fill every second of one man's day.

III

The 1914 edition of *Wer Ist's*, the German *Who's Who*, does not mention Ludendorff at all. At the time it was published, he was a simple colonel on the Great General Staff, detailed to work out routes of march for the army in case of war — a highly important commission, but one not bringing him to public notice. The younger Moltke, nephew of the field-marshal and then chief of the General Staff, had an eye on him, but he was by no means conspicuous, even in Berlin. On April 22, 1914, he was promoted to major-general and made commander of the 85th Infantry Brigade at Strasburg. On August 2 he was detached from his brigade and made *Oberquartiermeister* — that is, chief of staff — to General von Emmich, and two days later he

crossed the Belgian border and got his baptism of fire in front of Visé. The next day, August 5, he returned to Emmich's headquarters before Liège, and before nightfall found himself in command of a brigade again. The commander of this brigade had fallen in the first onslaught. Ludendorff resumed the attack at once, and after an all-day fight on the 6th, he led his whole force into the city on the morning of the 7th. This was no easy feat. The Liège forts still held out, — it was not till the 9th that the 'Busy Berthas' were brought up and began to knock them to pieces, — and Ludendorff, though in almost complete possession of the city, found himself cut off from Emmich's main army. On the night of the 7th he stole back through the Belgian lines to report upon his situation. He was greeted in Aix-la-Chapelle *wie ein von den Toten Auferstandener* — like one arisen from the dead. A week or so later he was summoned to Great Headquarters and the Kaiser personally engauled him with the *ordre pour le mérite*.

There followed the *Vormarsch* into Belgium, and Ludendorff went along as Emmich's chief of staff. On August 22, just as the artillery was beginning the attack on Namur, there came a telegram from Moltke which changed the whole course of Ludendorff's career, and perhaps the whole history of the war. It notified him that he had been gazetted chief of staff to Colonel General Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg; it ordered him to proceed post-haste to Aix-la-Chapelle, to board a special train waiting there, to pick up Hindenburg at Hannover, and to proceed to Marienburg, in East Prussia.

Ludendorff lost no time. Before sundown he was at Aix-la-Chapelle, and at 3.30 o'clock in the morning his *Extrazug* was at Hannover and Hin-

denburg came aboard. All the rest of the night the two labored with their maps and plans, and all the next morning, while the train raced across Germany.

On Sunday, August 23, at half-past one in the afternoon, it reached Marienburg, the old capital of the Teutonic Knights, now sorely menaced, like all of East Prussia, by the great tidal wave of invading Russians. On the Saturday following, shortly before noon, the Great General Staff in Berlin issued the following bulletin: —

'Our troops in East Prussia, under command of Colonel-General von Hindenburg, have met the Russian Narew army, consisting of five army corps and three cavalry divisions, in the neighborhood of Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg. After a battle of three days' duration they have defeated it and are now pursuing it over the frontier.'

This was the memorable battle of Tannenberg, the one indubitable military classic of the war. The Russian Narew army, under Samsonoff, ran to nearly 300,000 men, and hard on its heels was another Russian army, under Rennenkampf, of the same strength. To meet these huge forces Hindenburg had the First and Twentieth Corps of the line, two reserve corps, and some miscellaneous troops — in all, not more than 200,000 men, and at least sixty per cent were *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*. By August 29 he had completely destroyed the Narew army and hurled its remnants over the frontier; by September 14 he had beaten and dispersed the army of Rennenkampf; and by September 15 he had crossed into Russia himself. In less than three weeks, with a force not more than a third as large as the enemy's, he had fought two great battles, taken 140,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded as many more, had put the survivors to flight, cleared a territory of 10,000

square miles, and begun an invasion of Russia!

How? By what process? By what strategy? Ask these questions in Germany and you will ask in vain. The whole business already belongs to fable. Everybody has a different explanation, a different theory. The thing was so swift and so colossal that no one seems to have kept any coherent record of it. I searched in vain in Berlin for a clear account; I got very little more light from officers who were present. Four months after the battle James O'Donnell Bennett, the very able correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, went to East Prussia to go over the field and unearth the facts. He told me later that he had to give up the enterprise as impossible. The staff officers of Hindenburg actually differed as to the days on which the action had been fought! More, I find an error of the same sort in the official biography of Ludendorff, read and approved by him. The author, Dr. Otto Krack, says that the victory was reported on August 28. But a copy of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that lies before me, shows that it was really reported on the following day.

In brief, a most mysterious affair. And even more mysterious is the part that Ludendorff played in it. Down to the end of 1914 he was unheard of; the whole credit was given to Hindenburg, and there were endless fantastic tales about his preparations, his minute knowledge of the Masurian Swamps, his struggles against the Kaiser. After Lodz the name of Ludendorff began to be whispered; after the conquest of Poland he began to rise in fame; to-day in Germany, among army men, it is chiefly Ludendorff that one hears of. Hindenburg is a nice old man, shrewd, talkative, *gemüthlich* — above all, lucky. Ludendorff is the astute one, the serpent, the genius. This is how they talk.

IV

A genius, perhaps, but not a Junker. *Das Junkertum*, indeed, is on its last legs in Germany — not by revolution, as our newspapers would have us believe, but by natural processes. The war, in its first months, well nigh exterminated the Junkers of to-morrow; to-day you will find thousands of architects, professors, lawyers, business men, in officers' boots. And in every other direction they yield to the pressure of the advancing commonalty — even in the Foreign Office. Hindenburg, true enough, belongs to the old clan, — the Beneckendorffs were officers in the fifteenth century, — but the two leaders next in rank to him, namely Mackensen and Ludendorff, are both commoners. Mackensen's grandfather, it is said, was a butcher; Ludendorff's was a merchant in Stettin. Mackensen did not get the right to put 'von' before his name until the Kaiser began to admire him, nine or ten years ago. As for Ludendorff, he has not got it yet. All the bulletins from Great Headquarters are signed simply, —

'Der Erste Generalquartiermeister
'LUDENDORFF.'

Of late, to be sure, the German genealogists — who are quite as imaginative as our own performers in the same line — have sought to trace his descent from Viginia Ericksdotter, a left-hand child of King Erich XIV of Sweden; but this is no more than *Kaffeeklatsch* chatter. The truth is that the first Ludendorff ever heard of was the general's grandfather, a *Kaufherr* in Stettin. He married a Swedish lady, whose mother was a Finn. This pair had a son whom they called August Wilhelm, and in 1860 he married Clara Jeanette Henriette von Tempelhoff, the daughter of old *Justizrat* Friedrich

August Napoleon von Tempelhoff, who had married a Polish woman. August Wilhelm and Clara were the parents of the general. He is thus a much hyphenated Prussian, for he has Swedish, Finnish, and Polish blood. No doubt, as *de facto* King of Poland, he has often thought of his grandmother Dziembowski.

August Wilhelm, having espoused Clara von Tempelhoff, abandoned business and set up as a gentleman farmer in Posen. His small estate was called Kruszwania, and here, in 1865, his second son, Erich, was born. In 1871 he sold the estate and leased three larger places, Thunow, Geritz, and Streckenthin; but his management of them was not very successful, and in the eighties he retired from farming and settled down in Berlin. There he died in 1905. His wife Clara, the general's mother, lived until March, 1914.

Altogether, a modest family, with occasional flashes of distinction. One of the Tempelhoffs, back in the sixteenth century, was six times *Bürgermeister* of Berlin, and left the post to his son. Another, Georg Friedrich, was a famous mathematician and artilleryist, and so carried himself in the Seven Years' War that he died a lieutenant-general, with the *ordre pour le mérite* and the Black Eagle, and was raised to the *Adelstand* by Friedrich Wilhelm II. Among the Lefflers, the Swedish relatives of the house, there have been more names of mark: for example, Gösta Mittag-Leffler, the mathematician; Professor Fritz Leffler, the Germanist, and Anna Charlotte Edgren-Leffler, the lady Ibsen. But none of the first rank. No Ludendorff, or Tempelhoff, or Leffler has ever made a genuine splash in the world.

Nor are the living Ludendorffs, forgetting the general, of much draft or beam. The older brother, Richard, is a business man in the Dutch East In-

dies. A younger brother, Eugene, is a minor official in Aix-la-Chapelle — and to-day a cog in the wheel of civil administration in Belgium. Another, Hans, is an observer in the Astrophysical Observatory in Berlin. When the war began he was in Russia observing an eclipse, and he is there yet, a prisoner. Of the two sisters, one died unmarried and the other married one Jahn, an under-secretary in the Imperial Treasury. As for the general himself, he married, in 1909, a wealthy widow named Pernet. She brought him three sons and a daughter, all now grown. He has no children of his own.

His career? It really began in front of Liège. Before that he was merely a hard-working officer, perhaps marked only by Moltke. As a boy of twelve he entered the cadet school at Plön and two years later he was transferred to Gross-Lichterfelde. In 1882, being seventeen years and six days old, he was commissioned a junior lieutenant in Infantry Regiment No. 57 (the Eighth Westphalian). In 1887 he was transferred to the Marine Corps and served in the Niobe, Baden, Kaiser, and other old-time ships, visiting Scandinavia and the British Isles. In 1890 he entered the War College in Berlin for a three years' course, making Russian his chief subject. In 1894, having done well with the language, he was sent to Russia to make military observations. This commission was so competently executed that on his return he was promoted to a captaincy and given the much-coveted *Karmesin-roten Streifen* (red stripes) of the General Staff. In 1896 he was transferred to the Fourth Corps in Magdeburg; in 1898 he became a company commander in the Infantry Regiment No. 61 (Eighth Pomeranian); in 1901 he joined the staff of the Ninth Division, under General von Eichhorn, now one

of his subordinates; in 1902 he was made a major and attached to the Fifth Corps; in 1904 he returned to the General Staff; in 1906 he became a lecturer on strategy and military history in the War College; in 1908 he got his lieutenant-colonelcy; in 1911 he was promoted to colonel; in 1913 he was given command of the Thirty-ninth Fusilier Regiment in Düsseldorf, and in 1914, as I have said, he was made a major-general. Since then he has been promoted twice. After Tannenberg he was made a lieutenant-general, and last August he was made a general of infantry. There are two steps beyond: colonel-general and field-marshal.

So much for the record. As for Ludendorff the man, it is impossible to say much about him. The simple truth is

that no one knows him. He is chilly, reserved, remote, almost wholly without charm; he has been so, according to his old-maid aunt, who knows him probably better than any one else, since childhood. Hindenburg, at the mess-table, is disposed to be expansive, genial, even garrulous. One of his old officers told me long tales of his love for the *Biertisch*, his delight in song, his waggish humors. There are no such stories about Ludendorff. He seems devoid of any social instinct. The few visitors to Great Headquarters come back to Berlin with the news that they have seen him, but that is about all they have to report. He is credited with no apothegms, no theories, no remarks whatever. He remains, after nearly three years of war, a man of mystery.

THE PASSION PLAYERS IN WAR-TIME

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

THE little train chugged its way up the valley. There was but one passenger car. Half of it, upholstered in red velvet, served as first class; the other half, with wooden benches, as third. Few people go to Oberammergau in war-time. In the car was a soldier bound for home on a three weeks' leave, and several women. They were all silent. Outside, the valley shone in the warm sunshine. The hills were velvety green. The soft cool air came in at the windows. Little birds perched on branches and sang lustily. Bright patches of flowers still blossomed by cottage doorsteps. Old earth did its

best to be beautiful. It blossomed and sang and tried to offset man's destruction. But the earth's cheer was not contagious. The people in the train were grimly still. A dark monster had laid its hand upon their hearts.

Silently we got down at the small station. There were no waiting carriages or push-carts, no smiling people, no eager hotel porters to carry the luggage. A boy on a bicycle slipped my bag over the handle-bars of his wheel and sped off to a nearby hotel. The soldier from the train walked slowly ahead of us. A weary woman standing in a doorway greeted him with a wan

smile. The news of his return spread. A few women and children gathered to bid the warrior welcome, but there was no laughter — no gay words. One sleeve of the man's coat was pinned up and flapped idly. The eyes of the women were hard and dry.

We pushed open the hotel door. A young boy came from the office. Yes, we could have lunch, he said in answer to our questions; and disappeared into the kitchen.

The house was weirdly still. There were no steps on the stairs. A young woman came from the kitchen. She was grim and sullen. She seemed loath to give us food. We sat patiently at the table. Finally it came — black bread, tea, and marmalade. It was unappetizing. The marmalade was probably made from carrots. Our stomachs were far from satisfied; we begged for an egg. She hesitated.

'If you have your egg now, you can't have another for a week,' she said.

We were reckless. The future seemed remote. We ordered eggs and ate ravenously. From the dining-room window we gazed across the little square at a neighboring inn. There, too, all was still. The tables and chairs sat jauntily on the sidewalk, but they were empty and dusty. One old man occupied a favorite corner and clutched his beer-mug; but his eyes were vacant, his thoughts elsewhere. We tried to draw our waitress into conversation, but she answered in monosyllables.

'The town is sad,' we averred.

'Why should n't it be?' she retorted. 'We've lost much.'

'How many men have gone to war?' we asked.

'All under forty-five; five hundred and fifty out of a population of eight-hundred.'

We paused a moment; it seemed brutal to go on, but we wanted information.

VOL. 119- NO. 6

'And the dead and wounded?' we asked.

'There were forty killed and forty-eight wounded the first year. I don't know the number now.'

'Will there ever be another Passion Play?' we asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. 'How can I tell? Some of the players and musicians have lost an arm or a leg, and others are dead. The town no longer has any money.'

We pushed back our chairs and went out into the golden sunshine. No one moved about the streets. It was like a village swept by plague and deserted. But the buildings were as before. There were the fascinating, gayly decorated houses, each possessing a unique painting or design, as though an artist had strayed by and, having no canvas, had used the housefronts.

And, whichever way one turned, there were wooden crosses bearing the image of a suspended Christ. They stood out on the walls of the houses. They occupied crevices and niches. At the town fountain, water flowed from the bleeding hands of a Christ.

War has been a special disaster to Oberammergau. It has dealt a blow at spiritual as well as physical welfare. It is an anomaly for Passion Players to be out killing their fellowmen. Anton Lang, the recent *Christus*, was spared this ordeal. He was too old for military service. But I did not find him at home. Each day he journeys to a neighboring town and works as a carpenter for his country.

Everywhere Oberammergau seemed to be going to seed. The great wooden structure used as a theatre was locked. We were told that in the afternoon some one would be fetched to show it to us. There were no horses or cows in evidence. In one yard a few carefully guarded ducks quacked, and in another some chickens strutted up and down;

otherwise there was no sign of animate life. The little gardens were already dry and barren. In the two small stores there was little for sale. The food-supply consisted chiefly of fruit — apples and grapes and green vegetables. Nowhere did I see potatoes, meat, bread, butter, or cheese. Small portions of these were rationed out on certain days in the week, on the presentation of food-cards, but never displayed.

In one shop-window some packages of sweet chocolate and a plate of small cakes caught my eye. My stomach clamored loudly. I hurried in, and slipped a cake into my mouth. It contained an overpowering amount of ginger. The other ingredients were queer and indefinable. Two cakes completely destroyed hunger. The sweet chocolate was of two varieties — one a German brand, the other Swiss. Both kinds came in ten-cent-size packages. But the German ten-cent cake cost twenty-three cents, the Swiss forty. I bought one of each. A few mouthfuls of the German brand nauseated me. The chocolate may have been pure, but Heaven knows what substitute had been used for milk and sugar. The combined effect of the chocolate and cake was a consuming thirst. We hurried back to our hotel. Unthinkingly I ordered lemonade. The lemon was deliciously juicy, but there was no sugar. As a great concession, we secured one lump. We watched it sink down and melt in the bottom of a very tall glass; its sweetness was almost imperceptible. Fortunately my friend had some saccharine tablets, which can be secured only by a doctor's order. She decided to sacrifice two to the cause. Never was lemonade so appreciated! But saccharine is not a good substitute for sugar: it has a disagreeable after-effect; it leaves the tongue thick and furry.

Again we started forth on our tour of inspection. By the side of one little house was a tiny yard inclosed by a fence. On a bench in the yard sat a young mother. At her feet a two-year-old baby played. The child was charming, with golden hair and blue eyes. We leaned on the fence and spoke to the mother. She greeted us joyfully, glad of this friendly diversion. 'The baby looks well,' we said; 'evidently you can get milk for her?'

'A little,' she answered. 'The ration, when one gets it, is a pint a day for children under six. No one older has any.'

'But surely in the country the daily milk ration is easy to get,' we protested.

A tragic look came into the mother's eyes; she closed her lips firmly, and then she said, 'Not always. A while ago there was no milk. I had money to pay for my share, but it was n't to be had. The man up the road who has the cows was taking boarders. They were rich people from the city. They paid well and they got the milk. I took my baby up there one day. I showed her to those people. I told them they were robbing my little one. After that I got my allowance.'

We looked at the young mother with renewed respect. She had character. I pulled my Swiss chocolate from my pocket. I had already tasted it and found it the genuine article. I held out a good half-package to the baby. The little hand clutched it eagerly, and, with a gurgle of wild delight, she rushed to her mother's knee and began a mad orgy. The mother's face flushed, but she watched the child with pleasure.

We went back to the shop and bought up the remaining Swiss chocolate. Then we returned and gave it to the mother. Her eyes were moist with gratitude. She opened her heart to us.

'It has been such a terrible time,'

she said. 'My husband went to war before baby was born. He has never seen her. When my time came he tried to get leave, but just then there was a big drive. They would n't let him come. She is my second child. We had a little son. He would be seven if he had lived. His father worshiped him. But a year ago he died. He had appendicitis. My husband was still in the trenches. I managed to get word to him, but it was no use. They would n't let him come. Sometimes I think they don't want the men to see the suffering at home. I wrote to my husband about our boy's death. I think it must have broken his heart. He has got quite discouraged. In his last letter he said, "I would rather be buried with my son than fight more."'

We remained silent before such grief, but the mother felt our sympathy. 'Perhaps you'd like to see my boy's picture?'

Without waiting for an answer, she led us into her little house. It was very neat and sweet. The parlor was sumptuous in upholstered furniture. It was the home of a well-to-do mechanic. The mother's pride in her home and children was evident. When we rose to go, we asked if there was much poverty in Oberammergau, and whether we could be of service.

There was glad assent in the woman's eyes, as she said, 'One of my neighbors is in great distress. Many of the people I hardly know. I'm a newcomer. My husband had never been here. I came for baby's sake. I thought there would be milk in the country, but the neighbor I speak of has n't enough to eat. It is very terrible.'

We asked to be taken to the neighbor. The mother picked up her baby and led us down a nearby country road. At a very short distance we came to an attractive cottage. It was very humble — a workingman's house, but

quaint and picturesque. It had a large yard inclosed by a fence. Flowers climbed up the house-walls and made the air fragrant. We pushed open the gate and walked in. The front door was wide open. At the entrance we paused. On one side was a kitchen and a fine-looking old German working-woman bending over a stove. At the other side of the entrance toward the front was a parlor. The walls were papered; a piece of carpet was on the floor; the furniture was plain, but substantial. Curtains fluttered at the windows, and on the wall hung a crucifix. In the centre of the room was a baby-carriage. In it was a very pale, still baby.

We entered and stood looking down at the little creature. The child was about two years old, but only half the size of the bonny baby the young mother held. As we watched, the little sleeper opened her eyes and a faint smile crept over the tiny face. There were blue circles under the eyes and blue veins showed through the transparent skin. I had still a square of Swiss chocolate. I slipped it into the little mouth. Her lips closed over it and my fingers joyfully. Then the grandmother came in from the kitchen. She touched the baby's cheek lovingly.

'She is very ill,' she said, 'but she does not complain, only she calls always for her father. It breaks our hearts. There is no longer any chance that he will come. He was my son. They said he was lost under *Sperrfeuer* [shell explosions]. He has never been heard from since.'

We swallowed the lump in our throat and asked, 'What is the baby's illness?'

The proud old German woman hung her head. 'We call it *Englische Krankheit*. She is so weak she cannot sit up. We cannot get milk. We have so little money. We try to live on potatoes, and tea *ersatz* [substitute].'

I took fifty marks from my pocket and put it in the woman's hand. The gift was so sudden, so unexpected, that tears sprang from her eyes and streamed unheeded down her cheeks. The flood-gates of her pent-up anguish had been opened; she poured out her story.

'Sometimes I think I cannot go on. I have sent six sons to the war. The baby's father, my eldest, was blown to pieces. There was nothing left. The second has gone crazy. For three months he has been in an insane asylum. Sometimes I think I myself am going crazy. A third son was terribly wounded. One leg is much shorter than the other, but they sent him back to the front. The other three are fighting, one in Russia, one in Belgium, and one in the mountains. A letter came from the one in Belgium the other day. Oh, it was horrible! It said, "We are so hungry. Please, mother, send us some food! One day we had so little we divided a cigarette among three of us and ate it." And I can send nothing. I have nothing. There is no food to send. And now they come for my seventh son, my youngest. He is only seventeen. They tell him, if he goes now, instead of later, he can choose *where* he will fight. But he shall not go; he is my last.'

I bit my lip and turned away. I had no courage left to face such suffering. I could see this cottage as it was in other days — the happiness, the prosperity, the mother with her seven sons, the neat wood-pile, the bountiful meals, the song, the laughter. I saw the eager preparation of this family for the Passion Play, their friendly entertainment of strangers, their concentration on a spiritual ideal, their struggle to create beauty. All this had been destroyed. Their fatherland had used them and thrown them on the scrap-heap. It had crushed out life and faith.

Two little children had crept into the door while we talked, a girl of four and a boy of six. They were the brother and sister of the baby in the carriage. They clung to their grandmother's skirts. Their mother was in a neighboring city. She had been called to the bedside of her dying mother, the children's other grandmother. This left this old woman in Oberammergau to fight her fight alone, to drive the wolf from the door, and care for her grandchildren.

Some money had been given me by the Christian Work Fund for starving children. Before I left I drew a check on this fund for one hundred and fifty marks. The proud old woman did not hesitate to take it. Probably never before had she accepted charity, but pride was as nothing when her children were hungry. I wanted to tell her to use it for milk. I feared with the morning a box would go to the hungry soldier-son in Belgium. But I had not the heart to deny her that pleasure.

As we passed the kitchen, we stepped in. Laundry work was in progress: a kettle of clothes steamed on the stove. Beside the boiler six potatoes simmered in a tiny pot. This was the only vestige of food visible. The grandmother apologized for not accompanying us down the road. She looked down at the big boots she was clumping about in, and flushed, and then said quite simply, —

'They're my son's. I wear them to protect my feet. I have n't any. There are n't any shoes to be had.'

As soon as we were some distance from the cottage I turned to our guide. 'Why,' I said, 'is the family so poor? With six sons fighting, there should be a good pension.'

Then it was that I learned of the defects in German organization. Wives are better cared for than mothers. A mother draws a pension only if the son

is living at home and supporting the mother at the time he goes to war, and each additional son does not bring an extra pension. Occasionally an increase of six marks, or a dollar and a half, a month goes with every additional son. That is all. I also discovered that pensions are sometimes not paid. Pensions come from two sources, the national government and the town. A town may go bankrupt. Oberammergau is bankrupt. It has n't a penny for pensions. This grandmother's total income was twenty-four marks — six dollars — a month from the Kingdom of Bavaria, for one son. On that she lived. Six sons serving the fatherland, and in return she and her grandchildren were starving.

I longed to escape from Oberammergau. It had become unbearable. We hunted for a horse and wagon. At last we secured the one outfit in the town — an open landau, and a thin, wobbly horse. A shrunken old man — a grandfather — sat on the box. We said good-bye to our little mother and drove off. It was still early afternoon. The sun poured down on us. We wound in and out through the enchanting valley. Tall mountains rose on all sides, but their summits were enveloped in dense white clouds. The smell of hay floated to us. Occasionally we saw women reaping in a field. We passed an ancient monastery, but no friars worked about the grounds. Opposite the monastery was an inn, famous for its *Kuchen* and tea. The tables were dusty and empty, and we did not stop.

But as we neared Parten-Kirchen, signs of life grew apparent. The big summer hotels were all open; women in dainty dresses sat on the porches, or walked about the country roads. Occasionally a middle-aged man or a young boy was with them. It was like any mountain resort except for the stillness.

There was no laughter, no hurrying steps, no gladness. It had the atmosphere of a country Sunday. I expected each moment to hear the church bells.

Our driver deposited us at a charming inn in the centre of the town. We paid him five dollars for the trip. The use of a horse in war-time is a luxury, and automobiles have vanished. Even among wealthy vacationers not one was to be seen. The inn had been well recommended. We decided to try our luck, and sat down at one of the white-covered out-of-door tables. Boldly we ordered coffee and *Kuchen*. Presently it was set before us. A delicious and familiar, but almost forgotten odor came from the coffee-pot. I began to sniff. I touched the *Kuchen* with my finger. It was real. A cross between bread and cake, but made from real flour. There was a tiny bit of milk for the coffee, and a lump of sugar apiece. We ate slowly, steadily, silently, delightedly, until there was not a speck left. It was the only good coffee and *Kuchen* I had had in my entire trip through Germany. We wanted to order more, but were ashamed to.

Suddenly I remembered the mother and her seven sons. What right had these wealthy people out for a holiday to enjoy good food when poor people in the next town went hungry? Then I brought myself up with a turn. Had I a right to judge? In their place would I have been better? Would I have given my scanty food to the poor? But of one thing I was sure: if I had been poor and hungry, I would not have been content. No, assuredly not! And the poor of Germany are not content. Some day the wealthy who ate while the rest of the population went hungry will have to pay. The day of reckoning will come as surely as it did in the French Revolution.

We lingered at the table, loath to go. Should we stay over night for the sake

of more coffee and *Kuchen*? In the end we resisted. As we went toward the station, the full beauty of the place burst upon us. White clouds circled about the mountains, occasionally bursting apart and revealing a snow-covered peak. A dancing river flowed under quaint bridges. Attractive-looking women sat in charming hotel tea-gardens. It might have been the end of a summer day at Lake Placid, except that Parten-Kirchen possessed qualities unknown to American mountain resorts. It had the charm and color of life in a foreign city, and possessed at the same time scenery of Alpine grandeur.

At the station there was the usual summer crowd bidding farewell to departing guests. But even here there was no tone of banter and cheer. Even here the horror of war was evident. Some farewells held tragedy. In the carriage next mine a fine sad-eyed young man in uniform was leaning from the train-window. Below him stood a young girl. Her hair had only recently gone up and her skirts been let down. She was as delicate and fresh as a budding flower. The shy sweetness and fragrance of youth enveloped her. She was closely guarded by an elder sister and mother. The young man in the carriage devoured her with his eyes. Finding that there was a brief delay in the train's departure, he rushed back to the platform. He caught the girl's hand in his. He tried to pull her a little apart from the others. Both hands closed over the little one he held. His eyes sought hers longingly. Then he snatched up the other hand and held both close to him. He was so hun-

gry for the forbidden kiss! But mother and sister stood guard and he dared not, and the young thing before him did not understand. The tightly closed little petals quivered, the warmth of the sun was upon them; but convention and the mandates under which she moved held her fast. She did not raise her lips.

It was all I could do to keep from hurling the mother and sister to one side. The young man's story was so plainly written on his face. To-morrow he would go forth into battle. His eyes said that he feared he would never come back. All the things of his heart he wanted her to understand. This great moment would never come again, and its full glory was being denied him.

The whistle blew, the train began to move. The young man leaped to his place. Unashamed tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He leaned far out of the window and stretched out his arms. My own heart was in my throat. The day had been so full of tragedy; the whole earth was an abode of sorrow. Love and beauty were being suppressed, frozen. It was as though the cold hands of winter had been laid heavily on the land.

But as I looked, suddenly I saw that the sun was setting. The entire valley was flooded with golden light, the white clouds had all turned pink and were scattering; and far above them in uncovered, naked splendor shone the snow-covered peaks. The heavens seemed to be opening and revealing inner beauty, and suddenly into my mind flashed this line, —

O Wind,

If Winter come, can Spring be far behind?

FOOD-PREPAREDNESS FOR THE UNITED STATES

BY CHARLES O'BRIEN

IN February, after we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany and before a state of war had been declared as existing, we paid higher prices for food than warring Europe, and had food riots that rivaled those of 'starving' Germany herself. It was our first real taste of war food-conditions. Potatoes sold at wholesale in New York City as high as ten dollars and a half for a barrel of 155 pounds, as against two dollars and a half before the war; and they retailed by the pound, the measure of the poor, for thirteen cents, two for a quarter, or about twenty dollars a barrel. Furious housewives upset venders' carts, drove their owners to shelter, and boycotted dealers and their supplies. They stormed the mayor's office for relief, held mass meetings, and paraded the streets in protest.

Government officials — national, state, and municipal — were forced to take note of the situation, and as usual there resulted much talk of investigation and indictment. The war, the farmer, the railroads, and the middleman all came in for blame; nor were the waste and extravagance of the ultimate consumer allowed to escape unscathed. Threats of government ownership relieved the freight congestion at the Atlantic seaboard, and superhuman efforts on the part of railroads, middlemen, and government officials brought a temporary measure of relief, but the problem was not solved.

That it would remain unsolved, if times were normal, goes without say-

ing. We would forget it, as is our wont. But the times are not normal and there is consequently every chance that the problem will continue to be forced on our attention until something definite is done about it. The war is the unusual circumstance that is not going to allow us to forget it. We find ourselves in a situation where food-conditions promise to be worse instead of better. Potatoes went up in February, following our diplomatic break with Germany. Wheat climbed to two dollars a bushel two days after the President read his war message to Congress. There is not only a shortage of food in America, but a world-shortage as well. It appears that, if we are to feed ourselves and at the same time help to feed the world, we shall need a better organization of our resources than we have. Brains will have to be applied to the problem, and a thorough and co-ordinated system of control figured out. Action, not talk, is required. Oratory and boasting about the vastness of our resources have had their day and have been found wanting. They grow no potatoes.

We have entered the war, not knowing when or how it will end, or where it may lead us. In the matter of food-supply it may face us with conditions not unlike those of Europe. Happily there are men in Washington who realize this, and who have made a beginning. The Council of National Defense is alive to the necessity of food-preparedness as well as of the military, naval, and industrial kinds. Actively

coöperating with Messrs. Coffin, Gifford, Clarkson, and Rosenwald of the Council are Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Vrooman and Quartermaster-General Sharpe of the army, the President backing them in their efforts. These men, with others, propose to give America a measure of food-control that will prepare us to meet any emergency that may arise in that connection during the war.

We know that in entering the war we are going in against the most efficient and highly organized state that the world has ever known — a state which has proved its efficiency by being able to hold out against a powerful ring of enemies and the material resources of the world for almost three years. We have thrown down the gauntlet to that power, and made our entrance a question of the survival of democracy or autocracy. We are taking the risk of that power winning in Europe, as Admiral Fiske says it has an even chance of doing, then turning on us and making us stand the brunt of the battle, perhaps with the theatre of operations transferred to our own soil.

In anticipation of our entrance against her, Germany proposed to create for us a 'ring of enemies' similar to her own. She would have us, as she has been, shut within an 'iron ring,' and we can be sure that, if able, she would join in the formation of the ring. Whether we would be able to live as successfully on an 'iron ration' as she has done depends to a large extent on the way we prepare ourselves in advance for the test.

We can 'muddle through' as we have in past wars, this time jeopardizing the existence of the Republic, or we can develop instead an adequate programme of food-preparedness. Fortunately the problem has been greatly simplified for us by what has been learned by the experience of the Euro-

pean belligerents, particularly Germany herself. We have but to apply the information to our own circumstances, using what is deemed necessary and discarding the remainder.

The idea of food-preparedness is a new one, which has come out of the war. Before, it existed only in embryo. In the war it has been developed and perfected, ready for the adoption of any needy nation. It calls merely for the use of foresight instead of hindsight, intelligent leadership, system, and coördinated control. We have the necessary knowledge and the brains. It remains only to provide the plan and to act according to it. In brief, the system prevents draining the farm of needed men, stimulates and directs the production of food-stuffs, controls the matter of hoarding and price-raising, insures the military an effective backing for its efforts, and protects the civil population against want and extortion.

Before the war Germany alone seems to have had any idea that there was such a thing as food-preparedness. She had by no means thoroughly developed it, but her scientists and experts had gone into the problem as far as they could go without having real, modern war conditions to test their theories by. Her experts gathered the information of the world on the subjects of scientific agriculture and nutrition in such form that it was at the service of the nation when the war began. It was not left scattered haphazard in the heads of individuals. What the Germans knew they knew as a nation, and they kept the knowledge to themselves. That they made use of the pioneer work of our own nutrition experts is vouched for by Horace Fletcher, the American food economist, member of our preparedness board and of the Belgian Relief Commission, who made numerous trips to Germany before the war, to keep in touch with what she

was doing in matters of nutrition, and who was in Belgium when the war broke out.

The newer school in Germany followed closely the work of such men as Professors Chittenden and Fisher of Yale, Graham Lusk of Cornell, Fisk of the Life Extension Institute, Gephart of the Sage Foundation, and others. They followed also the work of our farming experts, and added to their own store of knowledge that developed by our state and national agricultural departments and by the departments of agriculture of our colleges. This explains in part at least why Germany normally grows thirty bushels of wheat to the acre to our fifteen, and it indicates how it happens that she beats the world generally in matters where system and efficiency count.

On the outbreak of the war she proceeded to apply the knowledge that she had stored. Through a commission headed by Dr. Paul Eltzbacher and known as the Eltzbacher Commission, a report in book form was issued shortly after the hostilities began, recommending measures for the conservation, the increase, and the control of Germany's food-resources. The commission was made up of experts in agriculture and nutrition, and its report was based on exact censuses, not only of population, but of the nation's various items of food-stuffs. It discussed and recommended measures for working out the problem of rationing under war conditions, and handled the question of nutrition from the point of view of the newer school in that field. The result was that for the first time in history a scientific diet was prescribed for a nation, the report discussing the ration in terms of calories instead of pounds and tons. The commission made mistakes and was laughed at both in and out of Germany by those who did not appreciate the grav-

ity of the situation. But on the whole its report was sound, and has been the basis of the measures of food-control by which Germany, to the astonishment of the world, has held out against 'a world of enemies.'

When it came to putting the recommended measures of control into operation, the first plan hit upon was the division of the country into eight military departments. This was virtually administration by martial law, with operations directed by the Great General Staff of the Army, on the walls of whose offices in Berlin there were food-maps of the Empire, colored to show which districts were peculiarly adapted for the production of particular food-stuffs. Wheat-growing areas were, for instance, colored red; potato lands, blue; grazing lands, green, and so on. There were, besides, specifications of the kinds and amounts of fertilizers to be used. War cook-books were issued by the million and adapted to the needs of various parts of the Empire.

But this control by the military did not work well. Conflicts arose between the regulations of the several departments, between them and the laws of the various states of the Empire, and again between the laws of the states themselves and the laws of the Empire. It was not at all unlike the conflict between the laws of our own states, and between state laws and federal laws. Inequalities in production and distribution resulted. There was hoarding, price-boosting, shortages, and riots. Housewives feared that they faced famine. The military authorities, with their hands full of the war, were unable to cope with the situation. Control by martial law failed. The problem had to be turned over to the civil authorities to be solved.

It was in June, 1916, that the Imperial Government finally took over entire charge of the matter and created

a central agency of control, known as the War Nutrition Office. All red tape was cut and all conflict of laws eliminated. The board placed in control was made up of experts in the production, transportation, and distribution of food-stuffs, and at its head was placed an efficient operator, Dr. Adolf von Batocki, known to the world as Germany's 'Food Dictator.'

His regulations are law and are enforced by the machinery of the government, national, state, and municipal. His power is absolute in food matters. He dictates the kinds and amounts of crops to be grown and cattle to be raised, what portion the farmer may keep and what he shall sell to the state, the price he shall get, how and by whom the food-stuffs shall be handled, both wholesale and retail, and the prices to be charged, and, finally, by the card-system he regulates consumption by the individual, insuring to each his share. In practice the system was worked out backwards. First the card idea was perfected, then the control of the retailer and the wholesaler was established, and finally a drive was made on the farmer, the latter being the most elusive factor in the situation. To-day the system is in working order, but the farmer continues to bother the War Nutrition Office and probably will do so more or less to the end of the war. The German people as a whole are playing the game, but there is a widespread belief that the farmers, especially the Junkers of East Prussia, are holding out supplies, and the result will doubtless be that the government will proceed to confiscate stores and surplus stocks.

In December, 1916, six months after the establishment of the food-dictatorship, Germany passed her civil service mobilization law, making subject to draft into the service of the state every man and woman between the ages of

eighteen and sixty. This enables the government to play checkers with the people as to their employment. Its primary purpose was to increase the output of munitions, but it will also be used to replace farm-labor that has gone into the war, to insure the proper cultivation and harvesting of crops. It makes it possible for Germany—weather permitting—to have a better yield in 1917 than in any season since the year the war began.

A further measure of economy contemplated by the government is the feeding of the entire population, rich and poor alike, from government kitchens, after the manner in which the quartermaster's department feeds the army. It will not be resorted to unless present measures of control fail, but it will be applied in case necessity dictates. If adopted, it will be the most amazing step in socialization of effort ever attempted by a state, in itself revolutionary in character and a step which perhaps might be the cause of revolution. It would release from the work of preparing food hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of men and women, and would result in ability on the part of the government further to prolong the war.

The adoption of a food-dictatorship for the United States is an unthinkable thing. It is difficult to imagine, in the first place, that we could ever be put to such straits to feed ourselves as Germany has been. But, if blockaded from the outside world, there are factors which would enter our problem which would make it not altogether unlike the one Germany has had to solve. It is certain that we would need at least some similar measures of control, though we should try very hard to avoid the dictator. War complicates things. Life no longer moves in its usual channels as in peace-time. The tendency is to upset whatever system

exists and throw things out of gear. We know we have none too much system as it is. That was demonstrated to us in February. That we shall need vastly more than we have, in the real war that we are entering, would seem to go without saying.

Our population numbers one hundred million people, and we have three million square miles of territory from which to feed ourselves. As compared with that, there are comprised in the blockaded area of Germany, her allies, and their conquered enemy territory, together with the semi-blockaded area of the neutral states contiguous to the Teutonic empires, a population of about one hundred and eighty millions, to be fed from an area of, in round numbers, one million, eight hundred thousand square miles. We should have to ration thirty-three people to the square mile as against their one hundred. In other words, considering population and area alone, our problem would be but one-third as difficult.

But there is to be taken into consideration the German capacity for system, organization, and efficiency, and our own comparative lack of them. If we had to do it, we could doubtless become as systematic and as efficient as Germany, and, under compulsion, we could by intensive farming feed ourselves from an area the size of Texas, which is larger than Germany. But we have not experienced the necessity of having to do it and, therefore, have not done it, and we are consequently wasteful, profligate, unsystematic, lacking in organization and efficiency.

Now the necessity confronts us of preparing ourselves to meet a contingency such as we have never before faced in the life of the nation. We have to prepare, not to a known degree, but for the ultimate. The plainly indicated procedure for us is to leave nothing undone that would put us on a plane of

efficiency equal to, or higher than, that of our enemy. We should summon our best agricultural and nutrition experts, and with them experts in the field of transportation and distribution of food-stuffs, and have them outline what is necessary for the conservation, the increase (if necessary), and the control of our available food-supply. We have such experts in plenty, and in their brains and in the files of the various bureaus and departments of our government there exists the necessary information. It should be mobilized. This body should be made to work with, or under, the Council of National Defense, and to coördinate our food-supply problem with our other problems of preparedness.

Following that work, which has already been done in part at least by the Council itself, an efficient operating body, with power to act and really control the situation, should be created. It should have at its head a real executive and administrator, and should have power to carry out nationally such measures of control as would ensure an adequate food-supply. The delegation of such power should be accompanied by the elimination in advance of any possible conflict with, or interference from, local municipal and state authorities. Unless this is done the attempt at food-control will fail just as it failed in Germany at the start. It is a problem which can be dealt with only by a national agency, and it will not suffice merely to clothe such an agency with power similar to that possessed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, while exercising authority over interstate traffic, has no control of traffic wholly within state borders. As a branch of our war government its power should be as broad as that of the army in military matters or the navy on the sea. We should think it ridiculous if the army

could be interfered with by state and municipal agencies. It should appear just as ridiculous to us to have a national control of food-supply in such a war as we are entering upon interfered with by those authorities.

Our most serious difficulty is likely to result from a disturbance of labor conditions on the farm, due to enlistments crippling the movement of food-supply at the source through interference with production. And a further factor, seriously to be considered, will be a secondary drift of labor to the city factories to replace employees who will go into the war. There has already been quite enough of that in peacetime; if it were allowed to be augmented by the war, it would deal a death-blow to the farmer and leave the way open for the necessity of importing alien labor when peace returns.

The Council of National Defense plans to keep labor in munition factories, where it is as necessary as in the war. It is just as important that it plan to keep it on the farm; or at least that it arrange to replace enlistments with other labor, so that there will be no loss at the source of food-production.

In addition to this control of farm-labor supply, such a national food-control board should coöperate with the farmers of the country, so that there would be a coördination of production to prevent shortages of necessities. If the matter is left to existing conflicting agencies, confusion and inefficiency will result.

In a similar manner the transportation and distribution of food-stuffs should be regulated from the national standpoint, local shortages due to faulty distribution prevented, hoarding and price-raising made impossible, and maximum and minimum prices established for the protection of all concerned — farmer, middleman, and consumer, the government included.

The adoption of such a thorough programme of food-control entails the passing of constitutional amendments giving Congress the power to put them into effect. But it will be the part of wisdom to pass them now and grant the power, if only for the war, rather than to wait until it is too late. We face a national crisis and we need a national organization to face it with. Qualms about the sacredness of state rights should not be allowed to interfere in such an emergency. If they do interfere, there is left only the remedy of martial law, which knows only the doctrine of necessity, but which should not have to be invoked, for our army will have all it can do to look after strictly military affairs.

If we hold to our present lack of system, organization, and control, and our present conflict of authorities, national, state, and municipal, it may cost us dear; it may neutralize the unquestionable fact that no nation ever had such enormous resources for making war as the United States to-day. Because Germany has made a genius of system, organization, and efficiency, is no reason why we need fear those things. They are not peculiar attributes of autocracy. If they were, autocratic Russia would have had them; but she did not. They are just as possible in a democracy as in an autocracy.

Our fundamental trouble as a nation is that among the hundred millions of us there are almost as many different ideas as to what we ought to do about any given thing. We scatter our brain-power instead of concentrating its effort. It is a result of the system of individualism on which our government was founded. Now, the conflict in Europe has demonstrated that individualism in war-time is an outworn system. The countries fighting Germany have been forced to abandon it by the necessity for system, organiza-

tion, and efficiency produced by the war. They have been made over into highly efficient and highly organized socialized units. They will have better governments and a happier life in the end as a result.

If we are to be effective in the war, we have got to nationalize and socialize our life and our effort. We have got to learn that anarchical individualism is not the *sine qua non* of democracy; that system, organization, and efficiency are compatible with the development of our ideals; and in the learning of it we shall find that these measures of socialization will yield a fuller and freer life to the individual whose effort is now dissipated in our scramble.

It is only a speculation, — an interesting speculation, nevertheless, — but if Voltaire had gone to Berlin to live, as Frederick the Great implored him to do, the world might have been spared its present agony. They were friends, prodigious correspondents, but the founders of two opposing systems of thought that have clashed in the

present war. Both were extremists. Had they come together they might have hit upon a happy mean between their two systems and saved us the trouble of doing so; but they did not.

Voltaire, who, with Rousseau, influenced the thought that brought on the French Revolution, was the prophet of the doctrine of *laissez faire*, better known to us as individualism. Frederick the Great built the foundations of modern Prussia. In 1750 these two friends did much to lay the groundwork of to-day's bloody conflict.

Germany, the inheritor of the ideas of Frederick, has too much system, organization, and control of life to suit us. We, the heritors of the ideas of Voltaire, have too little for our own good. There is surely a happy mean, and it is possible for us to hit upon it and work it out. Perchance that will be the greatest benefit that we as a nation and a people will get out of the war. We are offered the opportunity of setting an example and a model for the world to pattern by.

THE GRAVEYARD BY THE MORAVA. I

BY LIEUTENANT MILUTIN KRUNICH

I

AFTER the fall of Nish my division had retreated on the right bank of the Morava River; its task was to prevent the Bulgarians from crossing, and to keep open for traffic the high road toward the south on the left bank. The combined army of fifty thousand men had to pass along this road.

South of Nish, on the left bank of the river, stretched the valley of the Morava for twenty miles; in front of Leskovatz this valley became undulating and ascending. Around the town the mountains rose like a gigantic amphitheatre. In order to enter the town one must pass through a wide, natural gateway between two beautiful romantic hills which ended the amphitheatre. This

pass faced the river, beyond which was the mountainside on which my division was intrenched. The highway from Nish and Krushevatz went through the central part of the valley and turned to the left near Leskovatz, leading on through the pass and the town into the mountain fastnesses. If the whole combined army could get through this pass it would be secure; then my division could take positions around the town in natural fortresses, where they could easily defend the place and hold the enemy back until the combined army had time to escape beyond the mountains. But could this be done?

The Bulgarian army had not attacked us for some time with infantry, but had discharged their wicked shells, which exploded high above us, staining the pure blue of the skies with smoke. I took advantage of this respite to look through my field-glasses at the valley below me. Thousands and thousands of human beings were creeping along the valley! Here and there one could see masses moving very slowly. These masses were composed of men, women, and children, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, dogs — all jammed together, painfully pushing forward. I could see that they tried to hurry their slow march, but it seemed as if they stumbled at each step over invisible obstacles, and it seemed too as if some great force — the spirit of their native land, perhaps — held them and did not permit them to go forward.

The homes of these people had been burned and destroyed without pity. The fields had been trampled and their fruits ruthlessly crushed into the earth. The rivers were flowing turbid with blood. The songs of the brooks had been drowned by the scream and crash of shot and shell. The forests had been uprooted, broken, ruined, enveloped in smoke and stench. The cemeteries were demolished and desecrated, and

the flowers on the tombs were trampled by the hoofs of horses. The bells would never ring again from the white towers of the churches. The grandfathers and grandmothers had been killed amid the ashes of their homes. Song and happiness were replaced by weeping and wailing, the crash of artillery, unspeakable ferocity and cruelty. It was now a land of horror from which they fled — this country which they thought would always be a land of happiness and love, a flowery corner where one could live as in Paradise. Always to be the good mother — their dear native land! And now? Human imagination could not picture a worse hell.

Fright had stiffened their limbs and horror had palsied their minds. My glasses showed me dreadful pictures. A mother carried her infant bound on her back. She clasped the next younger one to her breast, and the older ones, holding to her skirt, ran after her, barefooted, half-clothed, weeping and crying from fear, cold, and hunger. When one of these little ones grew so weak; when his little heart began to beat so slowly; when his little feet, wounded, cut, bloody, and exhausted, could no longer carry his tired body, and his tiny hand, which had held fast to his mother's skirt, was no longer able to hold on, then he let go of the skirt, which was his only shelter; his mother was lost to him and he stood alone. The poor woman could not hear his appealing cry; there were five others around her who were weeping. Suddenly a flock of frightened sheep rushed by, and the child was thrown down into the mud; then came oxen and cows and wagons. Some one among the refugees, who had not yet lost his heart amid this horror, picked up the little body and threw it into a ditch near the road that it might not be crushed any more. In such times, unhappy is every woman who bears the name of mother!

I saw young girls carrying white bundles in which were all the wedding garments, which they had spun and woven in happiness of heart, always with songs on their beautiful lips. Shame, fear, and horror were marked upon their young faces, for the victors had no pity.

I saw men and old women loaded with things saved from the fire, or wrested from the bloody hands of the enemy. Oh, how they staggered, those old people, under the weight of these precious burdens, all that remained of their former riches, and the remnant of life's labor! Before them were driven the weary and starving cattle. They begged these poor creatures to 'go on, go on, my dears, only a little farther.' No one knows the number who died in that grim valley, or the heartrending scenes there. When an only child fell, its mother would lie beside it and with her last strength gather the child to her breast and wait for their black fate.

I saw also the long, dark lines of infantry. How they staggered, wavered and broke, but quickly gathered themselves in order and marched on! Blackened, ragged, bloody, bearing many wounds, yet, with resolute looks and clenched teeth, carrying in their hearts faith in strength and justice, marched these men, stronger than death — the last defenders of their native land.

Everywhere along this valley one could see hundreds and hundreds of wagons. Some turned aside from the thronged roads into the fields, where they tried to go on; but the horses were worn out, the wagons overloaded, the men had made their last efforts. They could go no farther: they remained there, sunk in the deep mud.

An appalling sound rose from the valley, the mingled weeping, screaming, and crying of children, the groans of men, and the lowing and bellowing of the animals.

I leaned my head against the cold stone to shut out this horrible scene, and held both hands over my breast that my heart should not break.

II

At two o'clock in the afternoon the colonel called all the officers of my regiment. As my captain had been wounded ten days before, I, being the next oldest officer, had replaced him and gone to the colonel to take his orders. In a small narrow cup of the hills, shut in by gray rocks, I found him with the other officers around him. I was frightened by the looks of these men. They were pale, dirty, bloodstained, ragged, exhausted, and unshaven. Some of them had bandaged hands, others had bandaged heads. Most of them had no caps; some were shivering with fever; others could hardly stand because of intolerable pain. God! did *I* look the same? Could these be the healthy, handsome young men who went into the struggle two months ago?

As the youngest I took the last place. We were all standing motionless, waiting for orders from the colonel, who stood before us. He looked tenderly upon us; his eyes dimmed, and a shadow seemed to pass over his face. His glance fell; he sighed deeply. Suddenly he straightened himself and threw out his chest; and, looking upon us again with a firm resolute gaze, thus spoke the 'Old Lion': —

'Gentlemen, I could have sent a written order to you, but I summoned you to say that our efforts have been rewarded. We have saved the combined army. Also I wish to say that the *Vojvoda* sends congratulations to you. And I, I admire you, gentlemen! This is not flattery. You know that I cannot flatter, nor do I wish to, for it would be an insult to your efforts and your bravery. Gentlemen, I simply admire you with

all my heart. I see what you have done and I know what you must do. Officers, it is demanded of us to defend Lescovatz; Serbia demands that you die in order to save her other children!’

The colonel was silent for a moment. A deathly hush fell upon us. I looked upon the men around me. A young lieutenant beside me grasped convulsively at my hand to keep from falling. His head was bandaged around the cheek and chin with a dirty cloth through which the blood-drops crept, gathering on his chin and falling on his breast. A captain beside him had a wounded arm which was slung from his neck in a colored shawl, beneath which could be seen the hand, red and swollen; slowly he drew up his other hand and placed it over the wounded one, that the others might not look upon it. Another, a captain, clenched his teeth to prevent their chattering from the racking fever which shook him. But his clothing shivered as in the wind. Farther on stood a young major who was without a cap; his face was red, his hair wet, and from his forehead great drops of sweat ran down. One could see that he was consumed by raging fever. But in spite of all this, when the colonel spoke his last words, every man straightened up. Their looks showed that they had understood the colonel and were ready to make this last sacrifice.

The colonel continued: ‘I have received orders from headquarters. During this day and the coming night, the combined army will pass through the pass of Lescovatz. You know that the main attack of the Bulgarians was against this army. It has fought for a month and withstood all these attacks, surviving superhuman efforts, and, at last, has marched day and night without rest. The men are exhausted. Beyond Lescovatz are the mountains, through which the advance is very difficult, and for these worn men it will be

still more trying. This means that they must have time to reach safety. Our division must procure this for them by defending Lescovatz. Here is the plan. The Twentieth, Eighteenth, and our regiment will cross the Morava at once, and take the positions around the town. The Fourteenth regiment will remain here with a detachment of mountain artillery and check the enemy during the day and following night until three o’clock in the morning, when they will cross the river, blowing up the bridge behind them. Meanwhile we must make all possible preparations for the fight of the next day. My regiment will defend the position at the right of the town. To every company I give its section.’

Then the colonel told the commanders their sections, and gave the precise information. Presently he came to me:

‘Second company of the fourth battalion?’ he asked me.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘How many soldiers have you in your company?’

‘About one hundred and fifty, sir.’

‘That means that you have lost more than a hundred. Take better care of your children, my boy!’ he added, jokingly.

I smiled bitterly.

‘One hundred and fifty!’ continued the colonel. ‘That is a fine number. Others do not have half as many. Because of this I have decided to give you a very important position. You will occupy the position at Mirno Brdo [Peaceful Hill], which is at the right side of the pass. You will dig trenches toward the pass and the valley. I will give you two field-cannon and three machine-guns. Do you see how I take care of my children? Remember — dig the trenches deep as possible and as soon as you can. *Do you understand?*’

‘Yes, sir.’

I was the last one to receive orders. Meanwhile the other commanders

went to places where they could examine the valley and the position of Les-covatz. Some used field-glasses and all had maps. I took my map to locate my 'Peaceful Hill,' and quickly found it.

I felt as if I had been struck: I saw the mark of a cemetery on my position. Unable to believe this, I took my field-glasses to make sure that I was right. It was true; I distinctly saw the crosses, the graves, and the white monuments.

A cemetery! I did not know what to think. The colonel was moving away. I ran over to him.

'There is a cemetery, sir, over the whole of my position!'

The colonel looked at me with surprise and smiled bitterly.

'I know. Well?'

'The firing line goes along the crest of the hill and I shall have to dig my trenches through the middle of the cemetery among the graves —'

'I know! Well?'

'How can I dig up the graves?'

'How? With pick — with pick and shovel, my boy! Listen! I do not defend the dead, but the *living*. I do not defend cemeteries, but our native land. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir,' I whispered.

'How right he is!' I thought to myself; and went quickly to my company.

My company still had four platoons. The sergeants of these were good men and very brave. Two of them I was especially fond of, Bora and Cheda. Bora was a lad scarcely twenty years old. He was a student in the University of Geneva, where I had met him two years before. He was a handsome, well-built fellow; smiles and songs were always on his lips. In the most terrible battles he had sung. He used to say that when a man sings he has no time to think about fear, suffering, fatigue, or pain. And so he sang and sang. He was always cheerful and never complained. We all loved him. Many times I have

heard the soldiers say, 'We would die to save a hair of Bora's head.'

Cheda was the opposite of Bora — an older man, small, bent, always serious and quiet. He was a peasant, but naturally very intelligent, with a big heart and an idealist's soul. I never saw a braver man. In the most dreadful battles he would put his hands in his pockets and give commands to his soldiers with marvelous coolness and calmness; he never sought to shelter himself. He was a married man, with three children. I loved him, too! To Cheda and Bora I was not a commander, but a real brother.

The time came for my company to cross the bridge. The weary and careworn soldiers went silently. Perhaps they were quiet because of fatigue, pain, and hunger, or perhaps it was because *I* was very sad, worried and anxious, for I usually talked and joked with them. Bora, too, was quiet for a while, but presently he came to me, asking in a worried tone, 'Why are you so gloomy?'

I could not answer him; I could not speak. My head dropped.

But the lad continued, 'Where are we going?'

'To the cemetery,' I replied shortly.

He laughed. 'For more than ten days we have been walking in a cemetery! Joking aside, where are we going?'

'To the cemetery, to the real cemetery, to dig up the graves!'

Bora grasped my sleeve and looked in my face, his fine eyes wide with consternation and fright. I saw that he was much overcome, and spoke quietly to him.

'I have received orders to take the position at Peaceful Hill. And that is the cemetery of Lescovatz. We are obliged to dig up the graves in order to make the trenches. Do you understand now?'

'So it is true, after all,' he said. Then without waiting for my answer he ran to tell Cheda the news. In a short time the whole company knew where we were going.

As I went on ahead of my company, I could hear an angry murmur and now and then an exclamation: 'This is sacrilege!' 'It will bring misery to us!' 'God will punish us!' 'Must we dig up the dead?' 'Must we take out the bones of the dead?'

Every sentence came like a blow on my head. At the same time we fell in with the throng in the valley. We saw those who were unable to go on, who were weeping, or writhing in pain. We saw the wagons mired to the hubs in the deep mud, and it seemed to me that the men clustered round them had lost their reason, for they were shouting madly, and cruelly beating the poor exhausted horses. And then we came to those who were dying, and the dead lying in the ditches.

Three regiments had crossed the river. They were trying to move on across the valley, but the confusion and disorder in the throng was dismaying. I could not endure it any longer.

'Bring me my horse!' I called to my orderly.

After I had mounted I said to Cheda, 'I am going ahead to look over my position; you bring the soldiers to the cemetery. Take care that no one stays behind.'

I spurred my horse so as to leave that hell as quickly as possible.

III

How beautiful was the cemetery! How quiet it was there at Peaceful Hill!

At the crest of the hill was a large rounded plateau, quite level. The old cemetery was on this plateau. It was like a park. Wide straight paths,

strewn with yellow sand, went in all directions, and above them great linden trees formed beautiful arches. Between the paths were the graves, surrounded by low borders of evergreen, or old iron fences, with monuments of black or white marble, and a low seat of stones near each grave. At each grave there was a tiny lamp, in many of which red and yellow flames burned. And everywhere were many flowers and sweet odors.

The citizens of Lescovatz had thought this hill-top would always be large enough for their cemetery; but death had been busy in poor Serbia the last five years. Because of this the cemetery had extended down the slopes in all directions; in this new part were hundreds and hundreds of new graves. There were no wide paths between these, nor high monuments of marble, nor iron fences. They were low mounds with simple wooden crosses — the graves of soldiers. But still each grave had its lamp, and many of the flowers which grow so quickly from tears.

I got off my horse, hitched him to a tree, and went to examine the locations where the trenches must be dug. I went first to the south side where the trenches must face the pass. When I reached this place I wanted to cry out in great joy. A wide path ran along the crest just where I must dig the trenches. Never in my life had I felt greater joy and relief. 'If only it would be the same on the other side!' I said aloud to myself, as in prayer. It was easy to establish the points where the trenches were to be dug, for the whole space before the path was entirely clear; the little wooden crosses at the new graves of soldiers below were almost innumerable. Lower down were vineyards and the little cabins of the vine-growers. It was a fine place for my trenches.

Afterwards I rode across to the east side, facing the valley; there all my joy

and hopes vanished. Not only were there no paths, but the old and new cemeteries overlapped. While I was riding to the cemetery I had made up my mind that I *must* destroy the graves. But now, when the moment came that I must really do this, I felt stunned, and my brain refused to act. A cold sweat broke out upon my body; drops trickled down my forehead into my eyes and stung them. Then the words of the colonel came to my mind: 'I do not defend the dead but the living.' I grasped this reason as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

I examined the ground where the line for the trenches must be marked. Here I would have to destroy five old graves and two new ones; there, I would have to dig up seven new and three old ones. But, after a while, I found a line between the graves, which, though not very strategic, would not cross many graves. Only four would have to be destroyed; and of these three were old; two were very old — sunken, and so covered with grass as to be scarcely recognizable. The other old one was surrounded by a black iron fence, and a white marble monument stood near the mound, on which was chiseled in golden letters, 'To our good Mama.' There were many dead roses on the grave, but the beautiful crowns of the chrysanthemums were open.

The new grave was that of a soldier. On the mound were many flowers, and a lamp which burned in its tiny white church. On the left side the earth was pressed down by being knelt upon. At the head of the grave was a small red cross of wood with the words —

YOVAN MILICH
Died of Wounds Received
in the Battle of Kosmaj
October 2, 1915

I looked upon these two graves sadly. In one was lying a son, a soldier, a warrior, a defender of his native land.

In the second a mother — the dearest being, the most holy person to her children. It came over me that I must kneel before these graves and pray. But, suddenly I looked upon myself. I was dirty, disheveled, bloodstained.

'Men like me cannot pray to God!' I said aloud. And I felt that it did not pay to live.

By this time my company had arrived at the cemetery. The many experiences which these men had known in their unending fighting had taught them where to go and what to do as soon as they came to a new situation. But now they went hesitatingly, they stopped, they hid behind each other, and all sought to be in the rear line. They were frightened.

'Third and fourth platoons, follow me!' I said, and went to the south side. When we came to the path I said to them, 'You are lucky. You will not have to dig up the graves. The trenches will go along the edge of this path. You will start at this monument and end beyond that tree. You must begin work right away and try to finish before dark. Go on, men, go on to work!'

Afterwards I came back to the first place. Some of the soldiers were going from grave to grave, reading the inscriptions and whispering among themselves. Many had laid down on the grass. Some were asleep. When I came, they all rose, and stood silently awaiting my order. It seemed to me that they stood before the last judgment. Bora and Cheda came to me.

'Listen!' I said to them. 'You will begin at this fence, dig over this new grave and those with white monuments, and end beyond the two old graves. Begin at once. We must finish this in four hours. Come on!'

The soldiers, with shovels on their shoulders, advanced slowly and hesitatingly and stood near each other on the line I marked out. A great hulking

fellow, tanned almost black, with bandaged head, the stock of whose gun bore more than thirty scratches (each scratch meant that he had killed a man), stood over the soldier's grave and with his heavy boot kicked at the earth of the mound and trampled the flowers. I would rather he had trampled on my heart.

When the soldiers were all in line, Cheda said, 'Begin!'

Each man bent and began to dig at his place. Cheda came to the big soldier and quietly said to him, 'You must not throw down the cross!'

'No fear, Sergeant, it's not in my way,' replied the giant, and struck his shovel into the mound.

I went a little farther and sat down on a bank, that I might not see.

The sun was going down. Its last red rays shone through the crowns of the lindens whose yellow and faded leaves covered the paths and the graves. The trees and monuments made long shadows on the leaf-strewn ground, which looked like a beautiful carpet of a thousand colors, rosy with the gleam of the sunset. The little lamps on the graves began to shine more brightly and weirdly. At first I heard only the strokes of picks and shovels behind me; then the soldiers began to murmur, to talk, then to call to each other, to swear, and finally to laugh. I heard a voice.

'It is not so terrible to dig here.'

'Surely, it is not. The sexton does this all his life!'

I recognized the voice as that of the giant who dug into the soldier's grave.

'Eh! How easy the shovel goes in this wet earth — like into a cheese,' said another.

'In a cemetery the earth is always wet — with tears!' I heard Bora's voice.

'Dig! dig!' said Cheda, in a low, serious tone.

'Oh, yes! dig! dig!' replied Bora. 'It's all the same. If we dig in the fields, pastures, vineyards, rocks, mountains, forests, or cemeteries, it is all the same; everywhere we destroy human toil and God's works. In every case we are sinners. In other places we throw out only stones, but here a skull. But it is all the same anyway; neither can speak, neither can feel. Dig! dig!'

Presently I saw an old man who was trying to hurry toward us. He was unable to run, but he cried out something and made signs with his hands. I rose and met him at the trench. He was very, very old, his hair was all white, his eyes were wide with horror. He tried to speak, but he had lost his breath from hurrying and no words came. He gasped for breath a few moments, stretched his hands toward the soldiers as if he wanted to make them stop, then cried, —

'What are you doing here, men?'

'Can't you see? We're digging trenches!' said Cheda in a low angry voice. He hated to be interfered with.

'But in the cemetery!' exclaimed the poor old man. 'In *my* cemetery! Don't you know that I have taken care of this cemetery more than forty years? I swore before God that I would keep forever his holy things. I do not permit this. Do you understand? I do not permit you to dig here! It is impossible! From a thousand other places you choose just this to destroy!'

'Hey, *cheecha*, as far as you can see the trenches are dug everywhere round the town. Now understand *me*, everywhere they —' began Bora.

'I don't care!' broke out the *cheecha*, angrily, to Bora. 'You can dig everywhere, you can destroy everything, you can do what you wish, but *not here!*'

For a moment there was silence. The soldiers stopped their work and watched to see what happened.

The old sexton, seeing this, thought

that we had given up and said more gently, '*Hayde, hayde dobri moye*. Fly from here!'

'That's impossible; we are not birds,' laughed a soldier.

'What! you will *not* go from here? You will not leave my graves in peace?'

'I beg of you, *cheecha*, go away,' said Cheda sternly; 'go, go at once, and get out of our way.' And turning to the soldiers, he said, 'Go on digging.'

The men, who were amused at this scene, began to dig, laughing. When the poor old man saw this, he screamed as if he had been wounded, and rushing to the giant who was digging at the soldier's grave, grasped his shovel with both hands, trying to take it away from him, and crying, —

'*Hae!* you shall not, you shall not dig here while I am alive!'

The big soldier, from whom the devil himself could not wrest anything, held the shovel in one hand; with the other he brushed away the old man, saying,

'Let me alone, *cheecha*. Let me alone, I tell you! If I had to defend such as you, certainly I would not destroy these graves; but,' pointing to the valley, 'for those down there, I would do anything; for those I would die!'

And, knowing that he was right, in his excitement he pushed the old man so hard that he fell to the ground. I hurried to them, crying, —

'What are you doing, you fools?'

Then, for the first time, the old man saw me. He crept to me, clasped my feet with his arms, and weeping, begged me: —

'O sir! sir! I beg of you, if you know God, don't let them destroy the graves; don't let them commit a terrible sacrilege! God will punish them!'

I bent over him and said, —

'Be reasonable, *cheecha*, we have to dig here. This place is a very important strategic point. If we do not defend it, the Bulgarians will enter quick-

ly into the town and do frightful things. Serbia is dying, *cheecha*, her people are perishing. We have to do everything in order to save them. We must take every help. The time is coming when we must take help of the dead too. Understand, the dead have to help us now!'

The old sexton looked at me in amazement, as if he did not understand me. Suddenly his head drooped; he fell to the ground and wept like a child. Cheda looked at me. I gave him a sign with my head and he went to the soldiers.

'Two men here! Take that old man and carry him to his home, and say to his wife, or to anybody else, that they must leave the cemetery at once.'

Two soldiers lifted the old man, taking him under the arms, and went off. The old sexton looked as if he were dead. After going a little distance, he jerked himself away from the soldiers, straightened up and cried in a solemn voice, —

'You have to know that you dig your own grave. God will punish you! He will bury *you* to-morrow!'

Then suddenly he collapsed and fell into the arms of the soldiers, an inert mass. The men were laughing and calling, —

'Oh, we know that!'

'We came here for that!'

'At least, we know that we will have a good sexton!'

'Be silent! Work!' said Cheda, angrily.

The soldiers became quiet and began to work again. It seemed as if I had dreamed all this, that I was not alive. I felt as if the heart and soul had gone out of me and I had neither nerves nor brain. I returned to the bank and sat down. The sun had set but it was still light. It was one of those beautiful last days of autumn, which tell us that Nature will soon die, but also give

promise of a new springtime. Alas! the springtime will never come again to poor Serbia!

For a while the soldiers worked quietly. They saw the night coming, and as they knew that the trenches must be finished before dark, they used their last strength hurriedly. Occasionally I heard a sad, tired sigh, the sigh of a man who can no longer move. Then I would hear the voice of his friend: —

‘Go, go on, *bata* [little brother], only for a little longer. We will have the whole night to rest!’

Then I heard a strange noise of many voices calling, —

‘Hee! Bones!’

‘How black and yellow they are!’

‘How large they are! One cannot believe they are human bones!’

All of a sudden I heard an angry exclamation, the cry of a man who had endured for a long time and can no longer bear up.

‘I cannot work any longer! I shall stifle! It smells horribly!’

‘What? It smells!’ I heard Bora’s voice. ‘Ha, *bato moj*, this is no perfumer’s shop, it is a cemetery; it is not the festival of Mi-Carême, it is war. Have you forgotten the days of Cerna-Bara, when we had to remain for fifteen days in our trenches, and around us lay the corpses which had rotted in the summer sun, because we could not bury them? Do you remember that?’

‘I remember, but it was not as —’

‘It was worse,’ said Cheda angrily. ‘It is not worth your while to complain. Better work! Dig!’

Again they were silent. Again only the stroke of the picks.

‘Auh!’ cried a frightened voice. ‘Bora, look here! A skull!’

‘A skull! Throw it up here. How terrible and cold it is! Can it be possible that this was once covered with flesh, and moved above the earth? Brothers, for a long time I have wished

to act Hamlet; finally my opportunity is here. No actor would wish a better stage. But instead of applause, it is the thunder of cannon. It is more magnificent! And instead of laurels, perhaps I will get a bullet through my forehead. But it is all the same. This scene is worth death! The story is, that a khedive, throwing away his koran and his *ingiales*, gave liberty to all his slaves and the wives of his harem. He stood before a window and saw how these unhappy ones joyfully breathed the beautiful air of liberty. Never khedive saw a more magnificent picture! Later, he committed suicide in the great delight of his heart, with these words on his lips, “These scenes will not happen every day.”

‘A skull! Is that a skull of a politician, a lawyer, or a buyer of land? Is that a skull of those men whom Hamlet hated and despised? No, no, it is the skull of a mother. Do you see what is written here: “To our good Mama!” Mother! Sometimes you had heard those words, my poor skull, my good mother, and you were the happiest among human beings. Mother! She is our source of life, of nourishment, — our teacher, protector, defender, angel, love, life — our God! All this is one woman, one mother, to her children. Skull, what are you to me? Nothing but cold, dirty, dead bones. And yet, in these dark sockets were once eyes, like those of my mother, which wept with happiness when I smiled, or with pain when I but cut my little finger. Oh! dear mother’s eyes! Here were the lips, like the lips of my mother, which kissed me and called me “my angel.” Here were the cheeks, like the cheeks of my mother, which I kissed uncounted times!’

Something thrilled in my heart and soul when I heard Bora’s words. I felt that his words burned me, scathed me, and kindled great pain within me; but

at the same time, I felt that a strange warmth was melting the ice around my heart which had formed there during these last days of horror. It seemed to me that I wanted to listen to his words, to drink them in, and yet, at the same time, to close my ears to them. All the feelings which I had hidden and kept deep in my heart, this good boy, in his honesty and youth, had drawn out without pity. Never, never should one speak of *mother* in the war! When I heard the words about mother, I felt as if I could not breathe, and that I could no longer endure to hear him speak, and I called out to him, —

'Stop, Bora! Come here.'

Slowly he came over. He was pale as death.

I was frightened by his looks, and I put both hands on his shoulders, shook him and said, —

'Bora, be a man!'

He looked at me, then he smiled, opened his eyes widely, his face flushed,

and in an eager and excited voice, he said to me, —

'God protect them! Is it not so?'

'Yes, Bora, God protect them!' I repeated, prayerfully; and suddenly I felt that a great hope had entered my heart. Just then the big black soldier's voice broke in.

'Lieutenant!'

'What is the matter?'

'A coffin, sir, entirely new! Look! a fine red coffin! Here it is peeping out from the earth. If I dig deeper it will take more than a half of the trench. What shall I do now?'

'The trench is not deep enough,' I said to him; 'dig around it and leave it exposed.'

'That is a fine idea. For a long time you have wished to have a chair in the trench. Now you will have one!'

'Fool!' said Cheda, angrily.

'It's a fine idea, anyway!' said the big fellow, chuckling, and he began to dig.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SLEEPY ROAD

It is hard for me to remember now that my knowledge of the Sleepy Road, gained so many years ago, came only through the chance bit of advice dropped by a wise, kind, weary old doctor as he shuffled, at midnight, down the corridor of the silent hospital. Whatever was the errand of life or death that had called him in such haste, he had time to stop and give me a friendly word, although I, a small and incorrigibly sleepless patient, was sitting bolt

upright among the pillows in defiance of all his orders, and was staring, wide-eyed, into the hot, pain-haunted dark.

'You think you are never going to be able to sleep again, don't you?' he observed; 'well, shut your eyes and do just what I tell you. Think of some road that you know well, a good long road that winds and turns and shows you water and woods and hills. Keep your eyes tight shut and travel along it in memory as slowly as you can; recall every sight and sound and perfume as you pass by. I have such a road of

my own, the one I used to walk to school when I was eight years old; I have started out on it a hundred times, when I thought I could not sleep, but I never get very far. I come just about to the old, stone bridge over Damon's Creek, or perhaps to the swimming-hole where the willows dip into the brown water, but I never reach the end.'

On many and many a night since then I have traveled my own Sleepy Road and thanked the dear old doctor at every step of the way. When obstinate wakefulness will yield to nothing else, I have only to close my reluctant eyes firmly and set off. I go first down the street that leads from the house where I was born — an overgrown country-town street, known as The Avenue, lined with tall, lank houses of the Middle Victorian period, the broad lawns beginning to be submerged under the rising tide of aggressive bungalows.

I pass, at last, a corner where there stands, deserted and dropping to decay, an enormous dwelling whose millionaire builder, now long since dead, followed no school of architecture save the Pure Plutocratic and his own sweet will. The edge of his garden still shows a few red geraniums and purple coleus and is guarded by weather-stained iron deer: the flora and fauna of a forgotten Art. Beyond these monstrosities, the street turns abruptly, drops swiftly down-hill, and becomes a road, the Sleepy Road at last. As I hear the cool rustle of the trees on either hand and see their sharp shadows lying across the white, dusty way, the first feeling of drowsiness comes and begins to weigh down the eyelids that have, so far, been kept shut only by main strength of will.

There is another sound to be heard presently, the thin trickling of water that comes splashing out from below a great boulder, joins a tiny stream, and runs below a rude, makeshift bridge. Sometimes I have it winter when I pass

across that bridge, so that the little ravine is full of drifted snow, with the black arches of bent ferns crowned with white, and tall leafless trees standing above against a blue and cloudless sky. Or sometimes it is spring, with dry leaves blowing before warm April winds, with the smell of wild crab-apple in the air, and with white blood-roots starring the steep brown banks. But whatever the season, I stop to lean upon the bark-covered rail, to sniff the sweet fresh woodsy air — and to yawn for the first time.

Beyond the bridge there is another turn, where I come out at the edge of the river, the silent mile-wide stream that waking people would call our greatest inland waterway, but that, to me, stands only for the River of Sleep. It is always late daylight when I set out on my pilgrimage. It is shadowy twilight when I stand upon the bridge, with, perhaps, a little thin new moon behind the tree-tops. But it is full, flooding moonlight when I reach the river shore. The wide, quiet expanse is a sheet of polished silver, broken into bars of shattered splendor where the water comes rippling in at my feet. The road stretches away along the bank; a far-flung white ribbon, looping over hills and around the little bays, it finally slants up the wooded bluff and disappears. I follow it, more and more slowly now, past the little marshy harbor where the cat-tails rustle together in the night wind, past the neat, square fields that checkerboard the rising slope, through a tiny sleeping town where the windows are blank and blind in the white light, and where only one drowsy dog raises his head as he lies upon a doorstep and barks at me in friendly greeting as I go by his gate. All the world is asleep and so shall I soon be.

Outside the town is a high bridge spanning a tributary river, a good-

sized, hasty, tumbling stream that shrinks into insignificance beside the silent, tremendous flood in which it finally loses itself. There are trees grouped at the head of the bridge — straight white ghostly sycamores; then denser woods that hide river and fields as the way goes steeply up a breath-taking hill. It was bright moonlight when I passed the town; it was deep, black shadow in the wooded hollow; but, when I come out upon the broad crowning plateau where there are neither trees nor houses nor view of the river, the moon has gone, and above the level fields I see only a wide, wide sea of stars.

Of all the miles of the Sleepy Road this is the stretch that I love the best. It is along this that I pass so slowly, — oh! so slowly, — with sleep but one turn of the road away. Whatever season I choose to have it when I pass the little bridge, or the river, or the town, whether it is winter or gay spring or glowing autumn, it is always high midsummer when I come here. The gigantic, sprawling length of the Scorpion hangs, it seems, nearly half-way round the horizon, its glowing Antares regards me with a friendly, ruddy eye. Above is clear-faced Vega, the wide-spread wings of the Swan, the hovering Eagle, and the broad white river of the Milky Way, with Arcturus and the Dipper swinging low before me. But I have not time to greet them all; the plateau is not, alas! so wide as that.

The way dips once more and passes down a long curving hill. There is another turn at the foot, guarded by a great round oak tree whose shadow casts a pool of blackness across the path. Beyond the turn, I know, is the broad river again, with a fringe of silver poplars along the shore. Sleep has walked close beside me for this long time, and now slips a hand into mine. I can hear the cool patter of the moving

aspen leaves. I come nearer and nearer, but I do not pass the turn. I know that, beyond, the way stretches far and straight and white across more valleys and wooded hills; that, on the farthest height, the roofs and spires of a distant city stand black against the stars. But I never see them for, as the dear good doctor said, though I travel the Sleepy Road innumerable times, I can never come to its end.

'A WOMAN OF ALMOST THIRTY'

'ALTHOUGH a woman of almost thirty, there was still the spring of youth in her walk.'

I re-read the sentence. It stood out clearly in a firm, round, Freshman hand. I called to mind the vigorous young person who had thus unwittingly destroyed the calm of my theme-correcting evening. She was, on the whole, little different from her Freshman sisters, possibly more observing and conscientious — *well trained*, we call it. She had simply given classic form to a point of view which was probably shared by most of her two hundred and fifty-seven classmates.

The idea gave me shocked pause, for I was even then within hail of my thirtieth birthday — unrheumatically within hail (that is the point!) — and still cherishing the notion that my life lay before and not behind me. Modern novelists had reinforced me in this idea. Surely Helena Ritchie and the astonishing Alice Challis and many another found interest in their middle years. Of late, however, it had been increasingly brought home to me that the point of view of the older novelists, whose heroines had lived all the life that counted before they were twenty-five, is the point of view of the college undergraduate. I thankfully admit that my thinking is less young than it was ten years ago; association with the

Freshman mind has assured me of this fact beyond possibility of doubt. But, alas! my feeling is still young; and apparently it should be of more elderly mien. There is a note almost of reproach in that sentence: 'Although a woman of almost thirty, there was still the spring of youth in her walk.'

Say it over a few times and see how you begin to feel. I found myself tentatively testing arm- and leg-movements. Both seemed in excellent form. Was it indeed unseemly in one of my years to walk with 'the spring of youth'? Was the longing within me on gay April mornings 'to laugh, to run, to leap, to sing for joy' an abnormal survival from the days of my childhood? Hazlitt, to be sure, quite frankly acknowledges giving way to such a desire, and on the lesser provocation of 'a winding road and a three hours' march to dinner.' Nor does he seem to have felt any shame in indulging himself. But then, Hazlitt was a man and under no compulsion to appear graceful or dignified. Do you remember how Dorothy Wordsworth's 'quick, glancing movements' offended De Quincey? They gave, he says, 'an ungraceful and even an unsexual character to her appearance.' It should also be remembered that Hazlitt did not live under the critical eye of the undergraduate.

It is very repressing, this living under that critical eye. It tends to make one staid and inexpressive. One tries to behave properly middle-aged; to curb one's inclination for 'quick, glancing movements' and for active and undignified postures; to let the young wait upon one and regard one's judgments as oracular.

Yet contact with young people is supposed to be rejuvenating! Indeed, this contact is the only good thing many see in that absorbing and in every other way desirable profession of teaching. Was ever so false an idea?

How could so obvious a fallacy get the popular ear? Think how little aware of passing years we should be, were it not for the young! Their very presence proclaims our greater years. They themselves seem to have conspired together to help us to a suitable awareness. Every possible aid is offered, and offered in the kindest spirit of courtesy. One is helped into wraps, relieved of carrying loads or opening doors, guided up and down steps, deposited in easy chairs, and generally treated as fragile. It is all delightful; but the force of suggestion as exerted by so many vigorous young minds will sooner or later have its effect. We may resist for a time; ultimately, however, we shall take ourselves at the rating of the community in which we live. I have seen my friends capitulate one by one, accept the verdict of the majority, and settle down into the accepted properties of middle-age.

And perhaps that is what one should do. The fact remains, however, that the adjustments of middle-age are less nicely made than those of adolescence. The feeling more often fails to accompany the fact. When one was sixteen there was no doubt about it — one felt quite the young lady and gladly so comported herself; now, when one is 'almost thirty' and still possessed of 'the spring of youth,' one is expected to conduct one's self not according to one's feelings but according to one's years. The task is difficult. I know 'a woman of almost thirty' who, as an outlet for liveliness unbefitting her age, turns a few cautious somersaults now and then, beyond closed doors and upon prudently arranged sofa-pillows. It looks indelicate even in print, does n't it? As connected with a particular person the habit could never be mentioned. Clandestine cigarette-smoking might give a piquant flavor, but clandestine somersaulting —!